Sonnets and Songs.

Richard Simpson.

№ 8050.5

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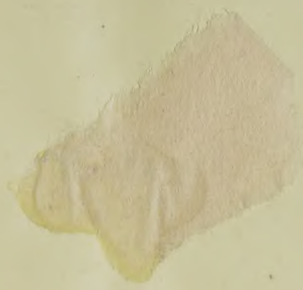

SONNETS

OF

Shakspeare,

SELECTED FROM A COMPLETE SETTING

AND

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS,

by the late

RICHARD SIMPSON, B.A. Oxon.

Ent. Sta. Hall. *Price 21/-*

London,
STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Cº.
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NOTICE.

A FEW words of introduction and explanation are usually, and with reason, considered in place when the posthumous works of an author or composer are published at the direction of his representatives.

By a wide circle of friends, many of whom occupy such a position in the world of Letters as to be eminently qualified judges, the late Mr. Richard Simpson was well-known and appreciated as a man of high literary attainments and general culture, as an acute critic, and a vigorous writer.

But only his intimate friends—and they were not a few—knew how far his study and research had extended, in many directions, beyond the field of pure literature, that his range included all that is commonly understood by the term, Art.

In the investigation of musical theory, and its practical application, he took much delight. His taste directed him to the Great Masters, and in critical analysis of their works he so exercised himself as to acquire a thorough knowledge of their methods and peculiarities of treatment.

The artistic organization, as a rule, implies the desire to create, and Mr. Simpson was no exception. He wrote with facility, and his numerous compositions, for the most part, were developed in the form of songs. It was natural enough for the author of "The Philosophy of Shakspeare's Sonnets" to find especial satisfaction in translating them into the language of music, in which he could express his ideas with so much ease, and latterly he confined himself mainly to the setting and re-setting of the whole of the Sonnets; for he was not easily satisfied with his own work, and did not spare himself in the task of revision.

In publishing the present selection from his composition, Mrs. Simpson adopts the counsel of many of his attached friends, and trusts to do honour to his memory. Popularity he never sought, but it is believed that the verdict of cultivated musicians will justify her decision.

The selection, from a great number of songs submitted to her, has been kindly made by Mrs. Macfarren, wife of the eminent Professor and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

April, 1878.

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MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

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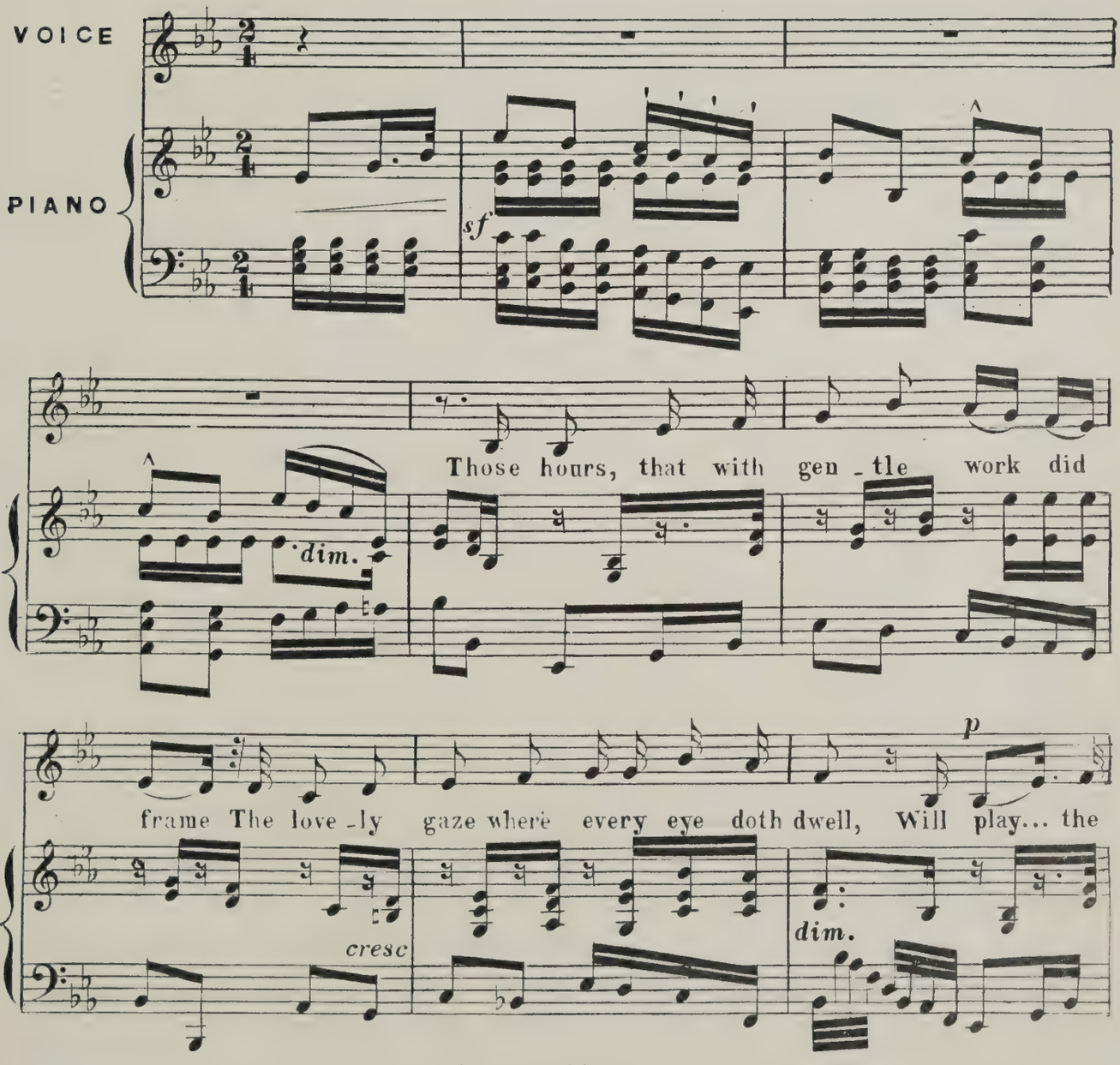
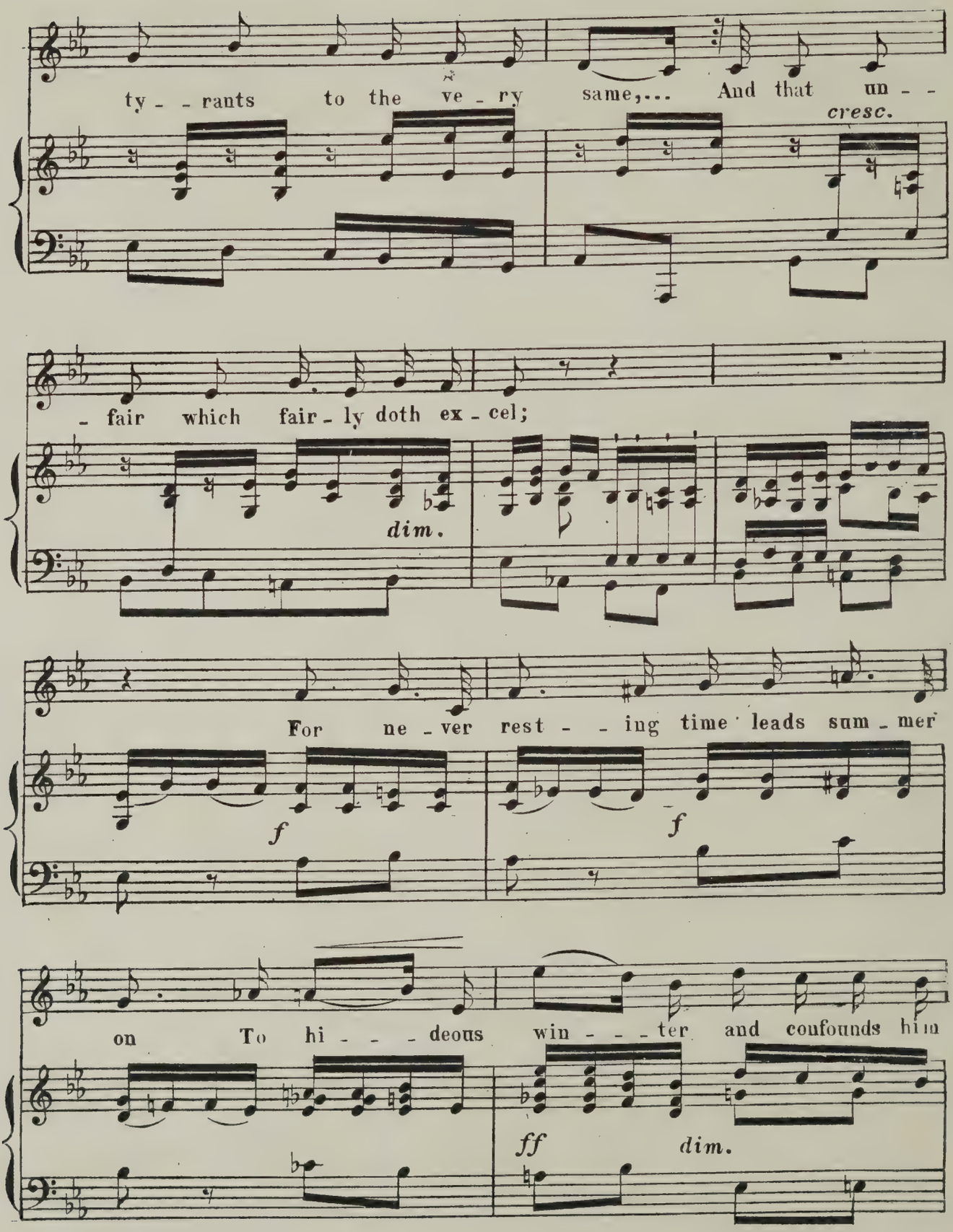
THOSE HOURS THAT WITH GENTLE WORK DID FRAME.

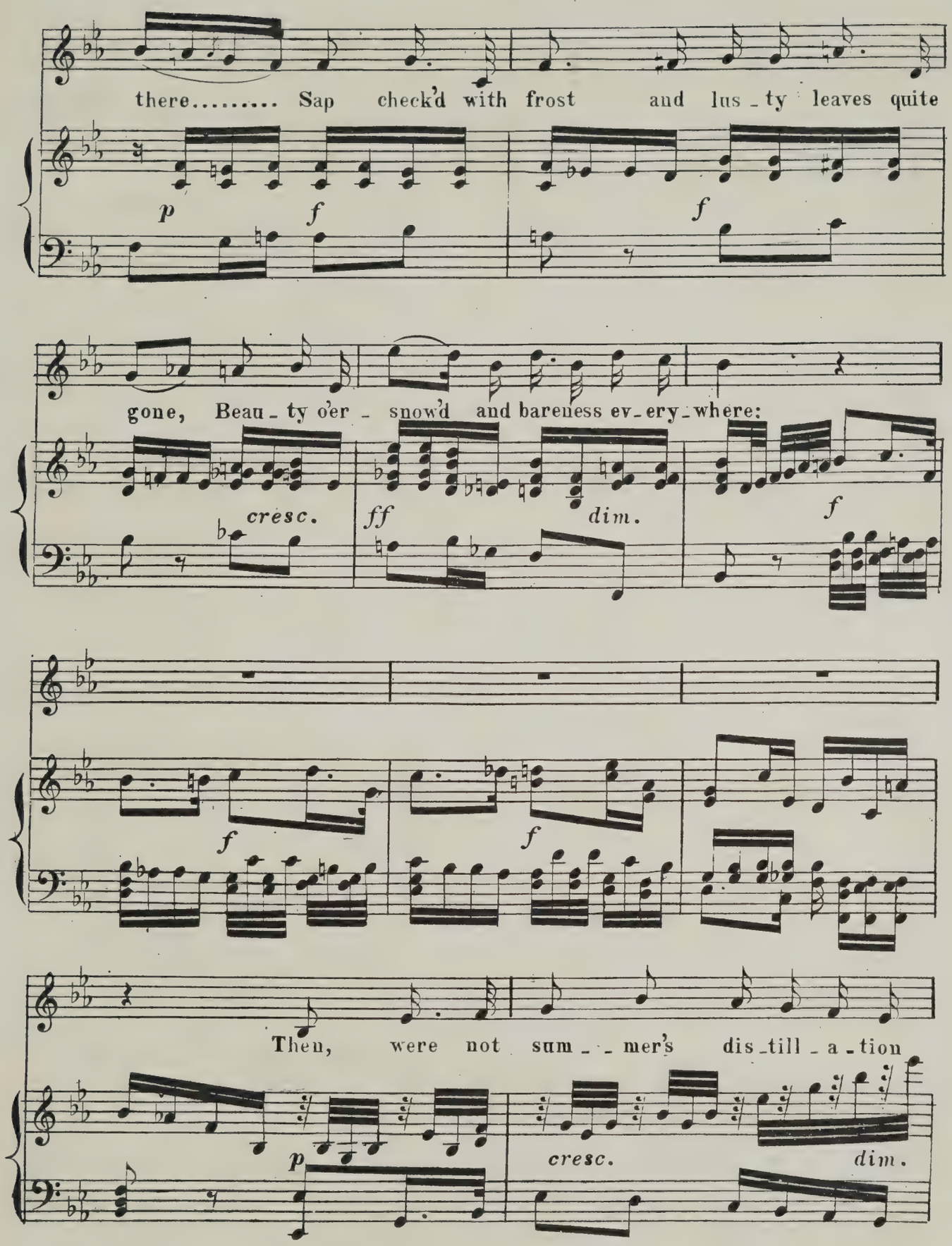
SHAKSPEARE.

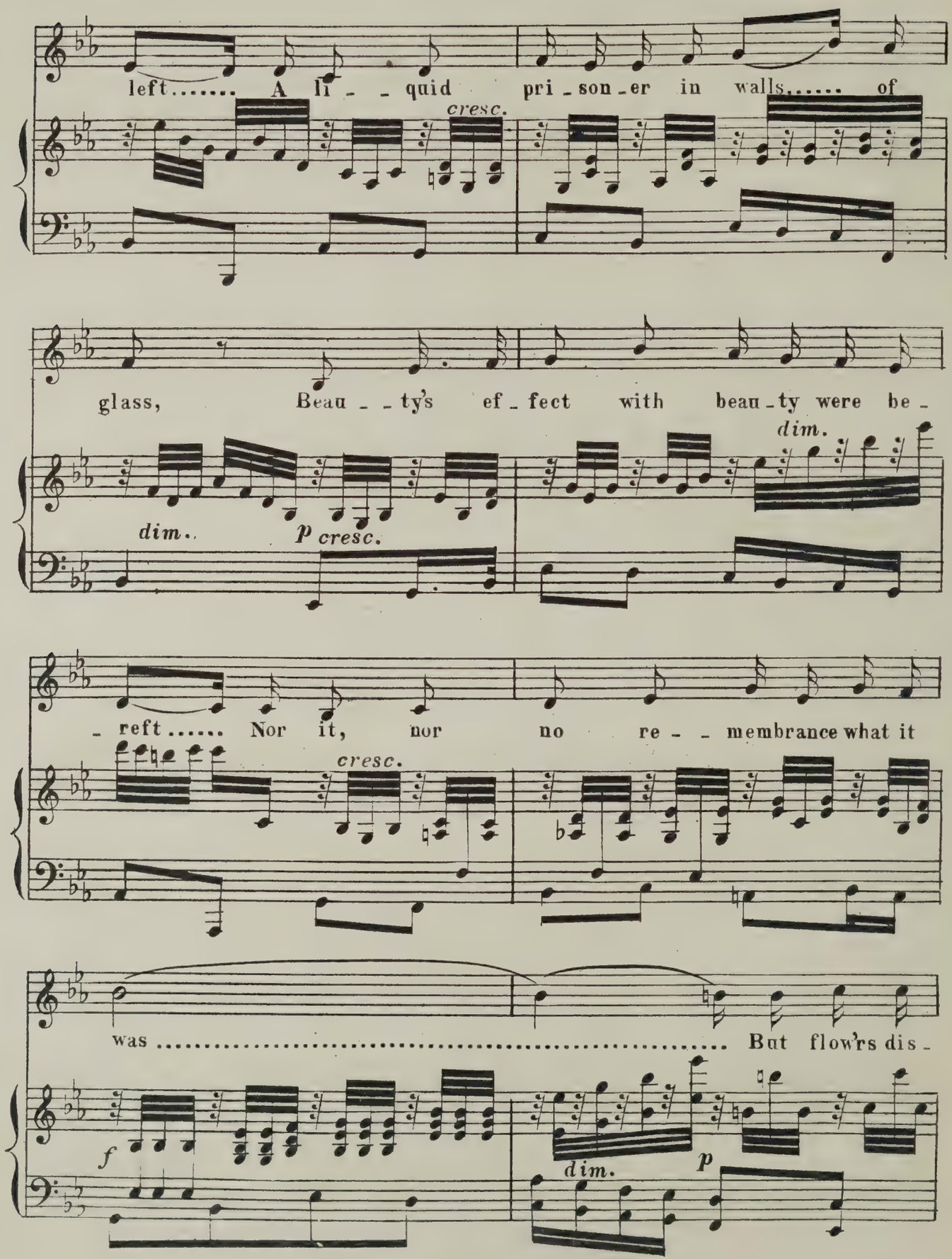
SONNET 5.

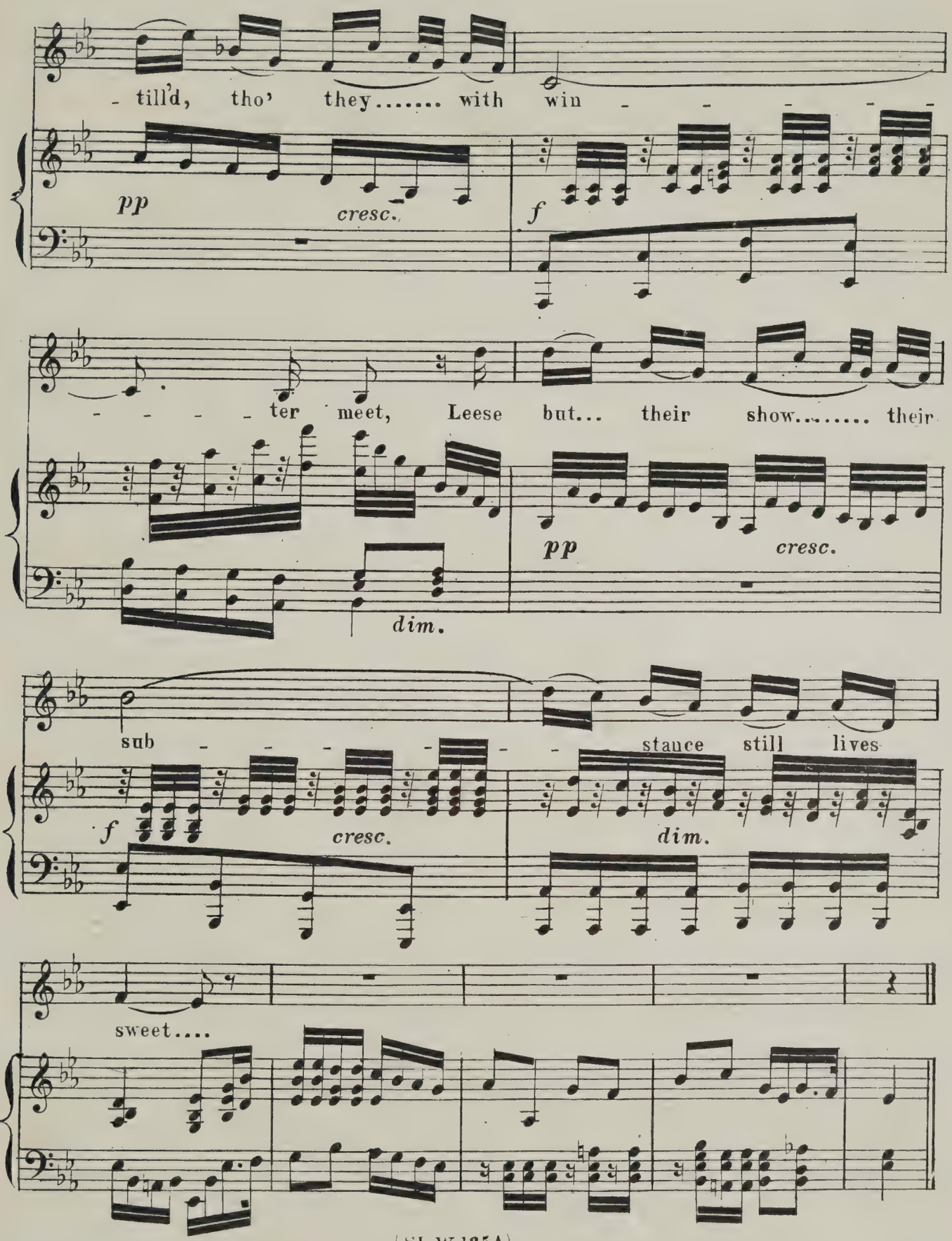
Andantino.




ty - - rants to the ve - ry same,... And that un - -
cresc.
- fair which fair - ly doth ex - cel;
dim.
For ne - ver rest - - ing time leads sum - mer
f
f
on To hi - - - deous win - - - ter and confounds him
ff
dim.


there..... Sap check'd with frost and lus - ty leaves quite
p
f
f
gone, Beau - ty o'er - snow'd and bareness ev - ery - where:
cresc.
ff
dim.
f
f
f
Then, were not sum - - mer's dis - till - a - tion
p
cresc.
dim.


left..... A li - - quid pri - son - er in walls..... of
cresc.
glass, Beau - - ty's ef - fect with beau - ty were be -
dim.
dim.
p cresc.
- reft..... Nor it, nor no re - - membrance what it
cresc.
was ..... But flow'rs dis -
f
dim.
p

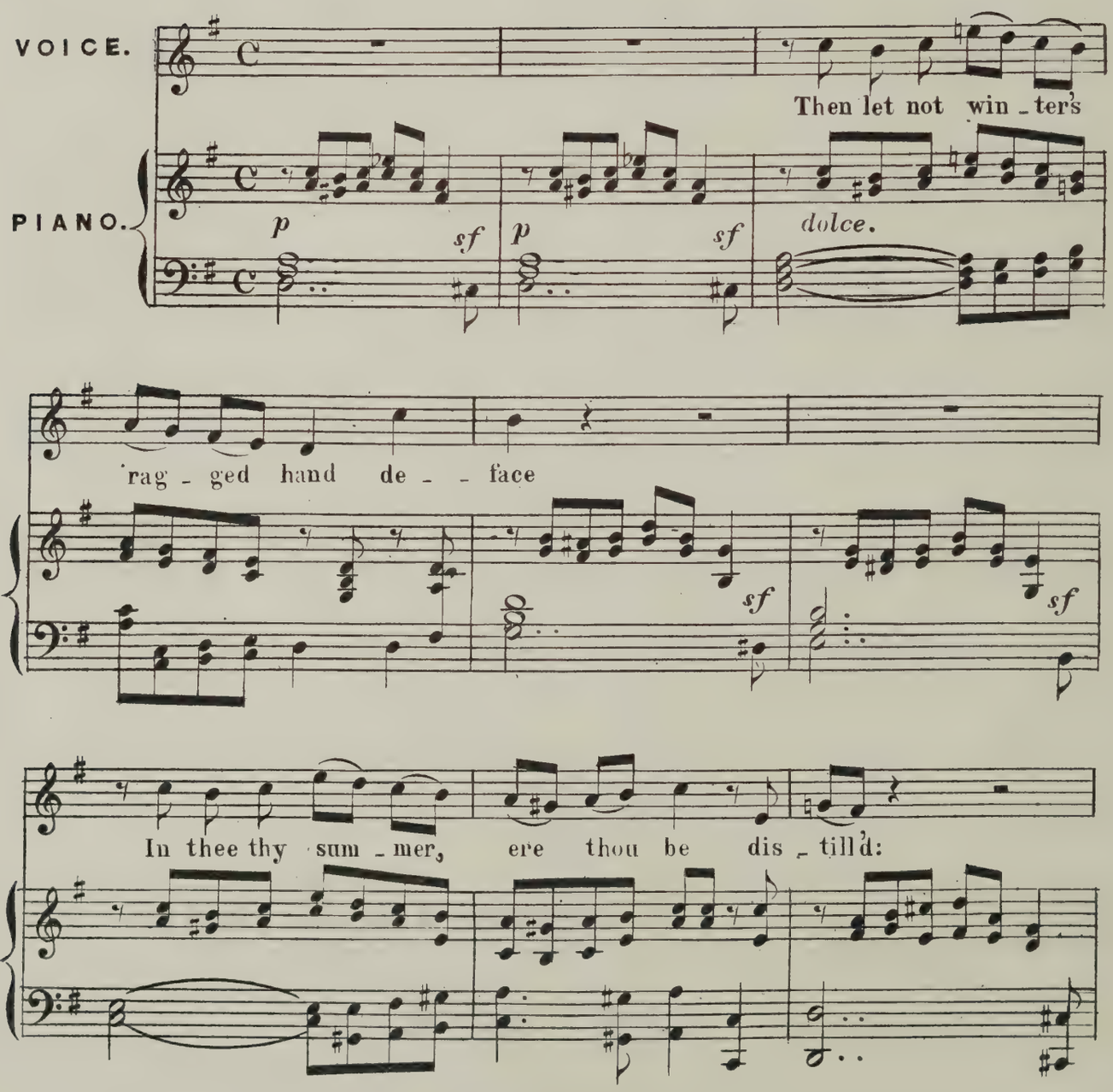

- till'd, tho' they..... with win - - - - -
pp
cresc.
f
- - - - ter meet, Leese but... their show..... their
dim.
pp
cresc.
sub - - - - - - stance still lives
f
cresc.
dim.
sweet....

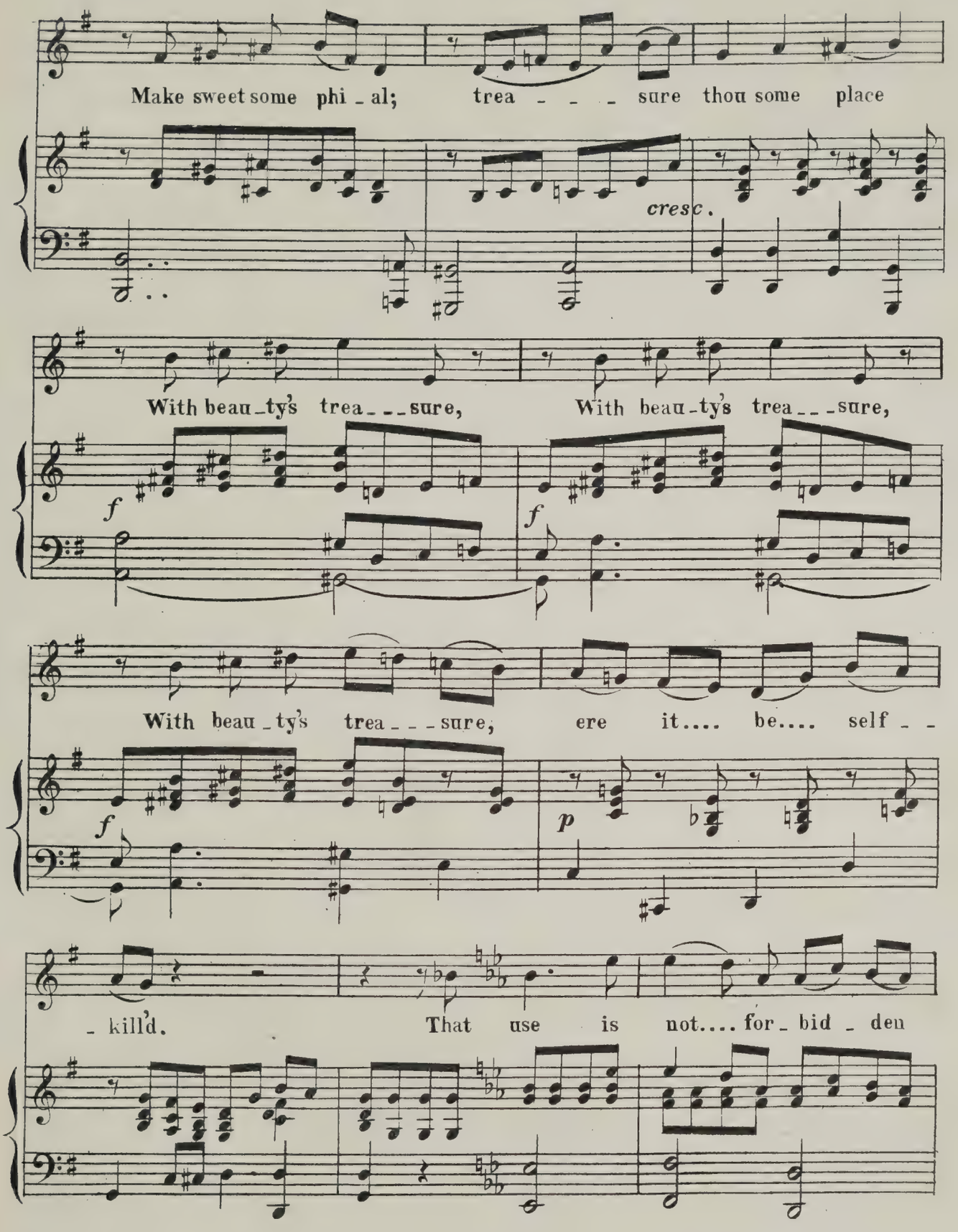
"THEN LET NOT WINTER'S RAGGED HAND DEFACE."

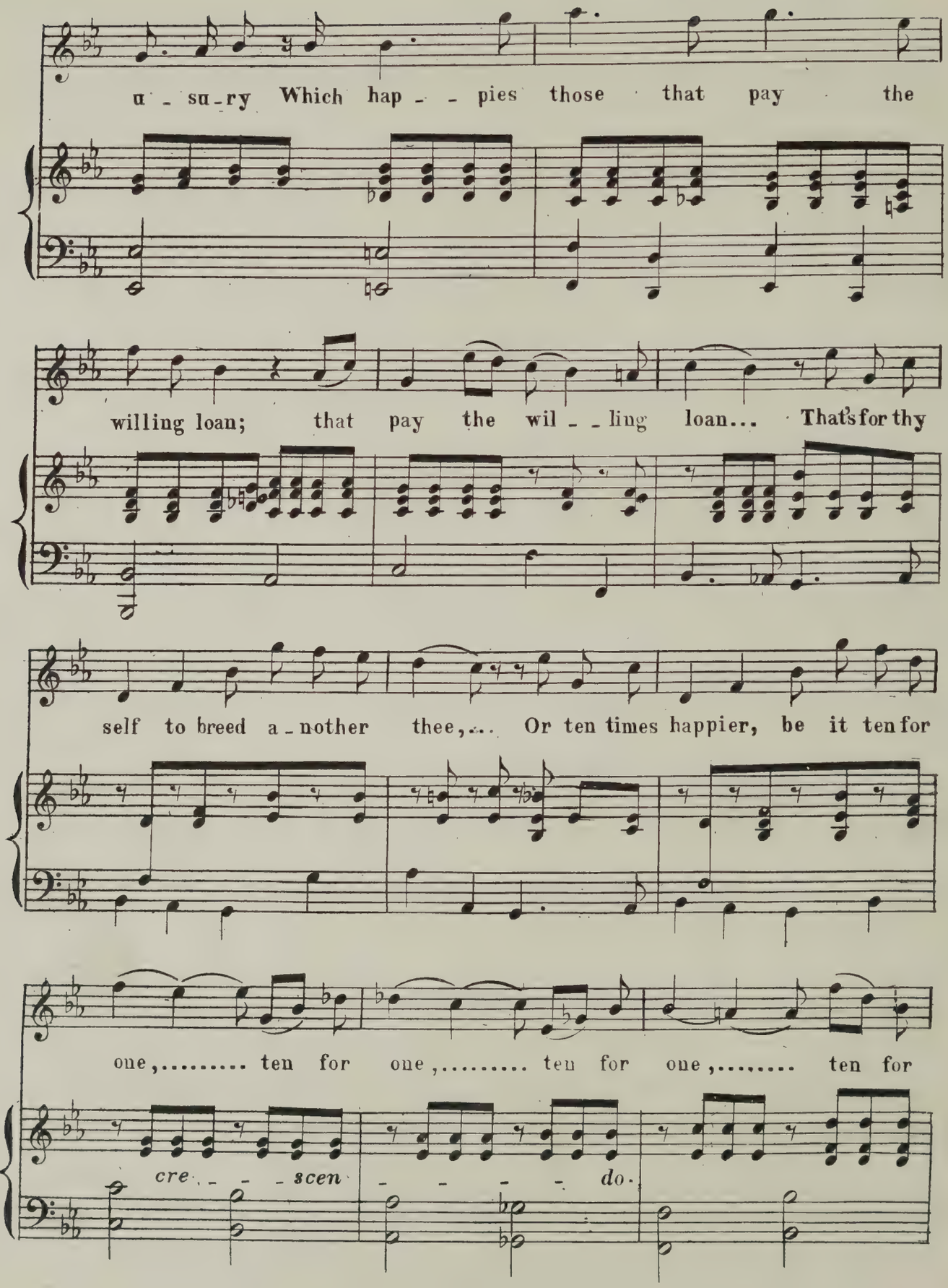
SHAKSPEARE.

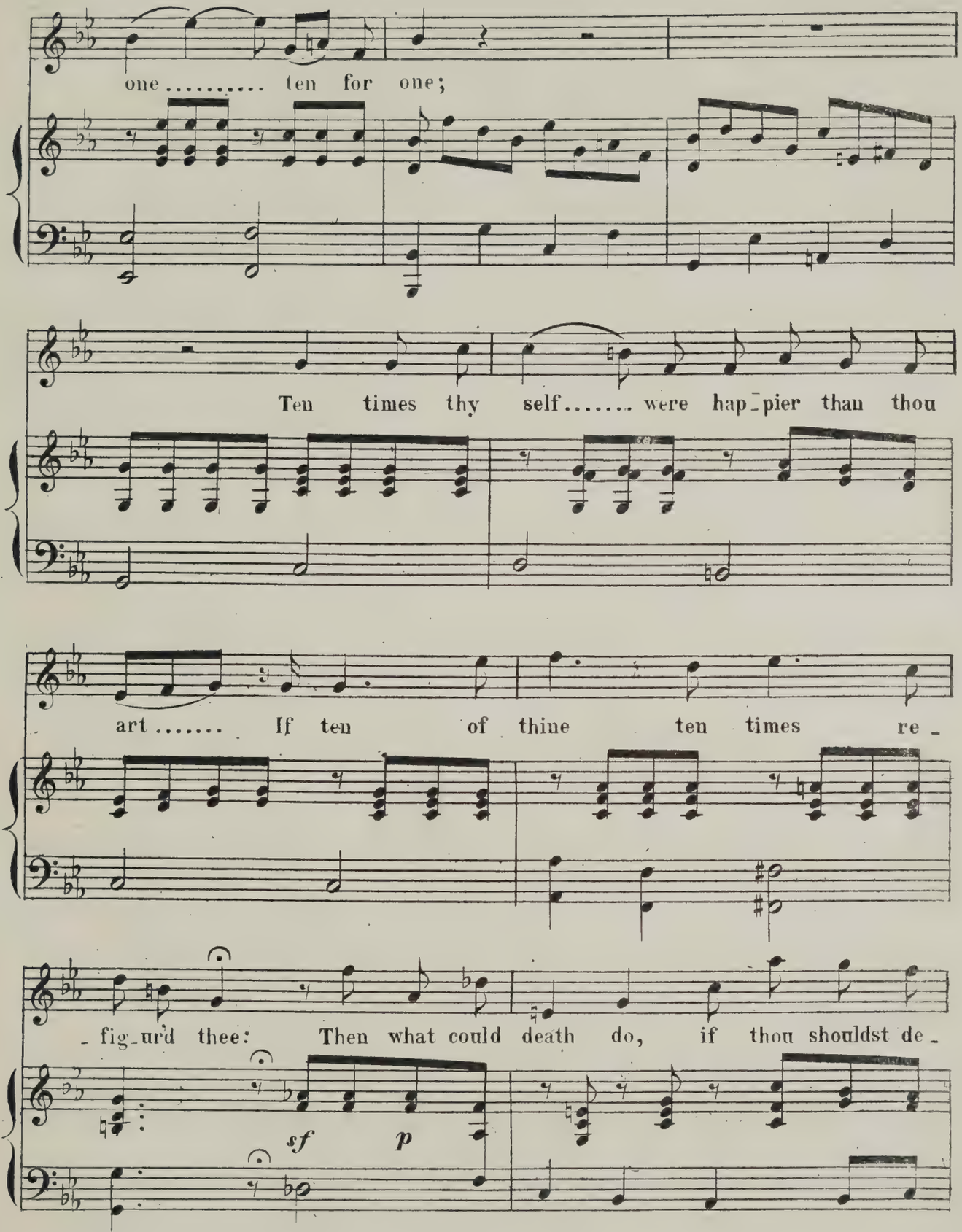
SONNET 6.

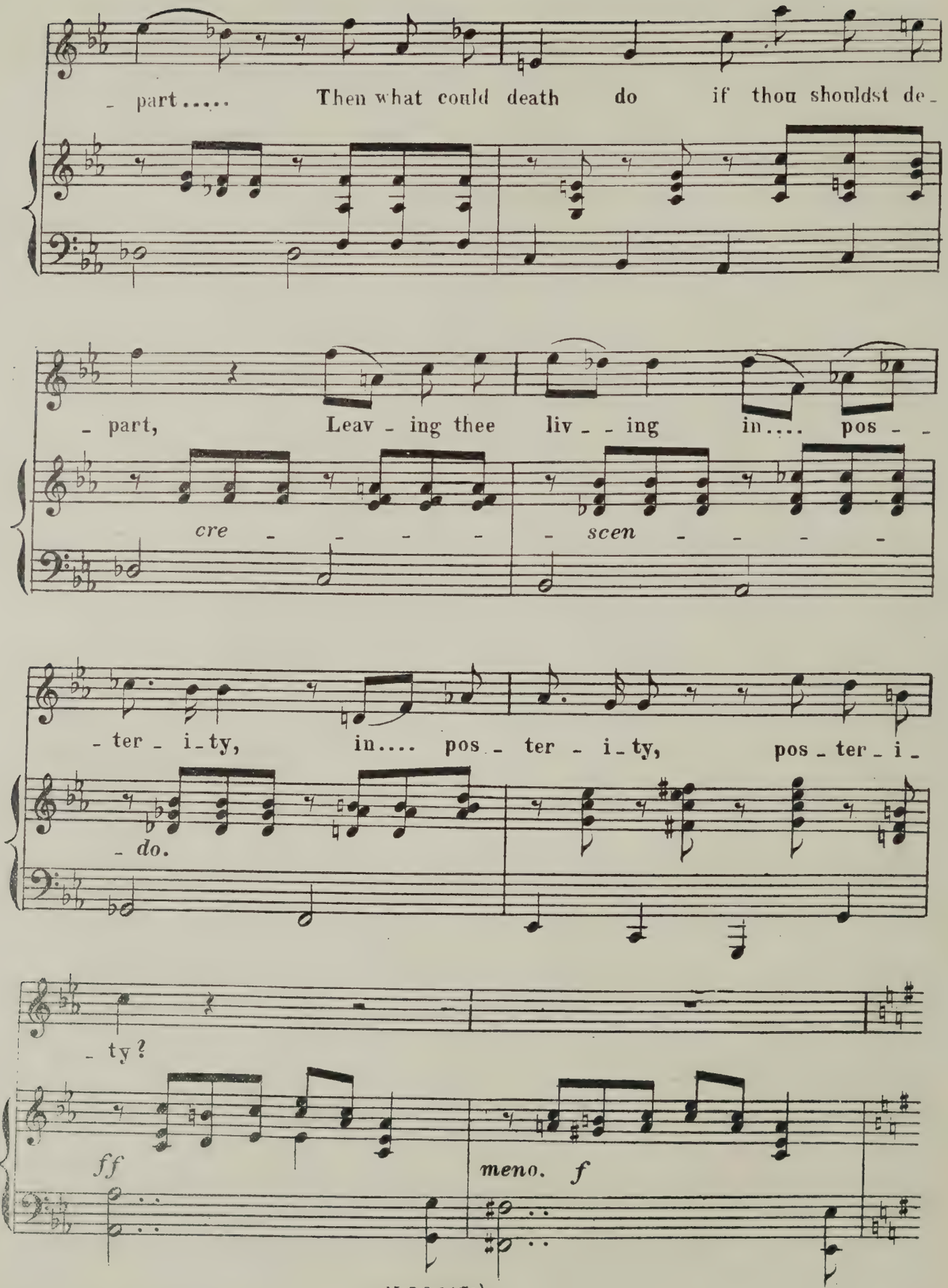
Allegro moderato.

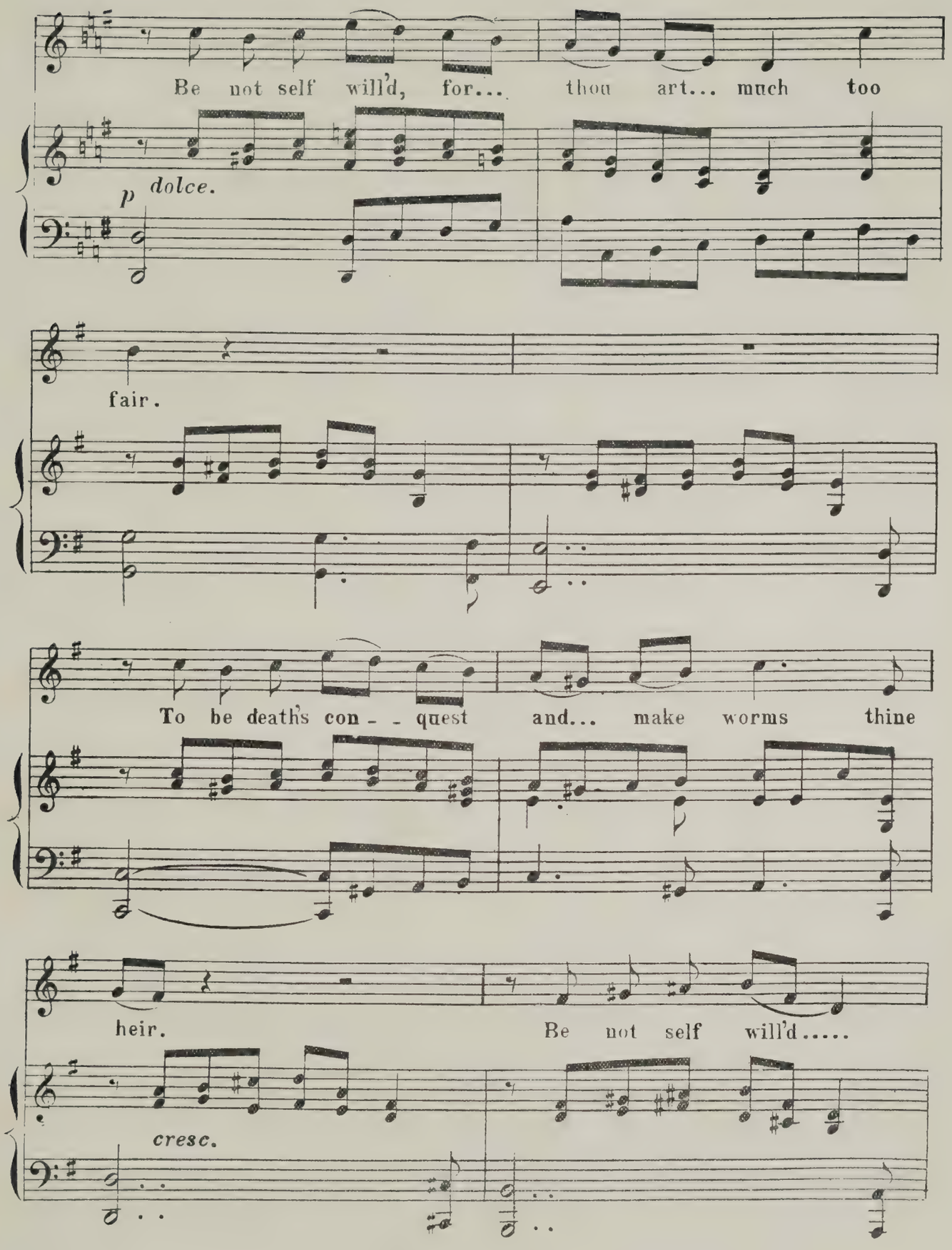


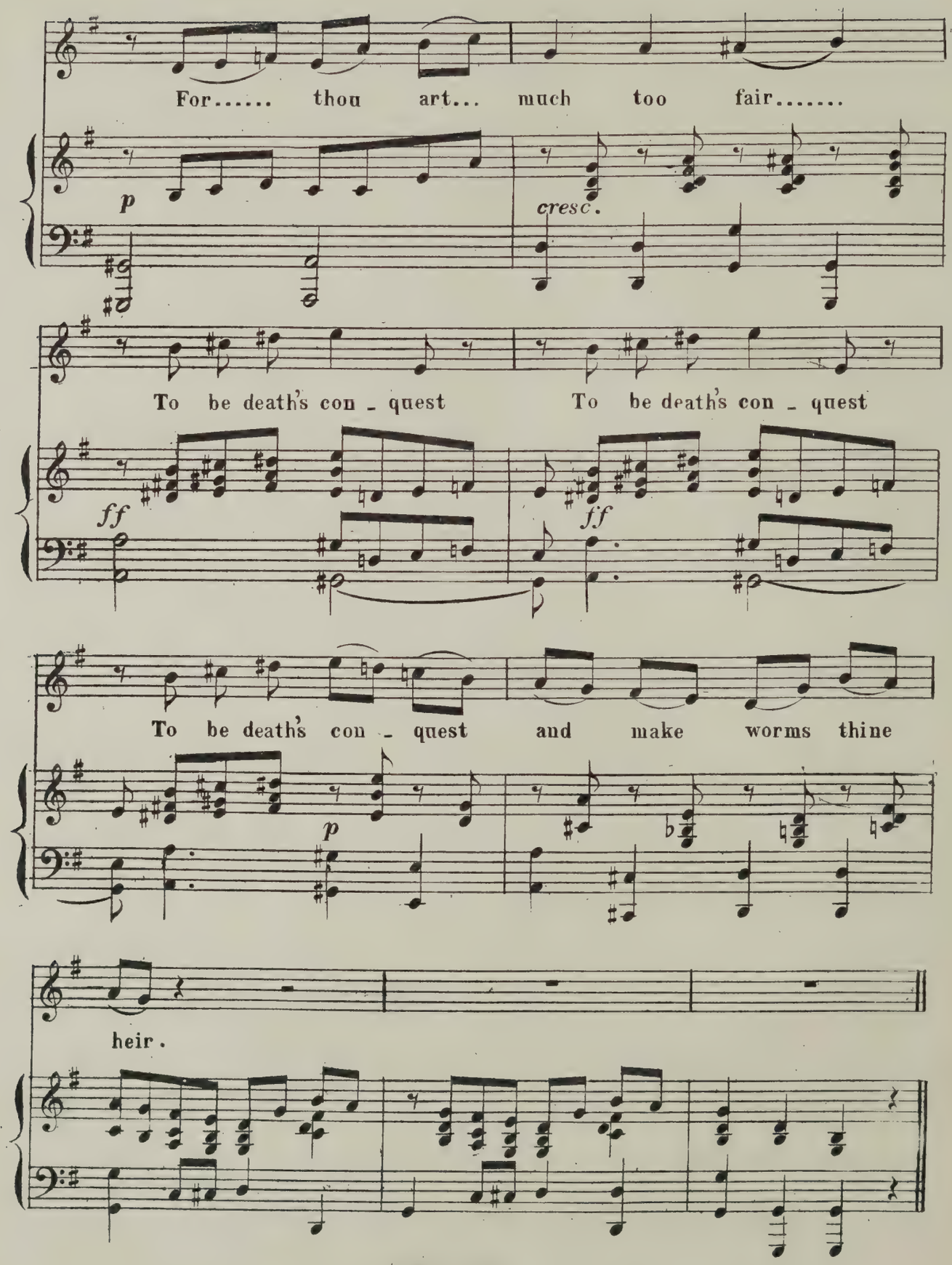

Make sweet some phi_al; trea___sure thou some place
cresc.
With beau_ty's trea___sure, With beau_ty's trea___sure,
f
f
With beau_ty's trea___sure, ere it.... be.... self__
f
p
_killd. That use is not.... for_bid_den


u - su-ry Which hap - - pies those that pay the
willing loan; that pay the wil - - ling loan... That's for thy
self to breed a-nother thee,... Or ten times happier, be it ten for
one,..... ten for one,..... ten for one,..... ten for
cre - - - scen - - - - do.


one ..... ten for one;
Ten times thy self..... were hap-pier than thou
art ..... If ten of thine ten times re-
-fig-ur'd thee: Then what could death do, if thou shouldst de-
sf
p


- part..... Then what could death do if thou shouldst de-
- part, Leav - ing thee liv - - ing in.... pos - -
cre - - - - - scen - - - - -
- ter - i - ty, in.... pos - ter - i - ty, pos - ter - i -
- do.
- ty?
ff
meno. f


Be not self will'd, for... thou art... much too
p dolce.
fair.
To be death's con - - quest and... make worms thine
heir.
Be not self will'd.....
cresc.

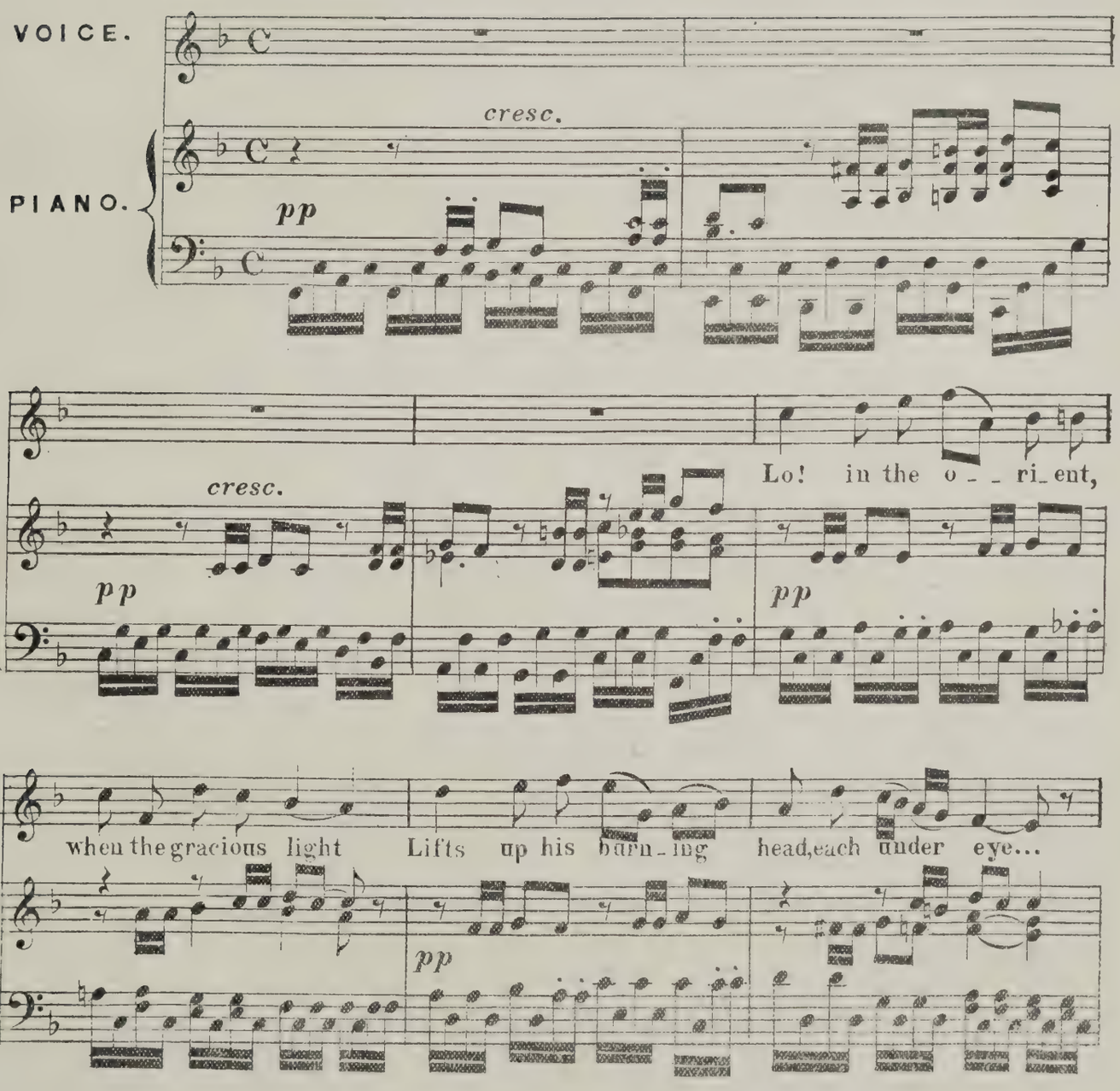

For..... thou art... much too fair.....
p
cresc.
To be death's con - quest To be death's con - quest
ff
ff
To be death's con - quest and make worms thine
p
heir.

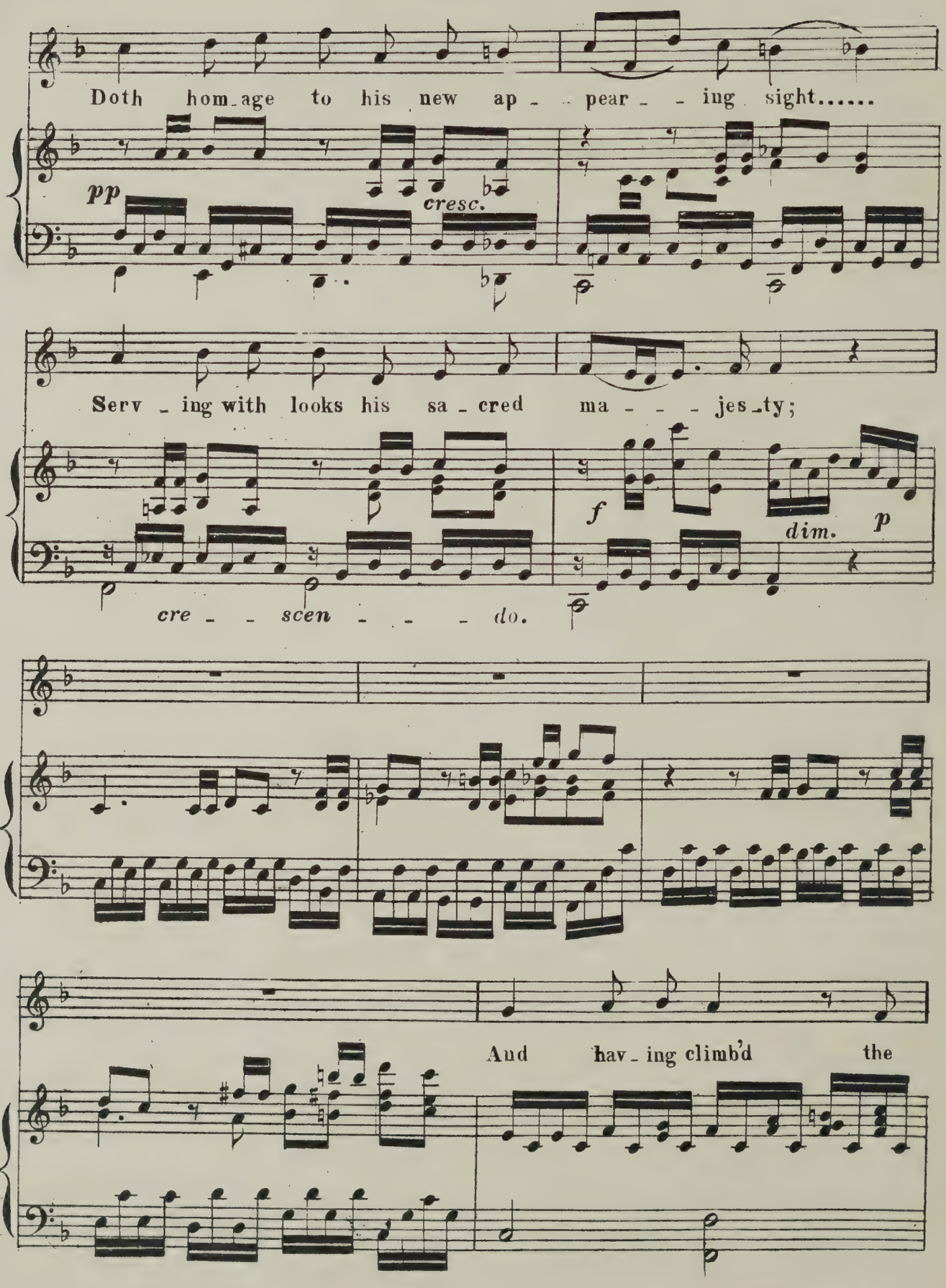
"LO IN THE ORIENT."

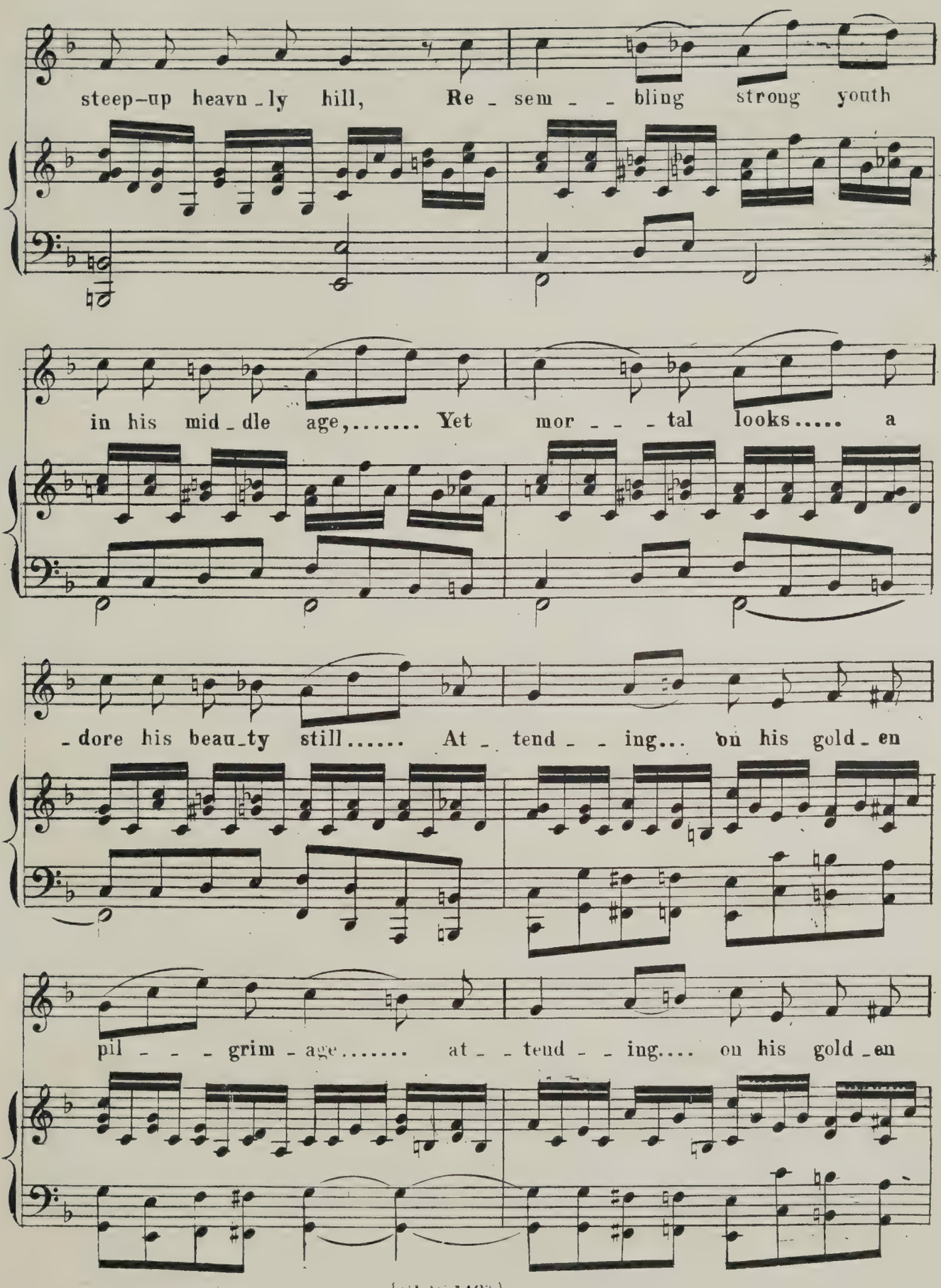
SHAKSPEARE.

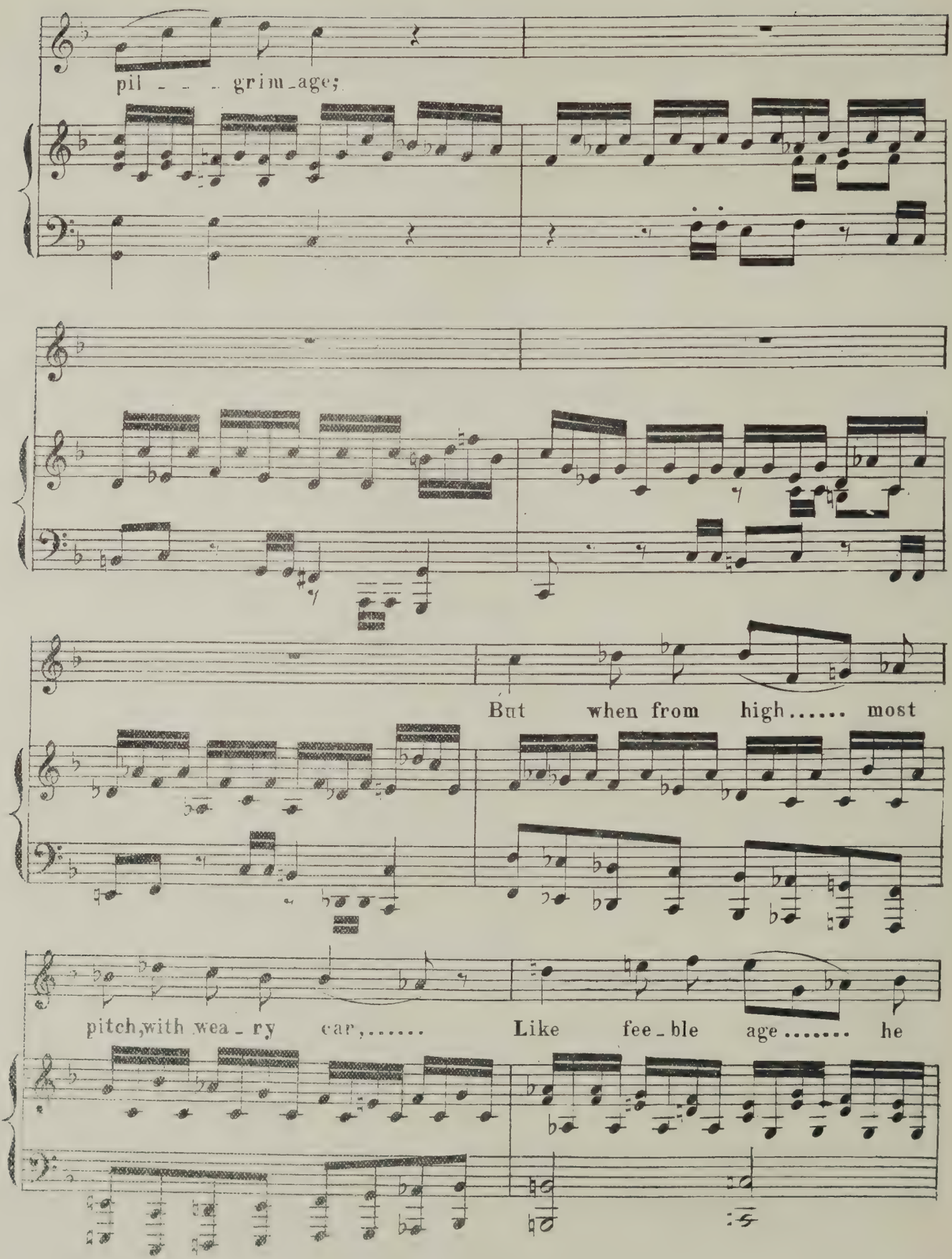
SONNET 7.

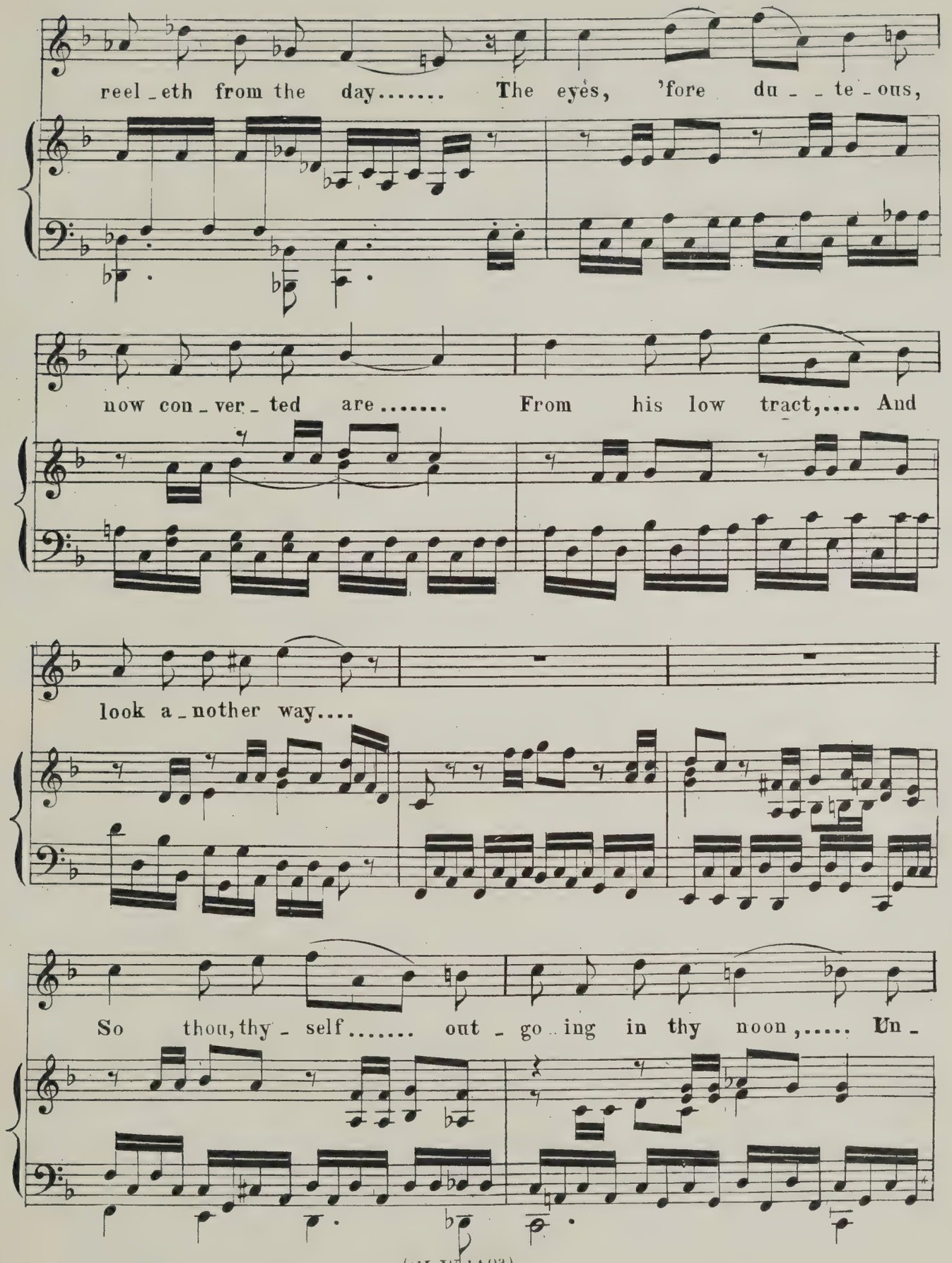
Andante.

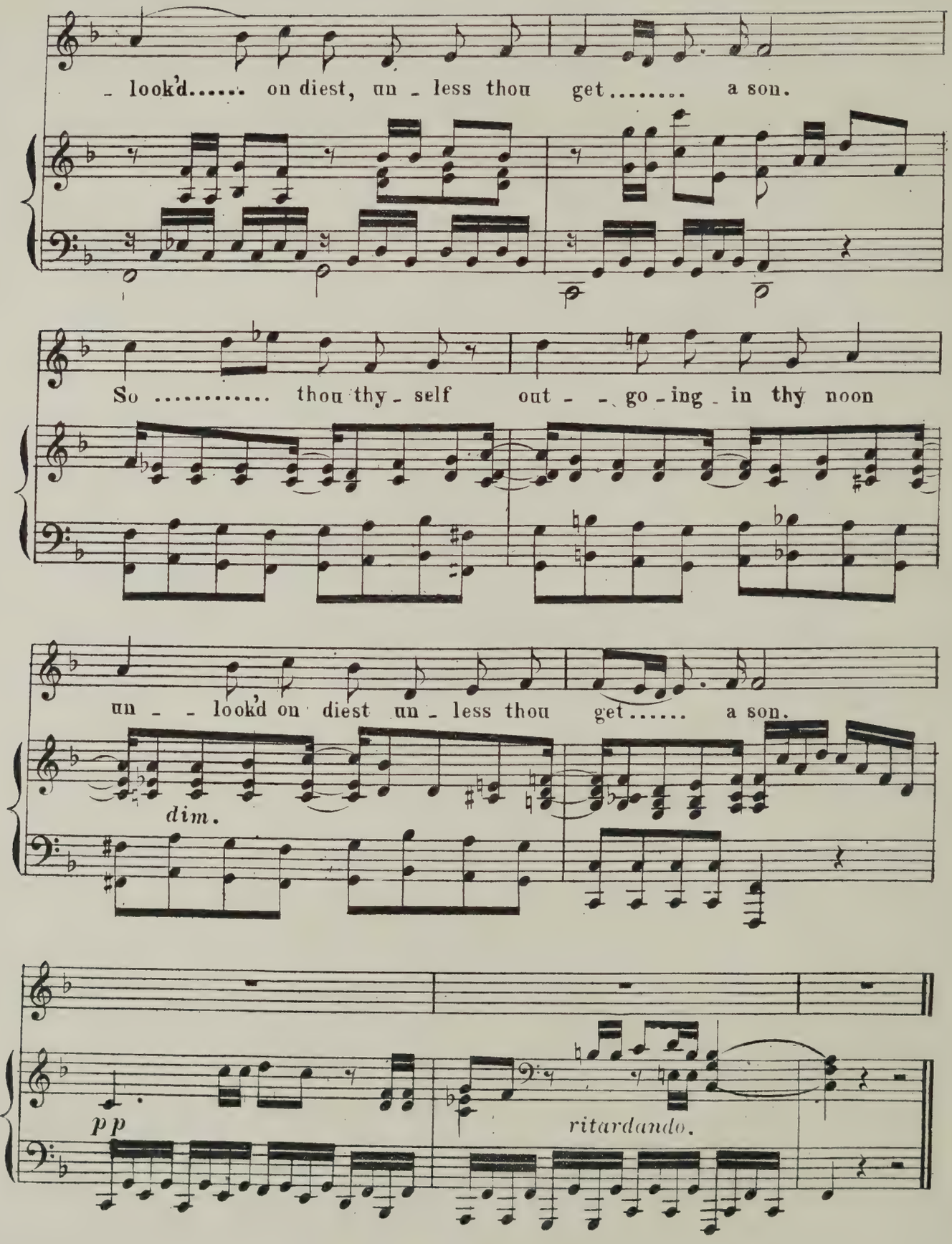



Doth hom_age to his new ap_ pear_ _ ing sight.....
pp
cresc.
Serv _ ing with looks his sa _ cred ma _ _ _ jes_ty;
f
dim.
p
cre _ _ scen _ _ _ do.
And hav_ing climb'd the


steep-up heavn-ly hill, Re-sem--bling strong youth
in his mid-dle age,..... Yet mor---tal looks..... a
-dore his beau-ty still..... At-tend--ing... on his gold-en
pil---grim-age..... at--tend--ing.... on his gold-en


pil - - - grim-age;
But when from high..... most
pitch,with wea-ry ear,..... Like fee-ble age..... he


reel_eth from the day..... The eyes, 'fore du__te_ous,
now con_ver_ted are..... From his low tract,.... And
look a_nother way....
So thou, thy_self..... out_go_ing in thy noon,..... Un_

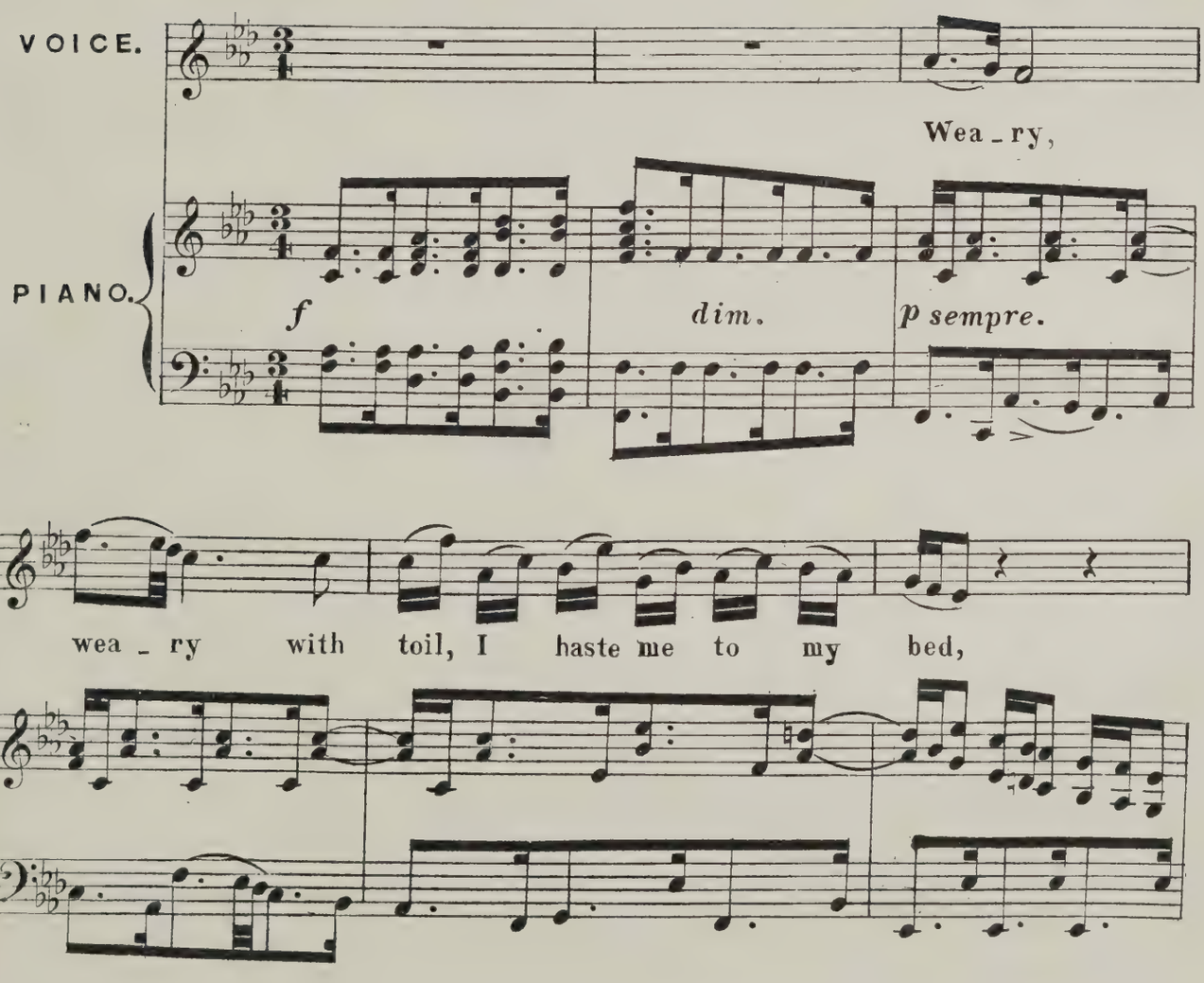

- look'd..... on diest, un - less thou get..... a son.
So ..... thou thy - self out - - go - ing - in thy noon
un - - look'd on diest un - less thou get..... a son.
dim.
pp
ritardando.

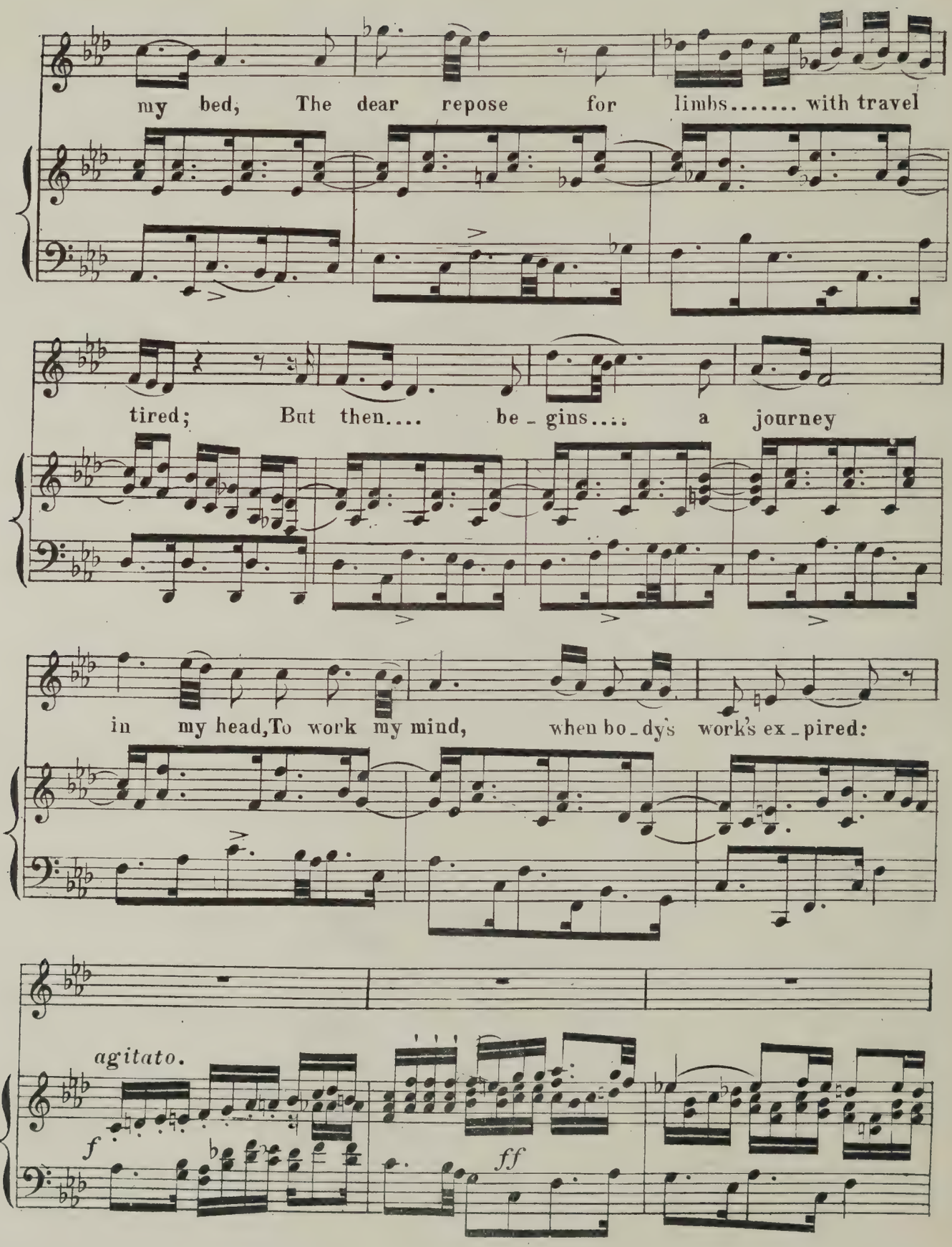
"WEARY WITH TOIL."

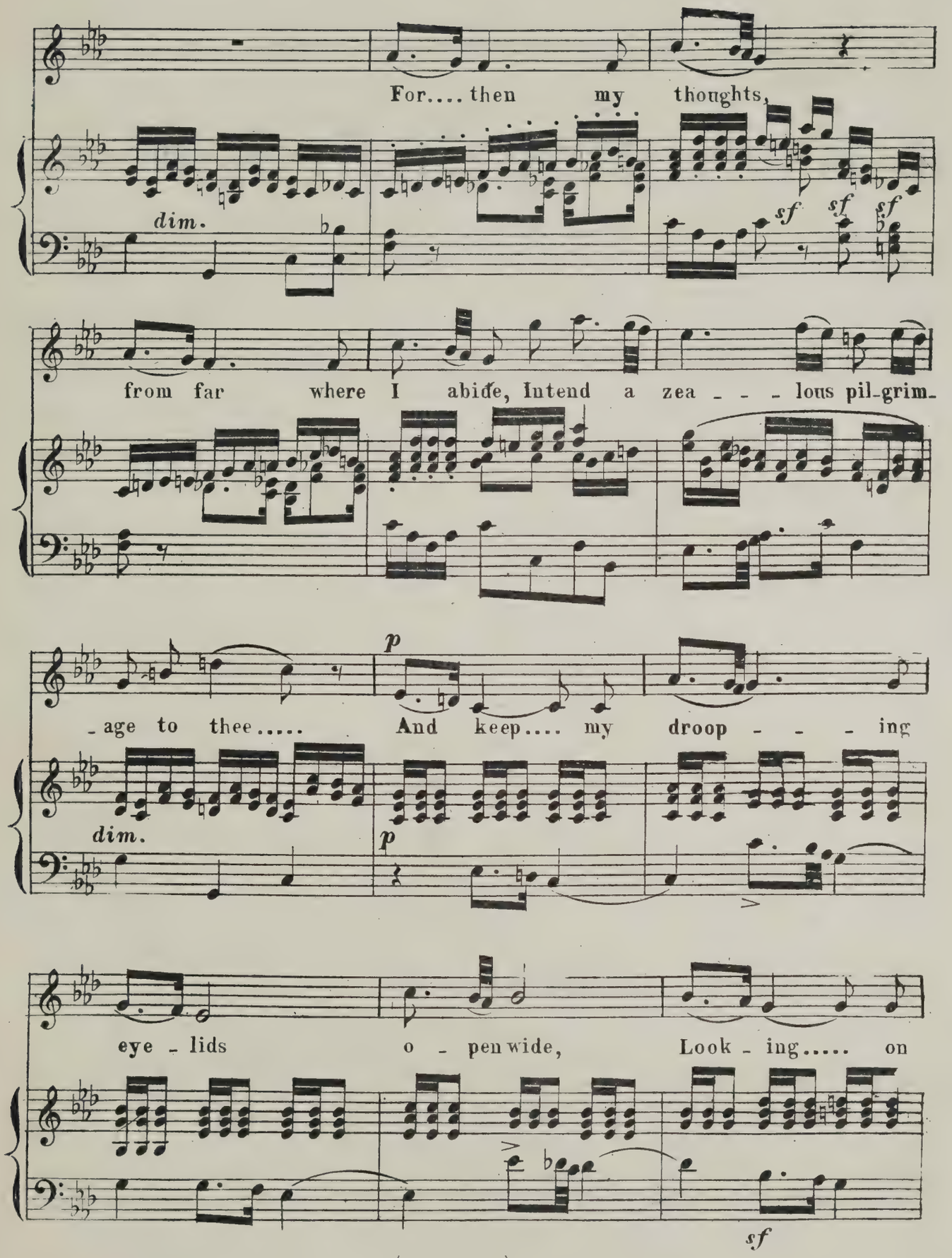
SHAKSPEARE.

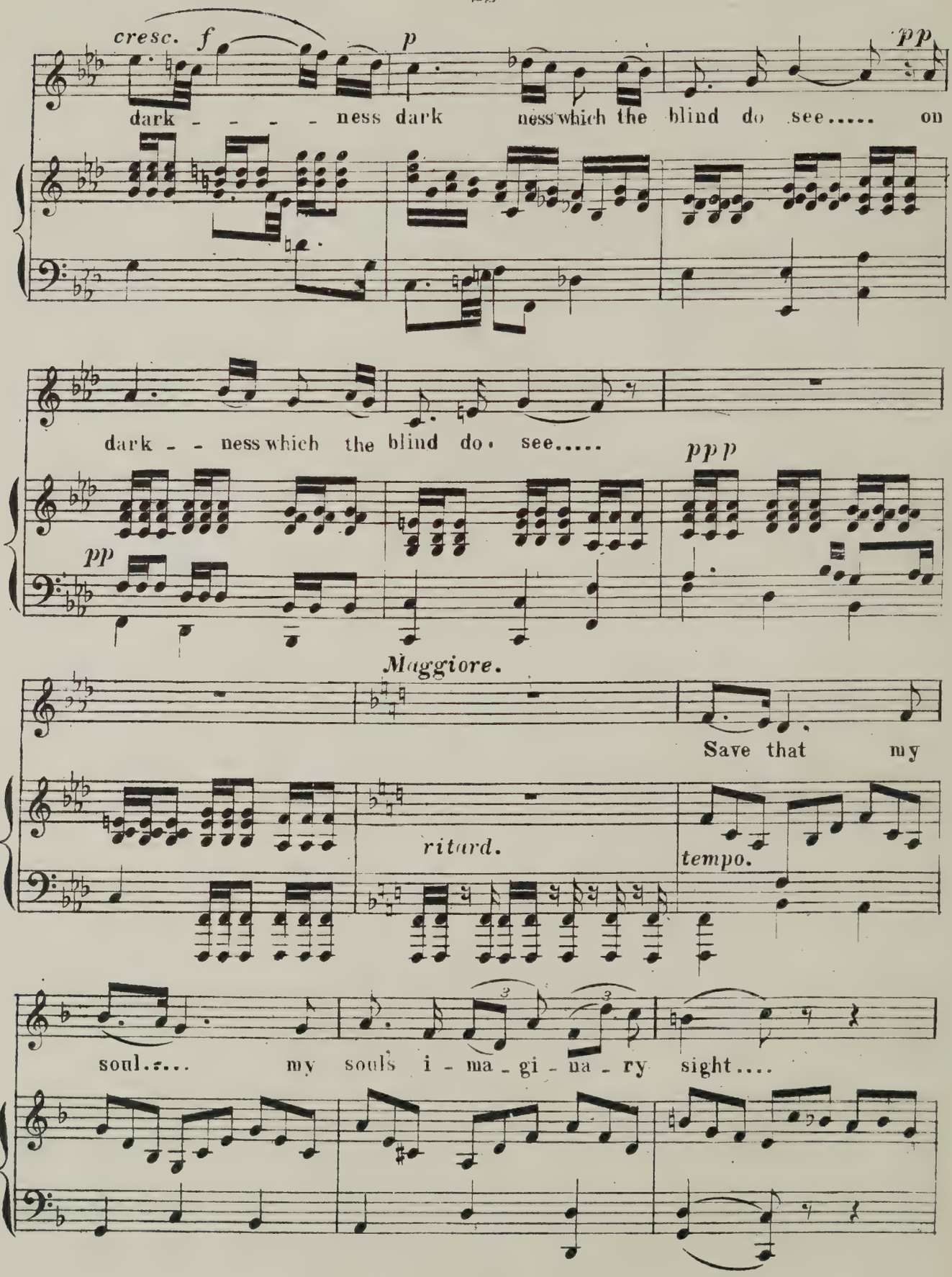
SONNET 27.

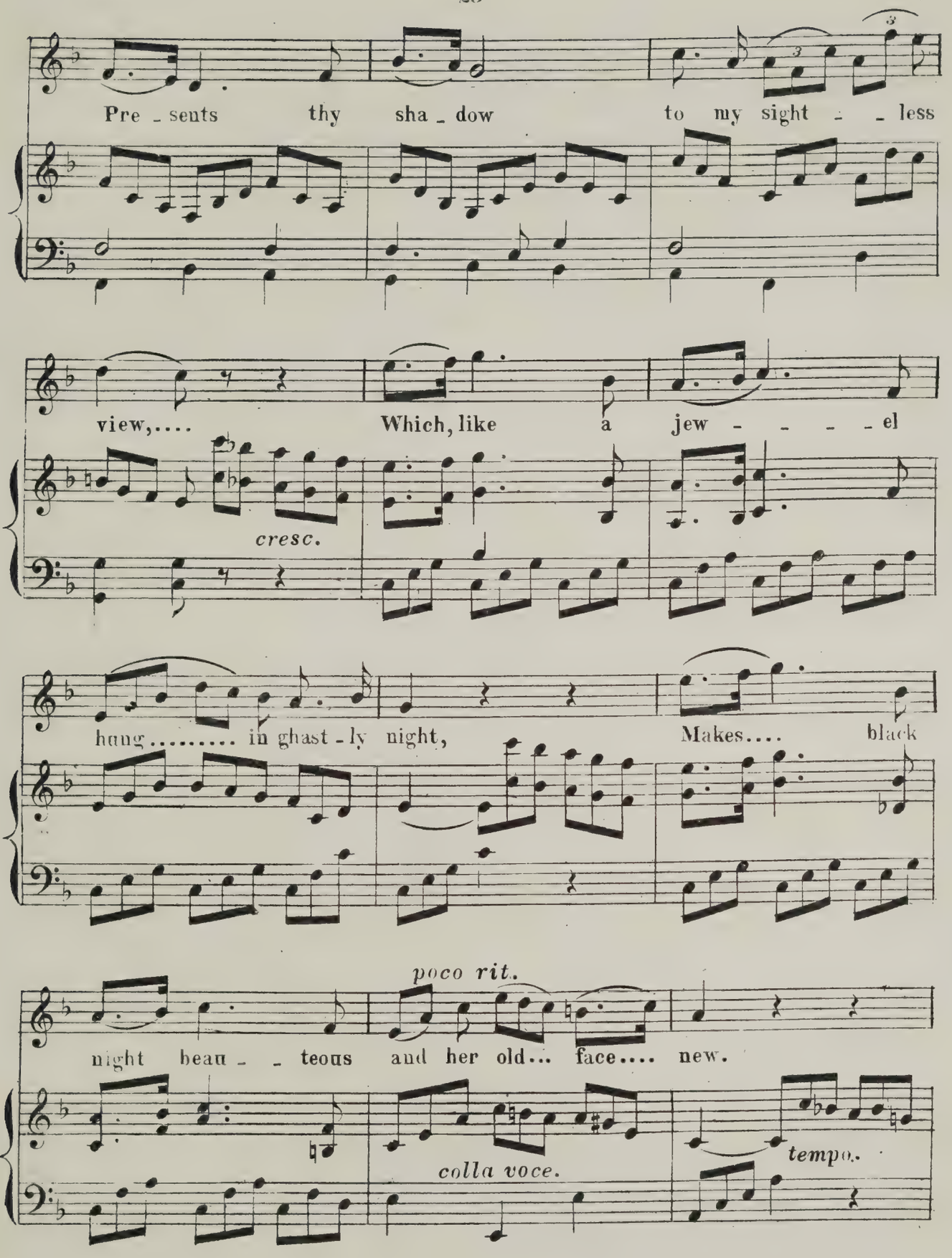
Andante quasi larghetto.

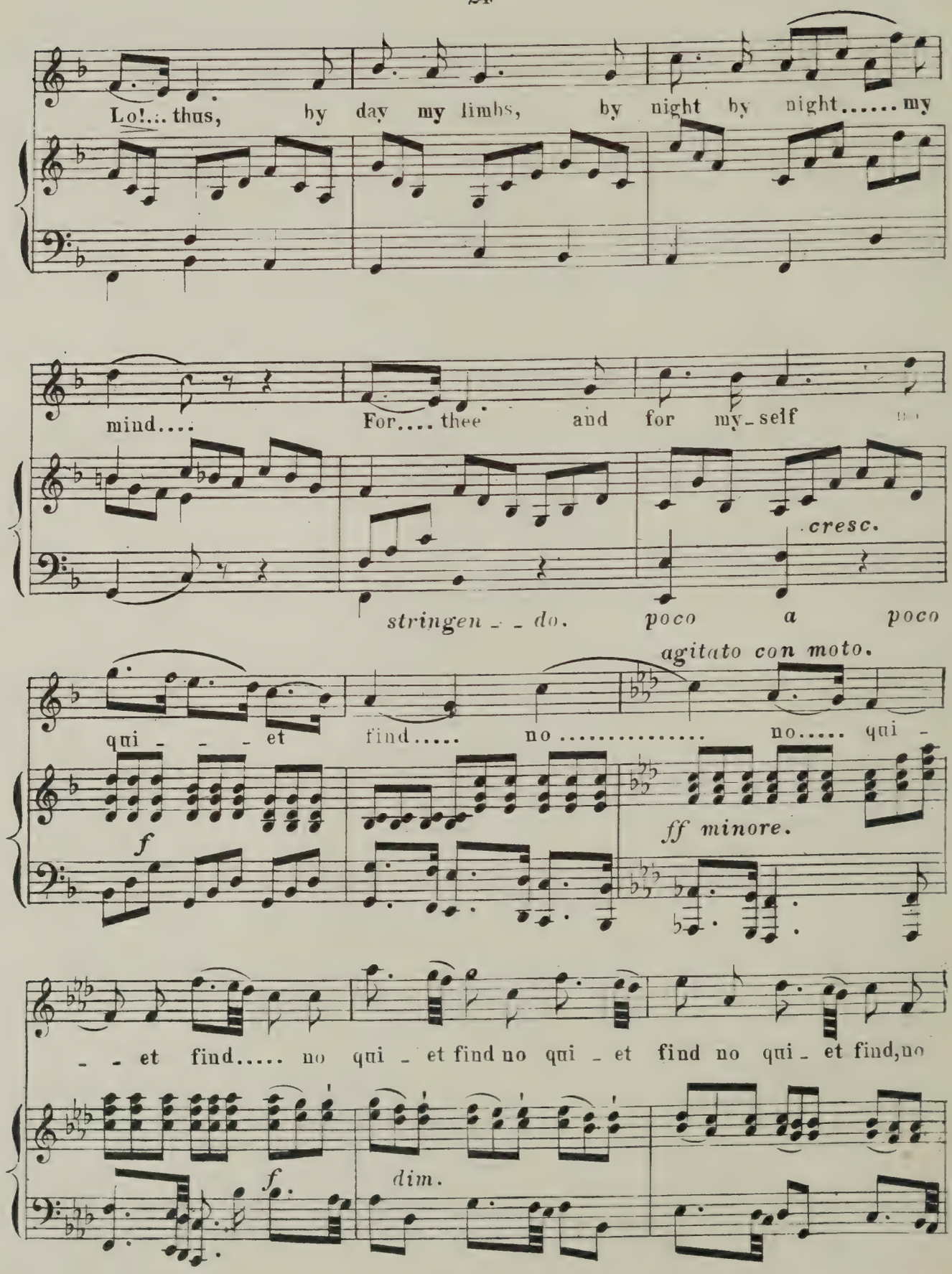


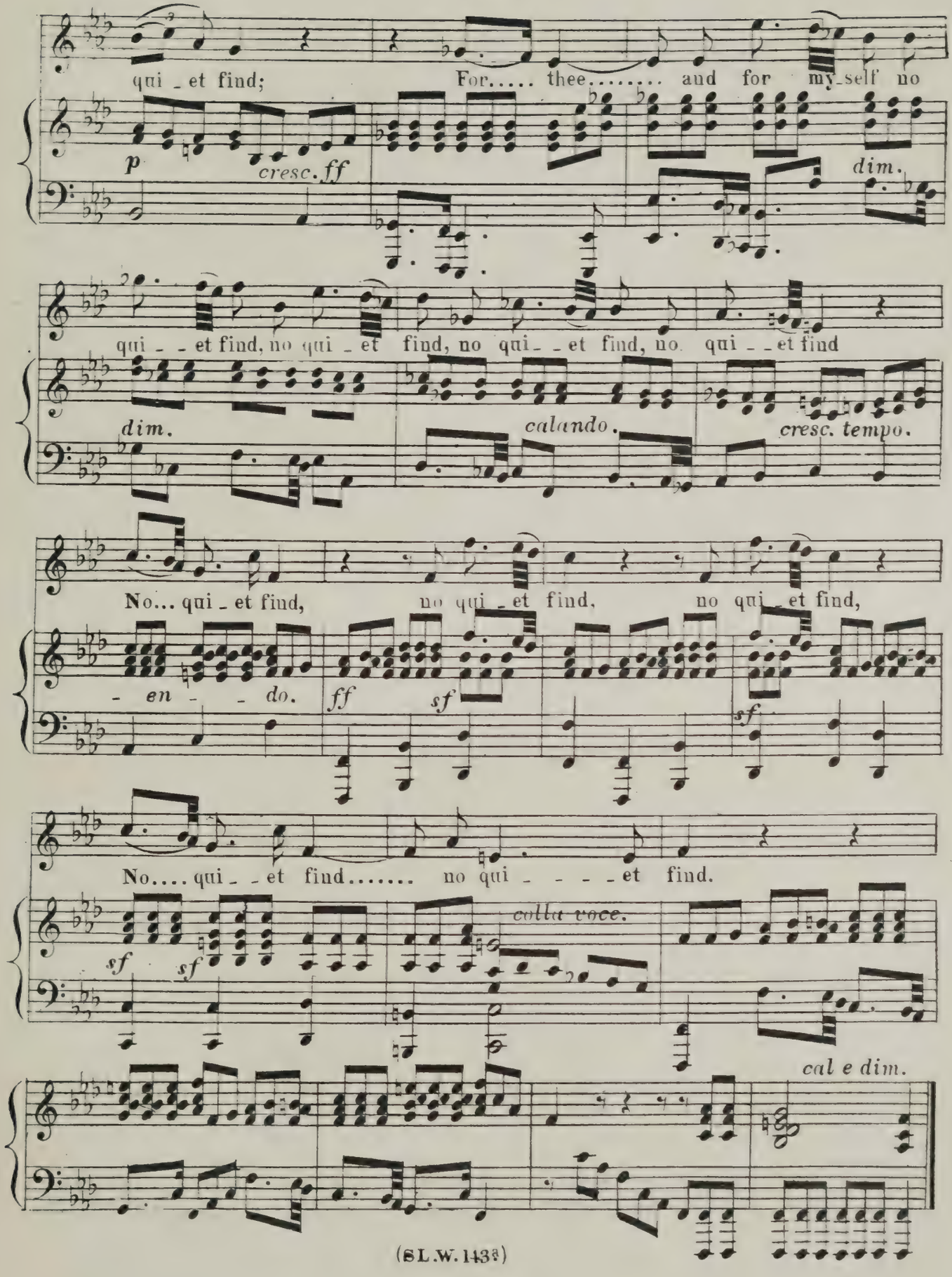

my bed, The dear repose for limbs..... with travel
tired; But then.... be - gins.... a journey
in my head, To work my mind, when bo - dy's work's ex - pired:
agitato.
f
ff


For.... then my thoughts,
dim.
sf sf sf
from far where I abide, Intend a zea - - - lous pil-grim-
p
-age to thee..... And keep.... my droop - - - ing
dim.
p
eye - lids o - pen wide, Look - ing..... on
sf


cresc. f
p
pp
dark - - - - - ness dark ness which the blind do see..... on
dark - - ness which the blind do see.....
ppp
pp
Maggiore.
Save that my
ritard.
tempo.
soul..... my souls i - ma - gi - na - ry sight....


Pre - sents thy sha - dow to my sight - - less
view,.... Which, like a jew - - - - - el
cresc.
hung..... in ghast - ly night, Makes.... black
poco rit.
night beau - - teous and her old... face.... new.
colla voce.
tempo.


Lo!... thus, by day my limbs, by night by night..... my
mind.... For.... thee and for my-self
cresc.
stringen - - do. poco a poco
agitato con moto.
qui - - - et find..... no ..... no..... qui -
f
ff minore.
- - et find..... no qui - et find no qui - et find no qui - et find, no
f.
dim.

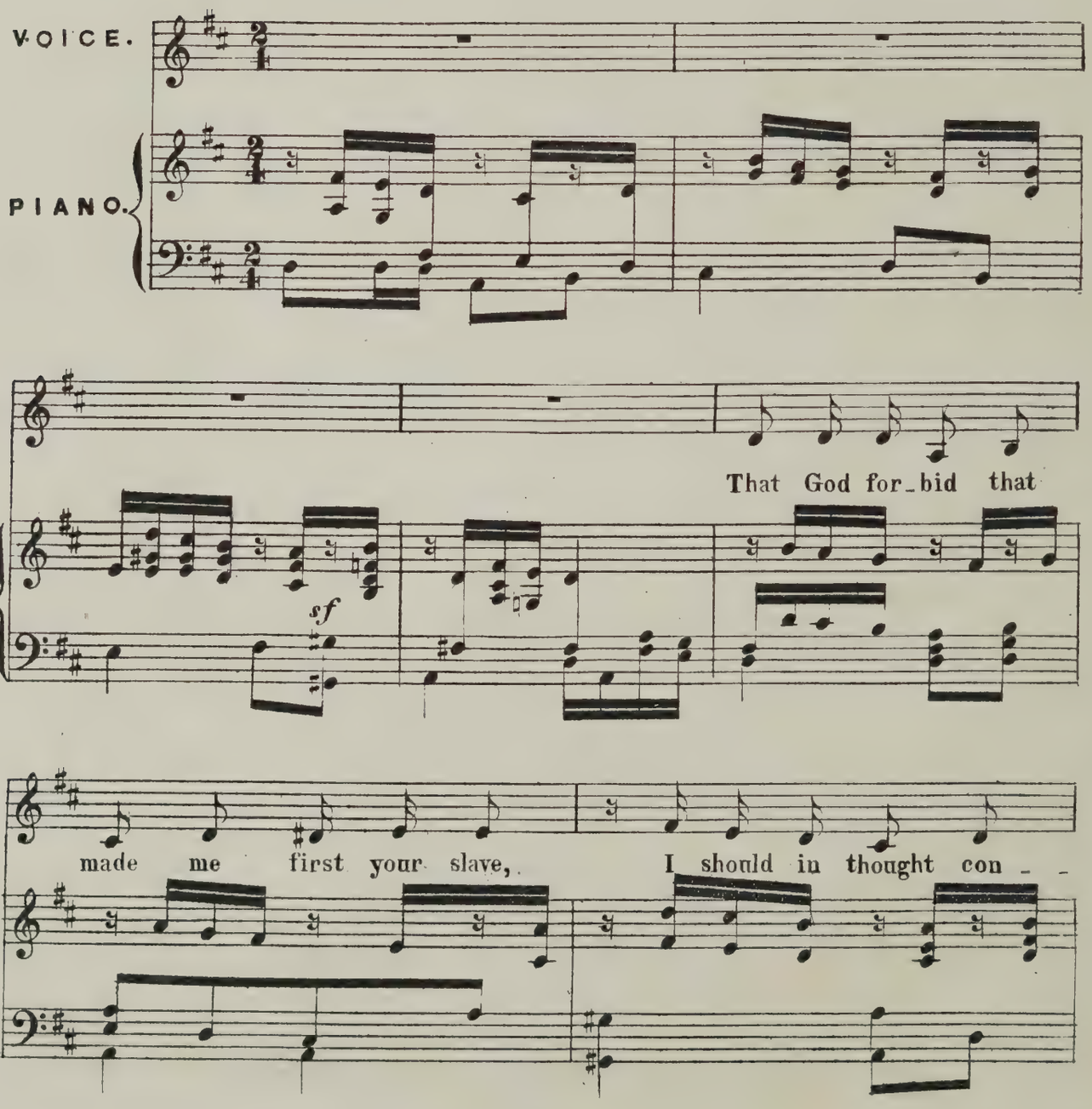

qui - et find; For..... thee..... and for my self no
p
cresc. ff
dim.
qui - - et find, no qui - et find, no qui - - et find, no qui - - et find
dim.
calando.
cresc. tempo.
No... qui - et find, no qui - et find, no qui - et find,
- en - - do.
ff
sf
sf
No.... qui - - et find..... no qui - - - - et find.
sf
sf
colla voce.
cal e dim.

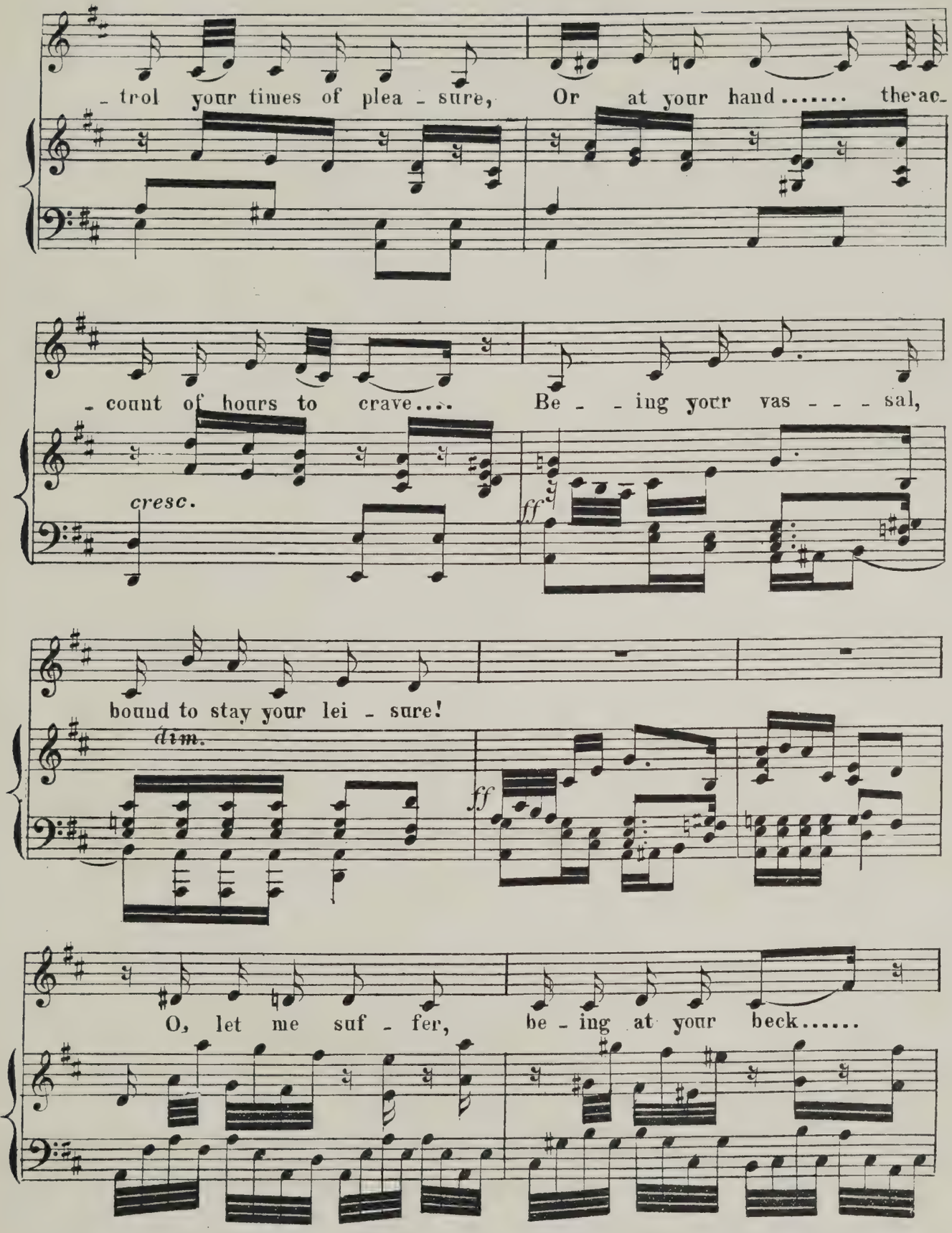
THAT GOD FORBID.

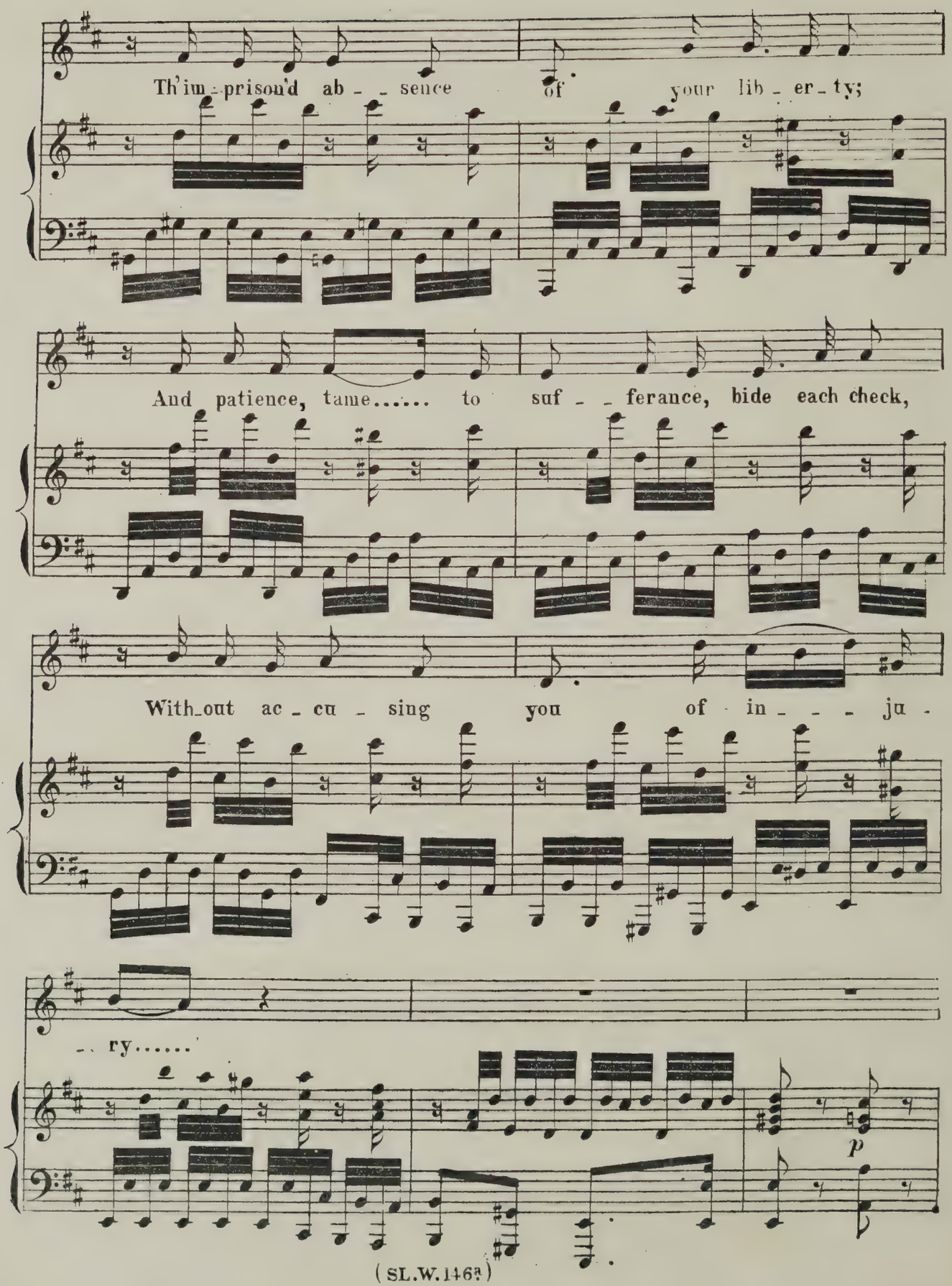
SHAKSPEARE.

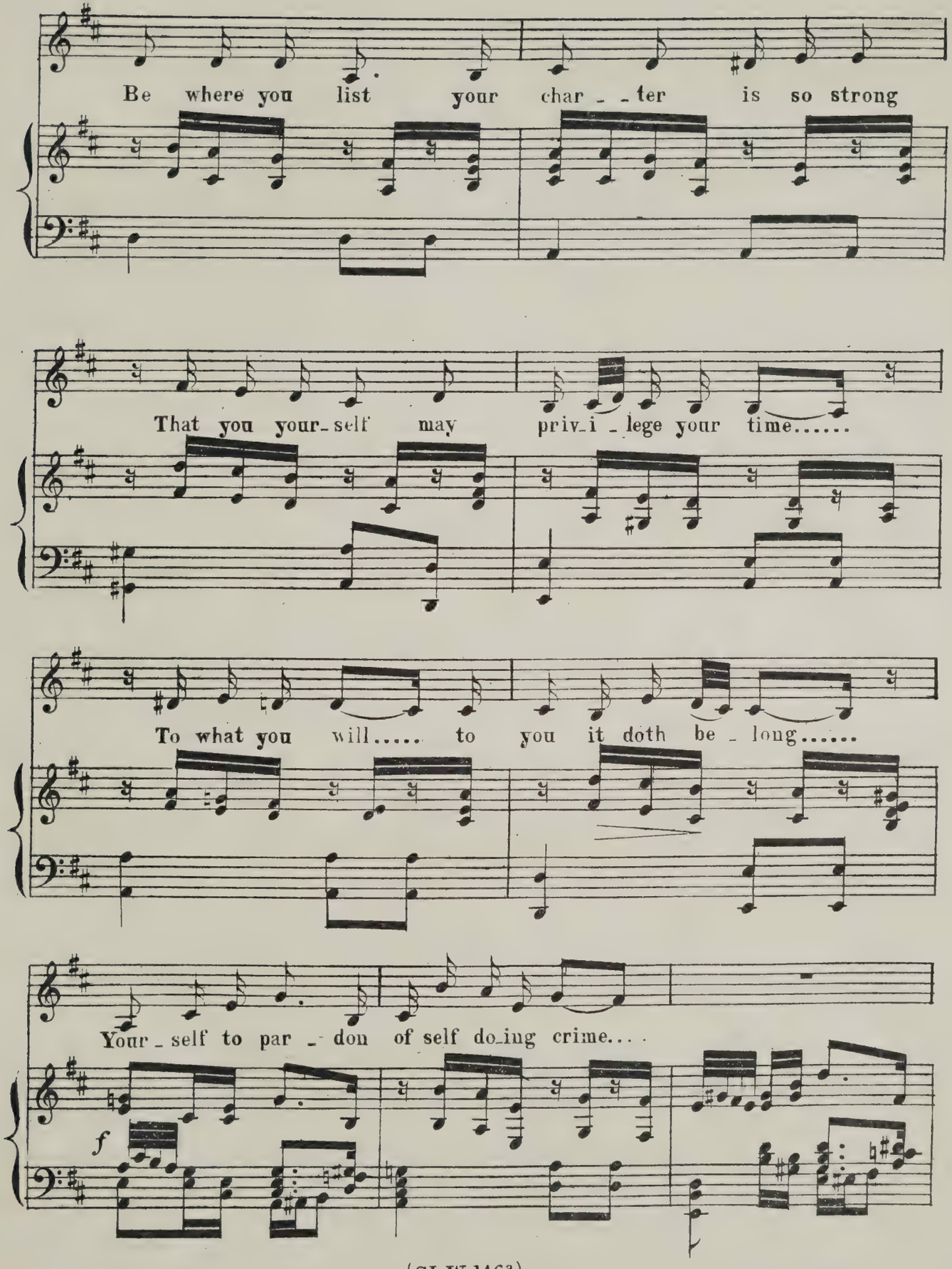
SONNET 58.

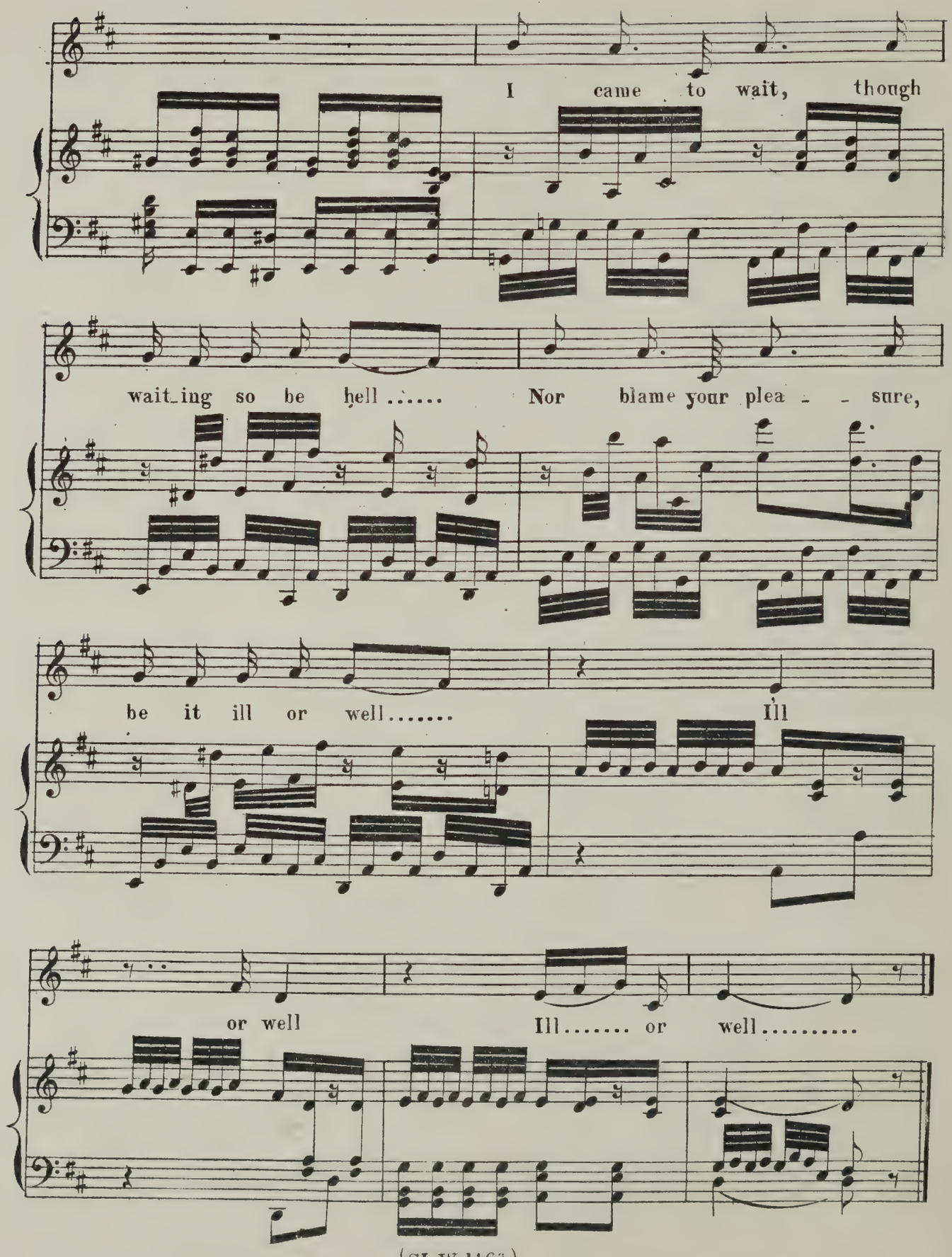
Larghetto.




- trol your times of plea - sure, Or at your hand..... the ac-
- count of hours to crave.... Be - - ing your vas - - - sal,
cresc.
ff
bound to stay your lei - sure!
dim.
ff
O, let me suf - fer, be - ing at your beck.....


Th'im-prison'd ab - - sence of your lib - er - ty;
And patience, tame..... to suf - - ferance, bide each check,
With-out ac - cu - sing you of in - - - ju -
- ry.....
p

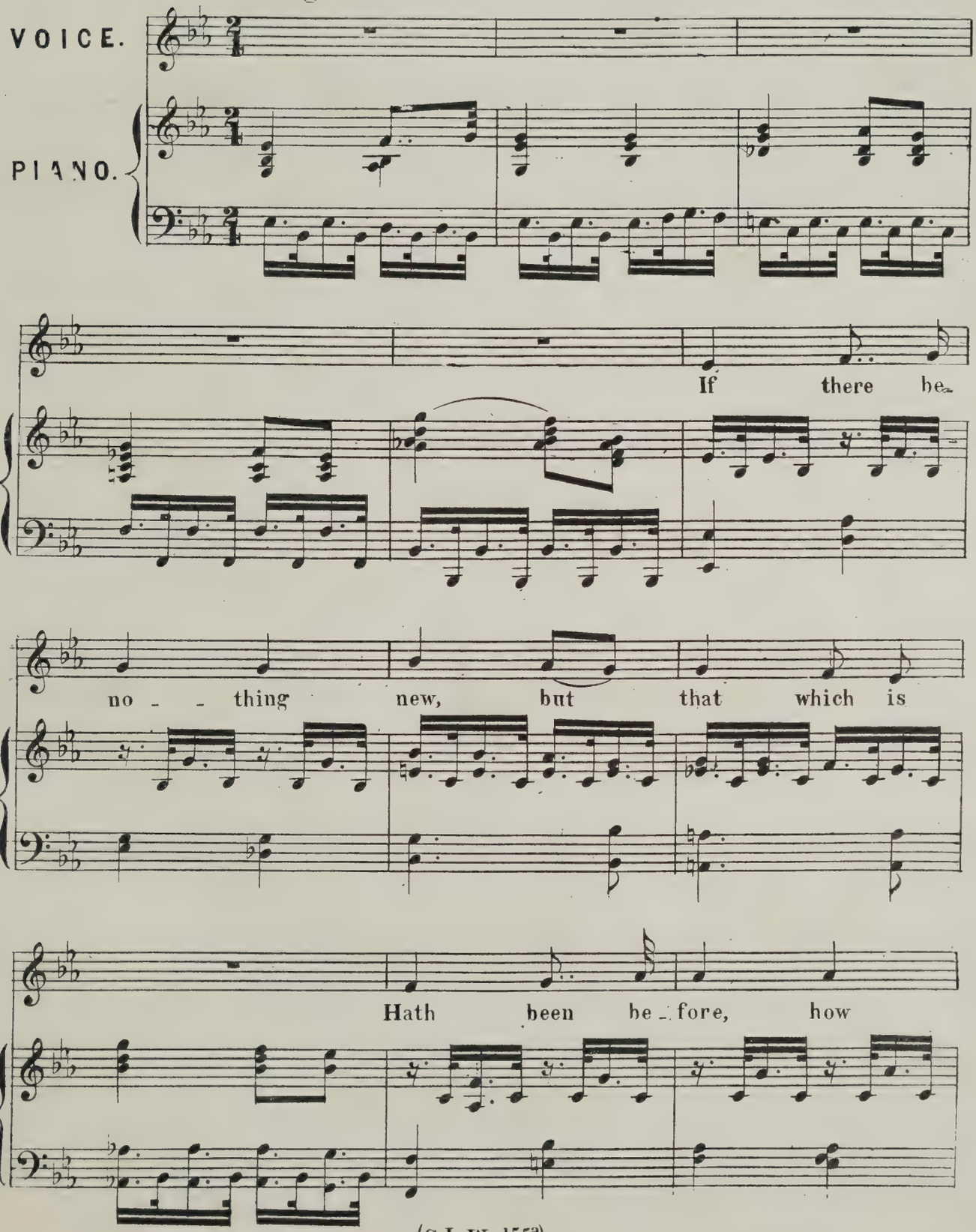

Be where you list your char_ _ter is so strong
That you your_self may priv_i _lege your time.....
To what you will..... to you it doth be_long.....
Your_self to par_don of self do_ing crime....
f

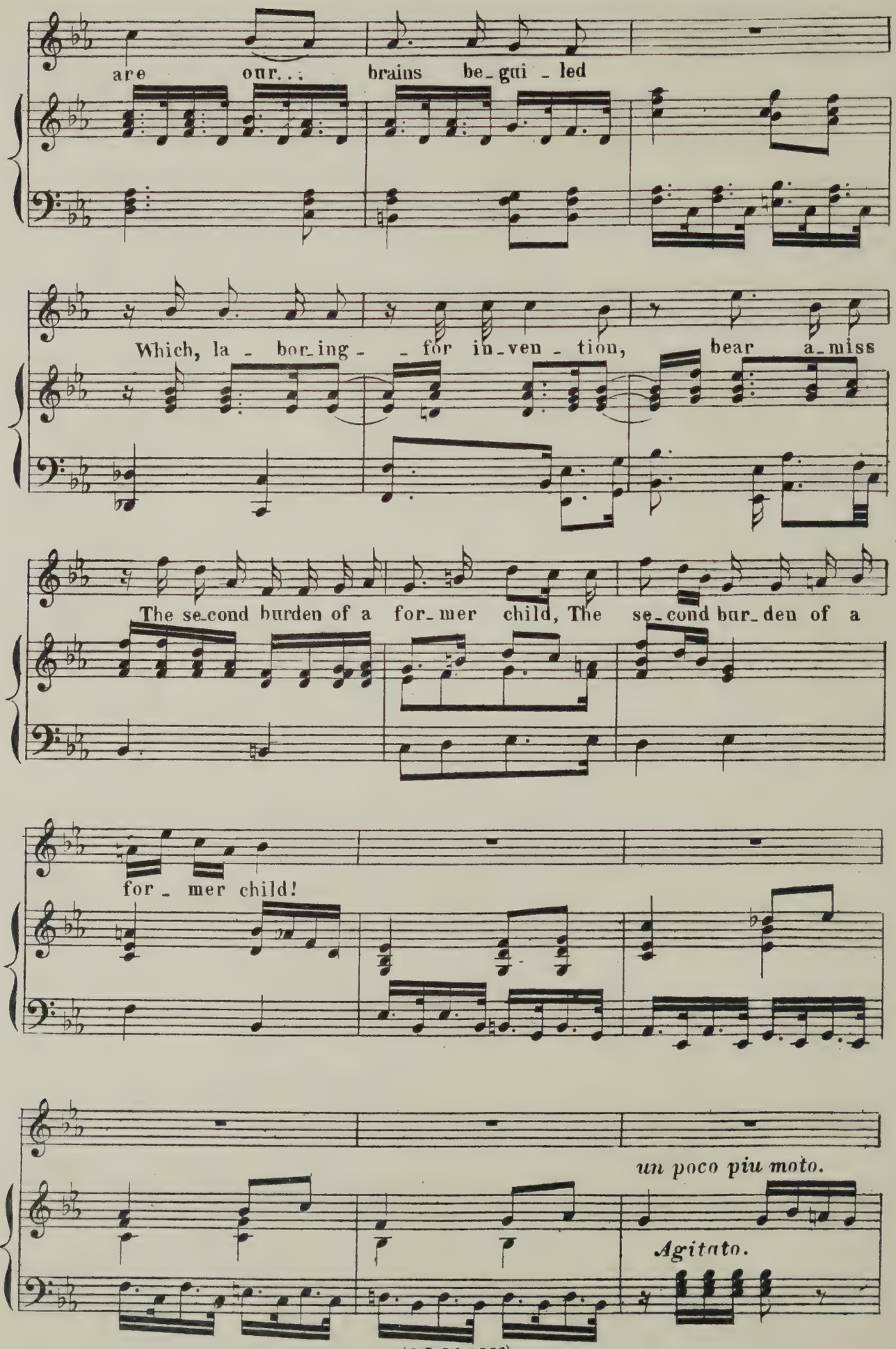

I came to wait, though
wait_ing so be hell ..... Nor blame your plea - - sure,
be it ill or well..... Ill
or well
Ill..... or well.....

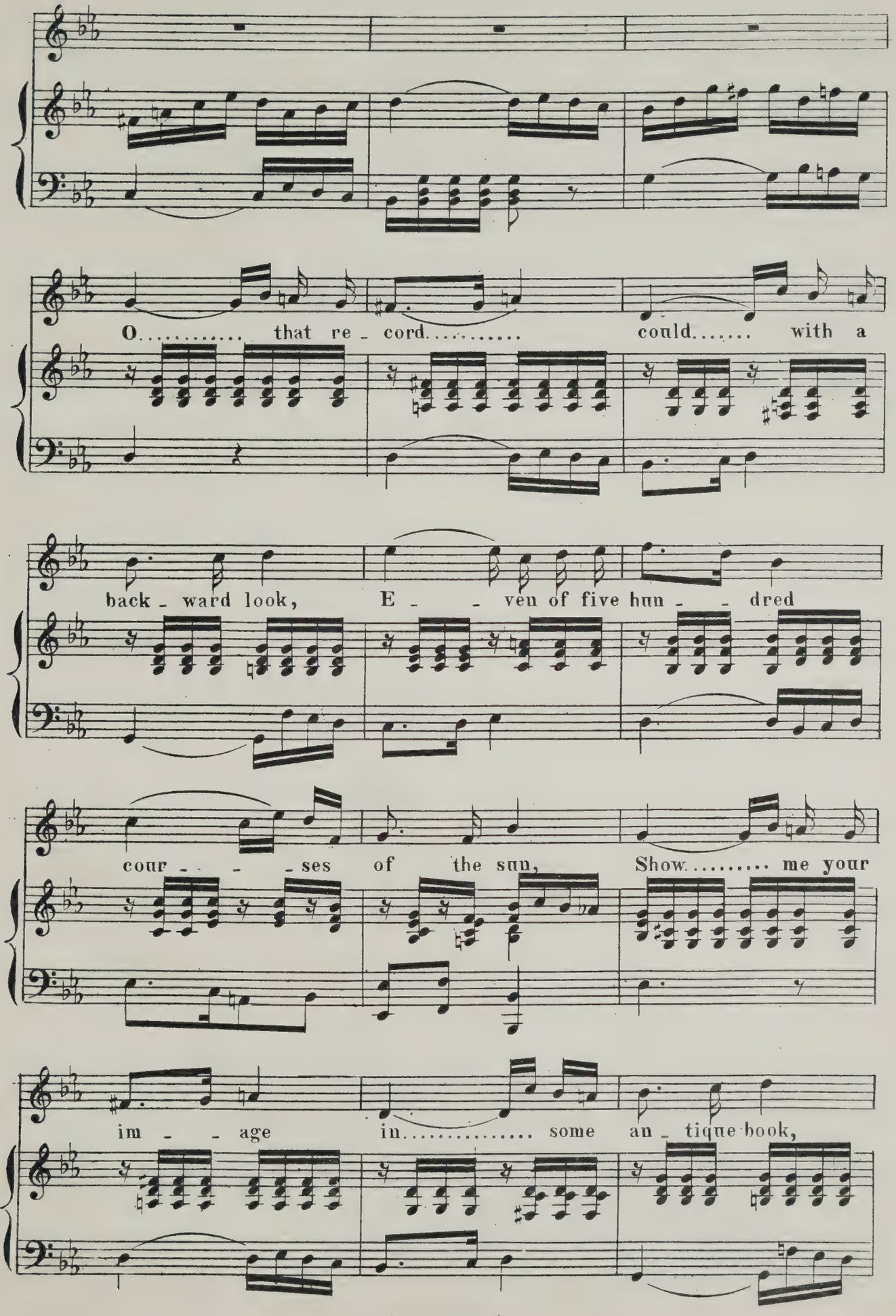
"IF THERE BE NOTHING NEW."

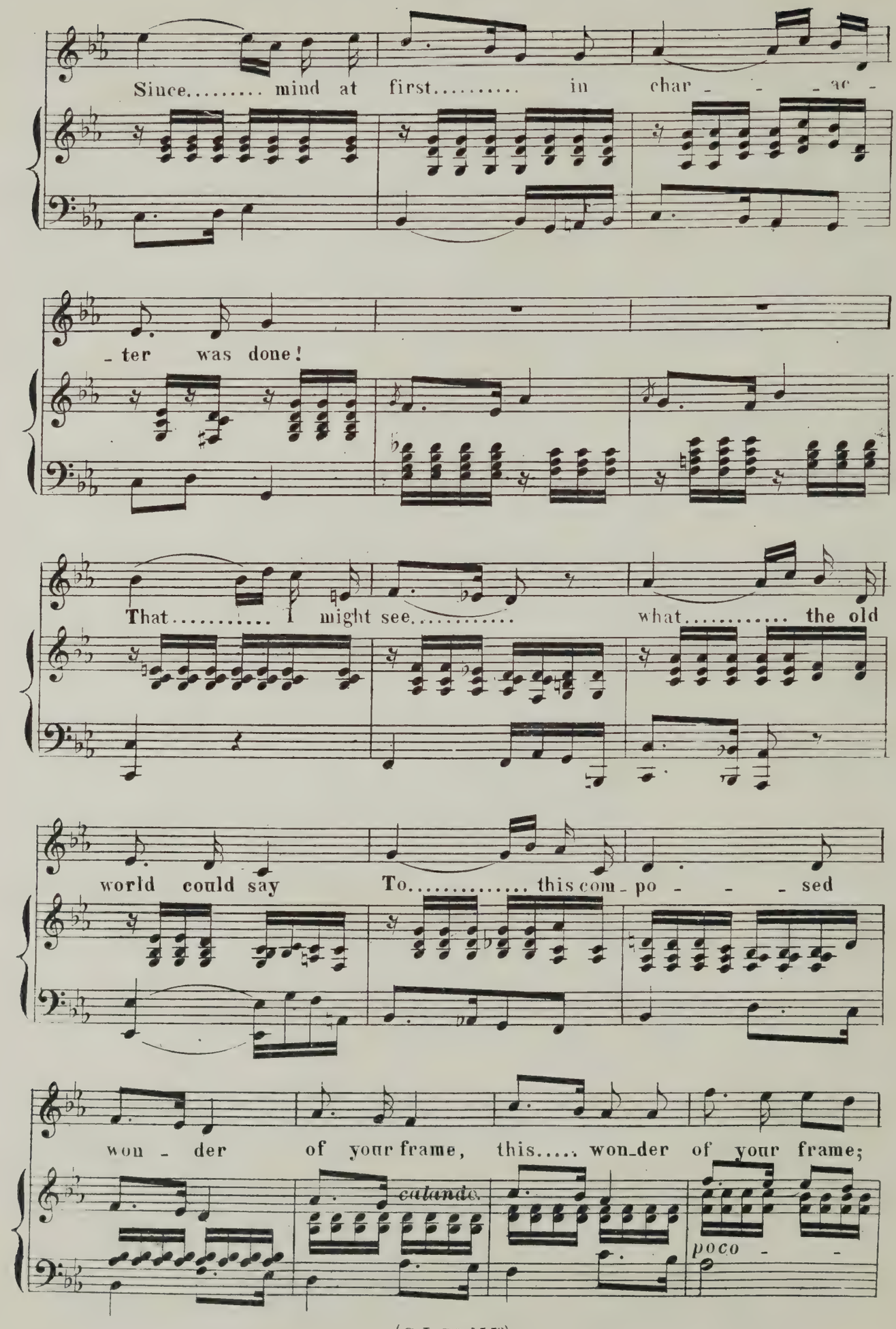
SHAKSPEARE.
SONNET 59.

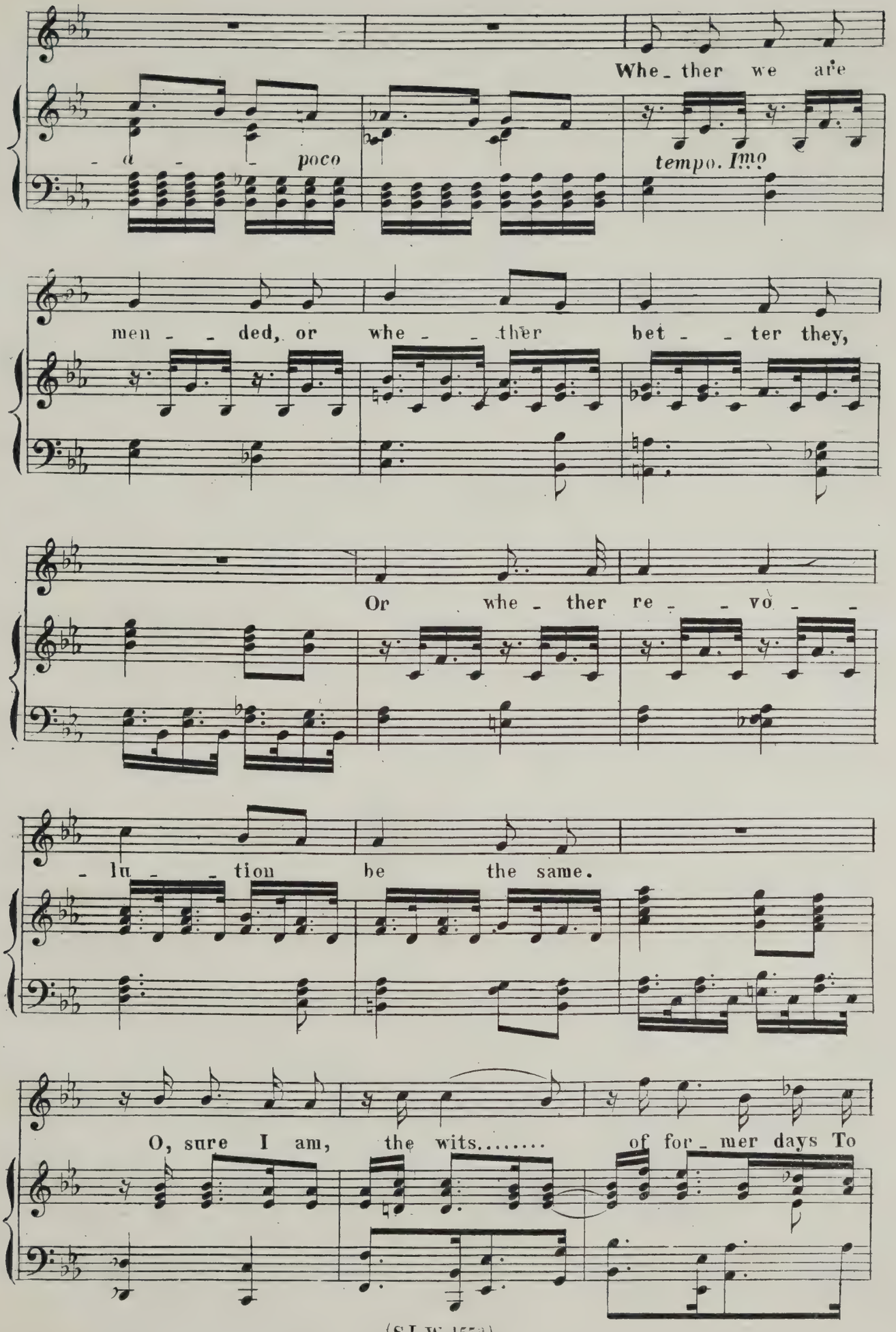
Adagio Cantabile.

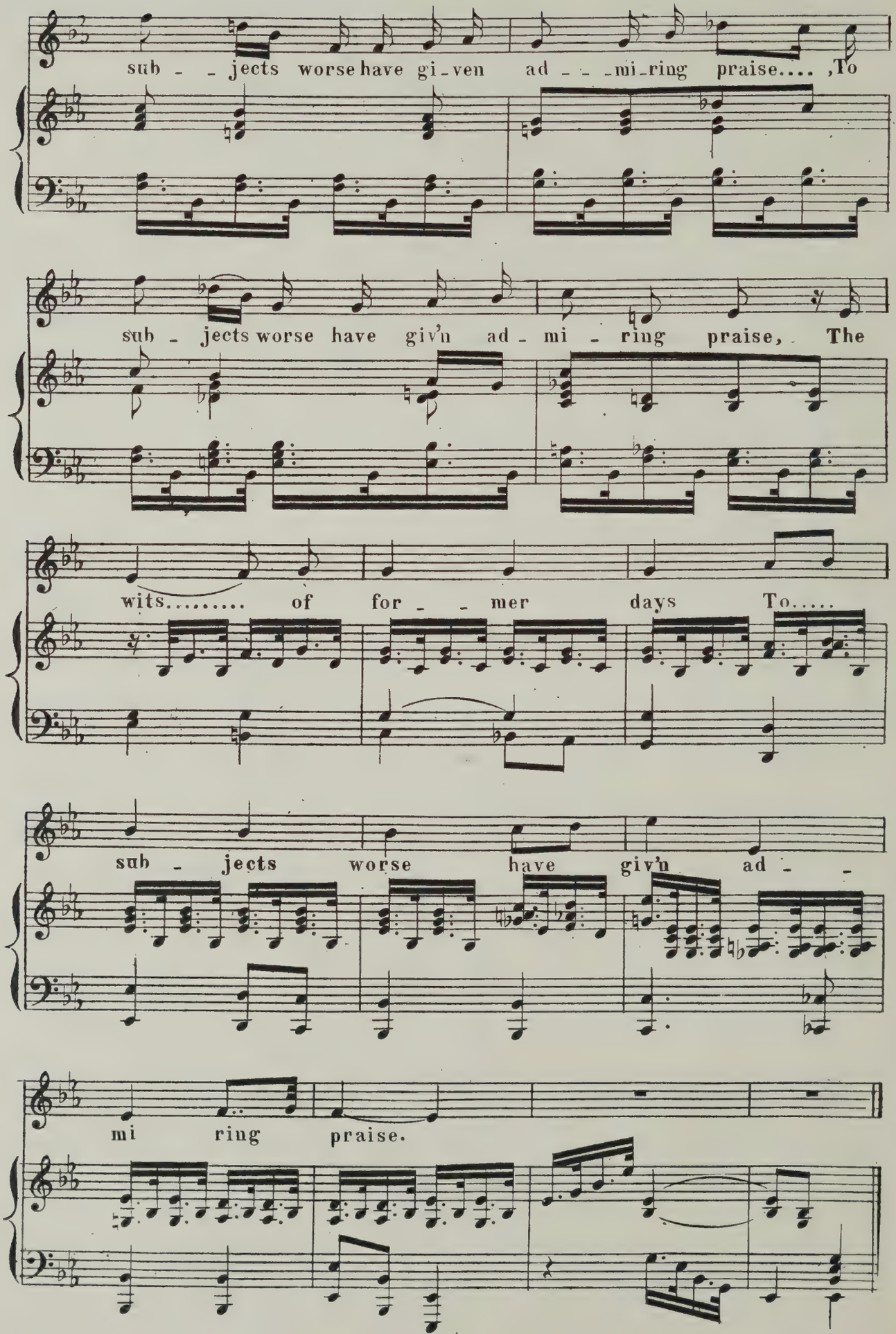



are our... brains be-gui-led
Which, la-bor-ing- -for in-ven-tion, bear a-miss
The se-cond burden of a for-mer child, The se-cond bur-den of a
for-mer child!
un poco piu moto.
Agitato.


O..... that re - cord..... could..... with a
back - ward look, E - - ven of five hun - - dred
cour - - - - ses of the sun, Show..... me your
im - - age in..... some an - tique book,


Since..... mind at first..... in char - - - ac -
- ter was done!
That..... I might see..... what..... the old
world could say To..... this com - po - - - sed
won - der of your frame, this..... won-der of your frame;
calando.
poco - -


Whe - ther we are
- a - poco
tempo. Imo
men - - ded, or whe - - ther bet - - ter they,
Or whe - ther re - - vo - -
- lu - - tion be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits..... of for - mer days To


sub - - jects worse have gi-ven ad - - -mi-ring praise.... ,To
sub - jects worse have giv'n ad - mi - ring praise, The
wits..... of for - - mer days To.....
sub - jects worse have giv'n ad - -
mi ring praise.

AGAINST MY LOVE SHALL BE AS I AM NOW.

SHAKSPEARE.
SONNET 63.

Adagio.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p

Against my love shall be as I am now, With Time's in-

-ju-rious hand, crush'd and out worn; When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his

p

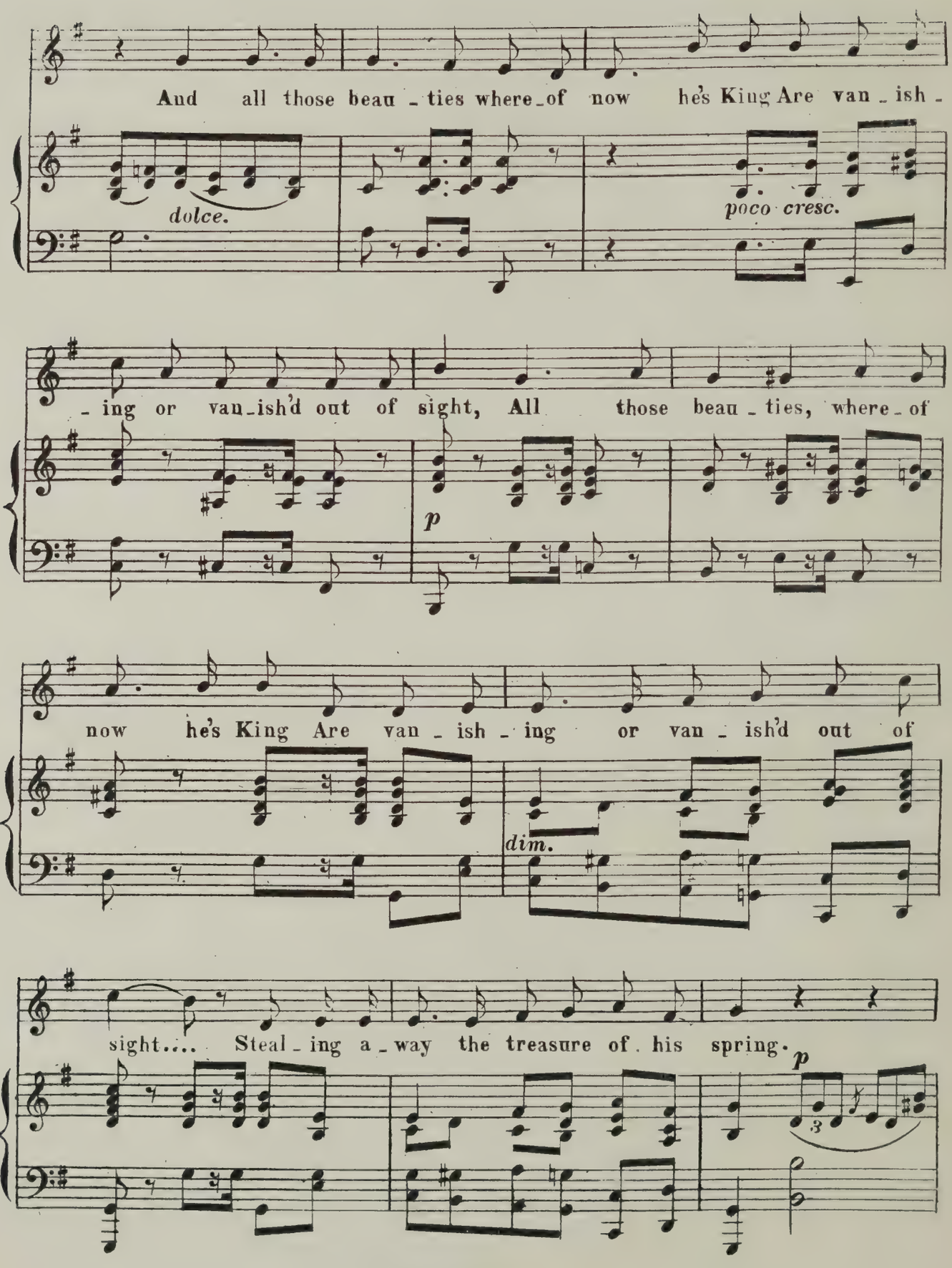
brow... With lines and wrin-kles, when his youthful morn... Hath travell'd

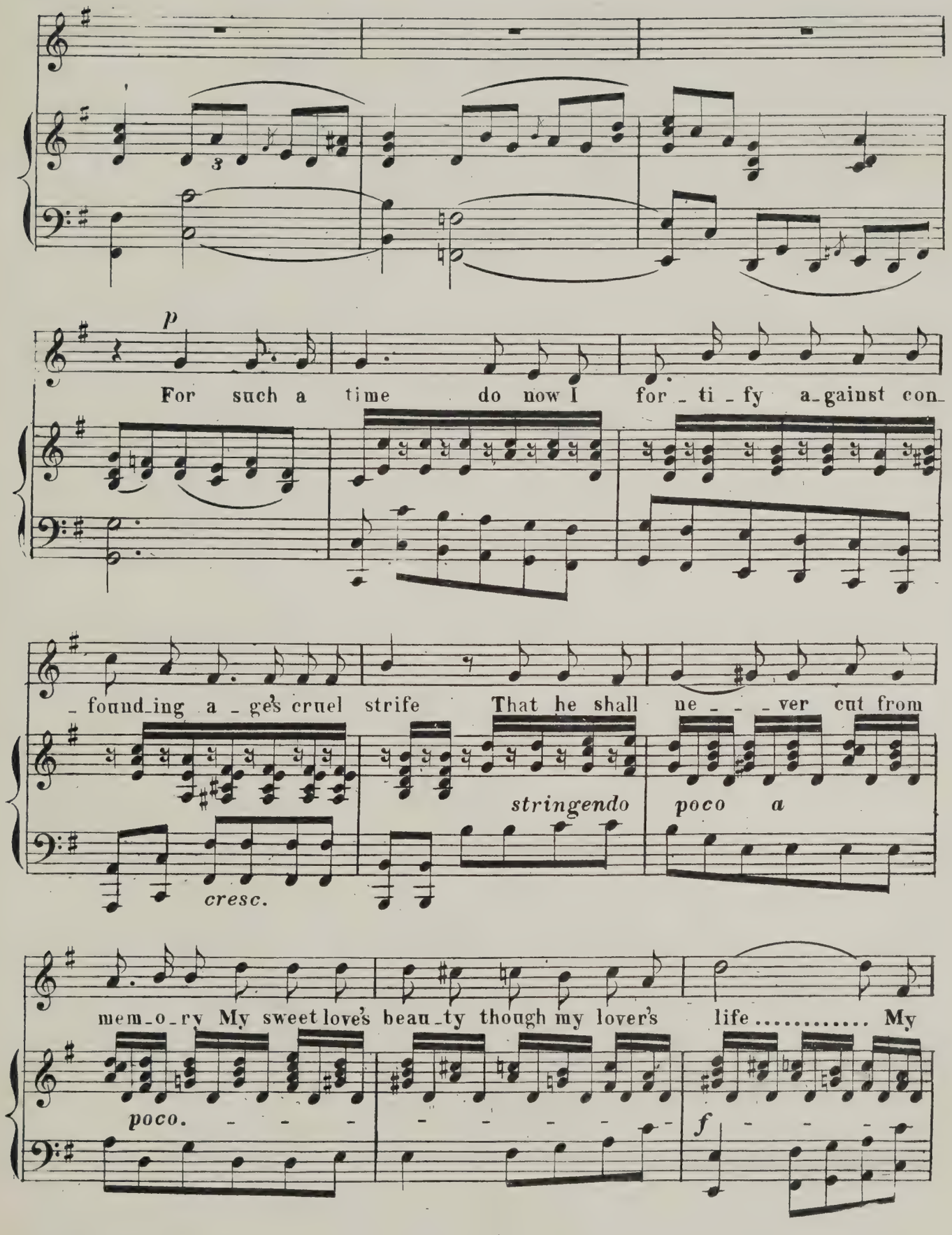
cresc.

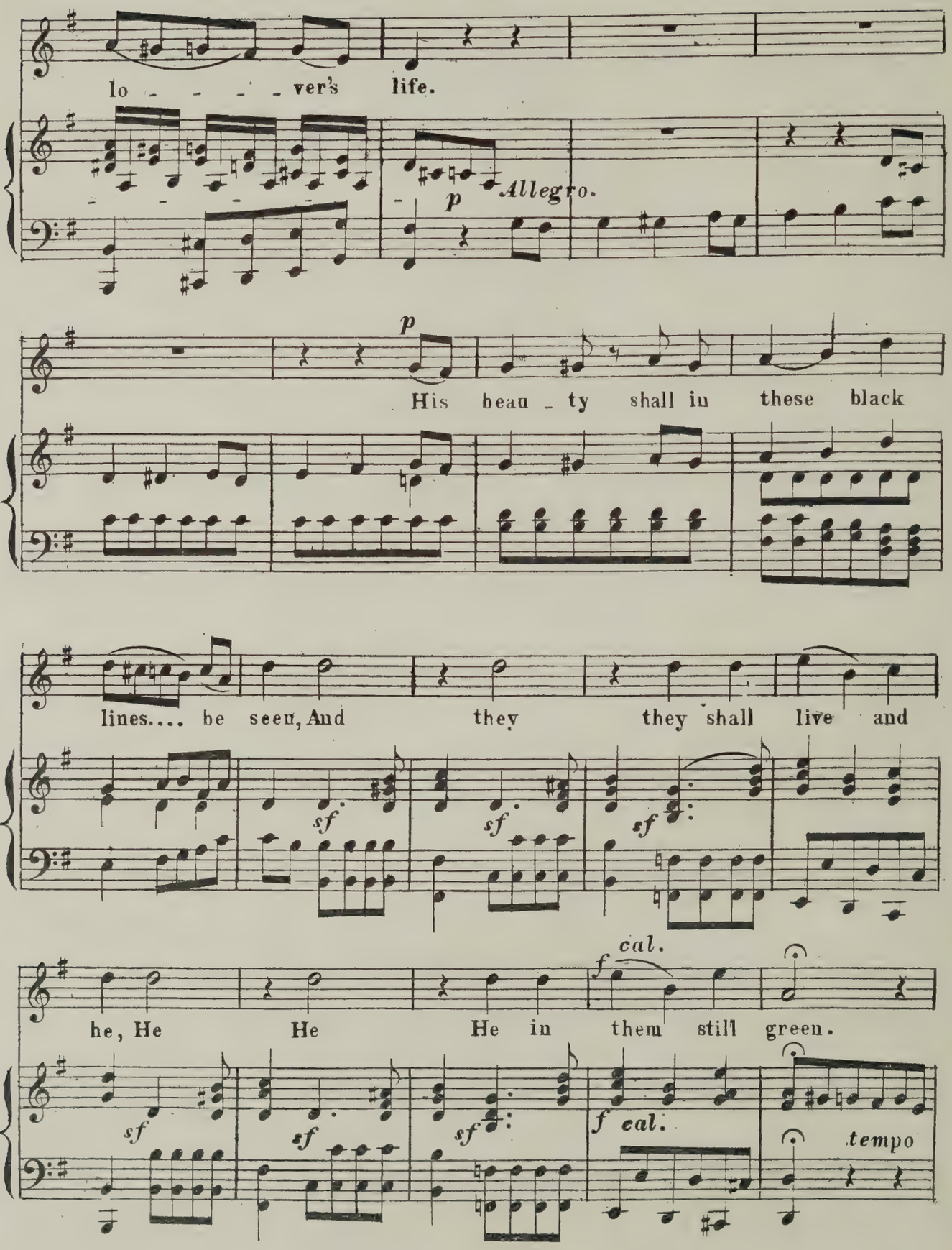
p

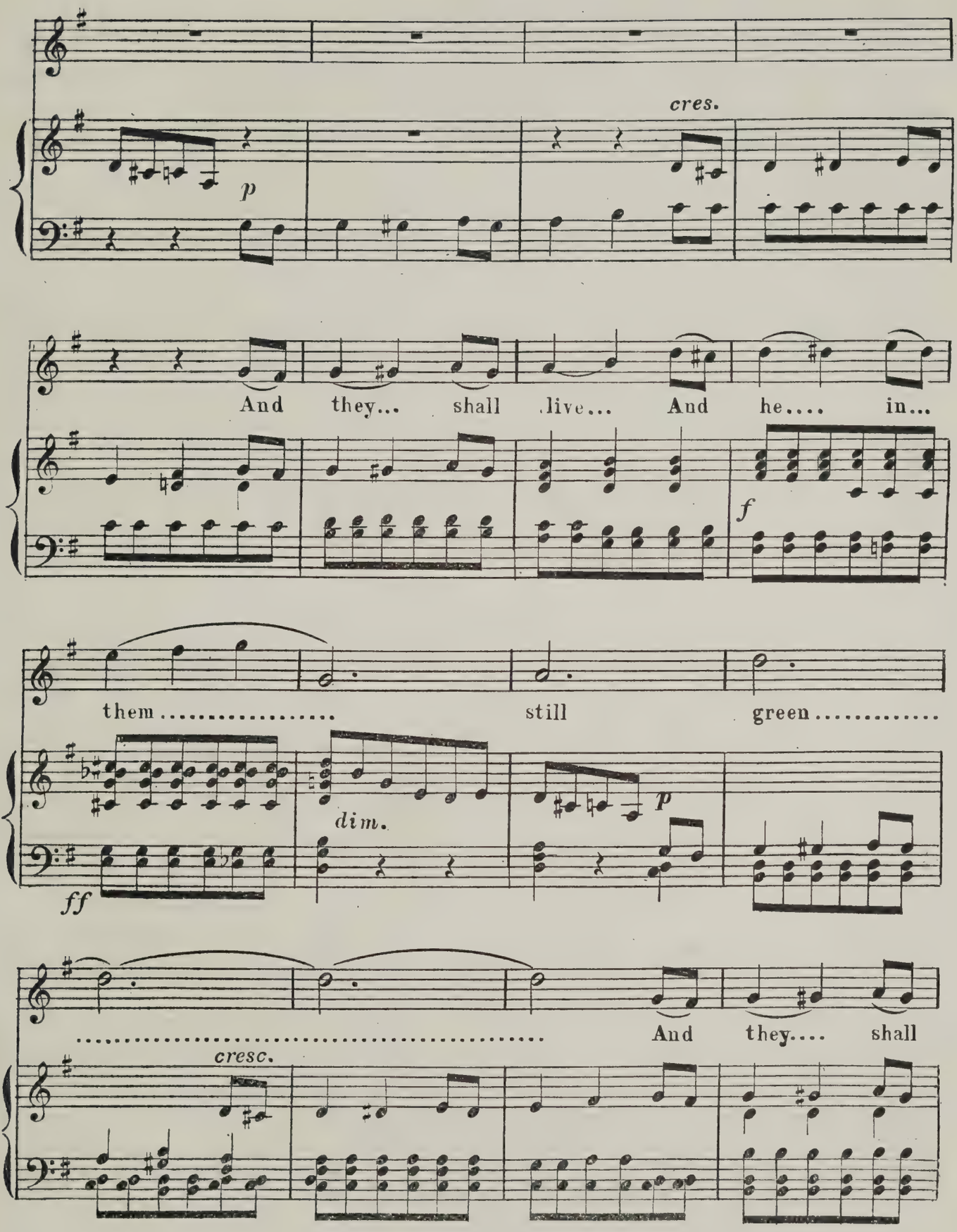
on to age's steepy night.

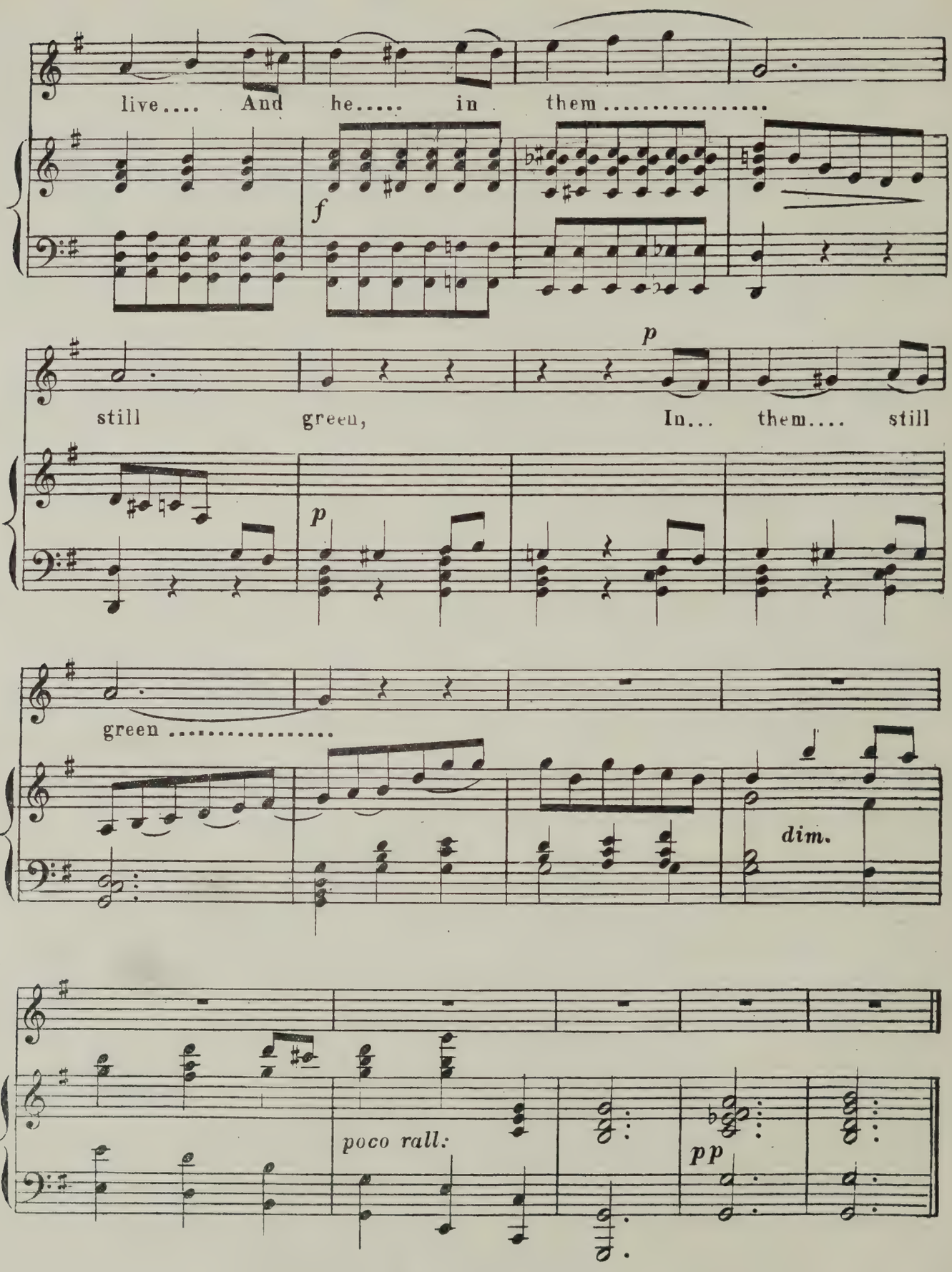
cresc.


And all those beau - ties where - of now he's King Are van - ish -
dolce.
poco cresc.
- ing or van - ish'd out of sight, All those beau - ties, where - of
p
now he's King Are van - ish - ing or van - ish'd out of
dim.
sight.... Steal - ing a - way the treasure of his spring.
p
3


p
For such a time do now I for_ti_fy a_gainst con_
_found_ing a_ge's cruel strife That he shall ne_ _ _ver cut from
stringendo poco a
cresc.
mem_o_ry My sweet love's beau_ty though my lover's life..... My
poco.
f


lo - - - - ver's life.
Allegro.
p
His beau - ty shall in these black
lines.... be seen, And they they shall live and
sf
cal.
he, He He He in them still green.
tempo


cres.
p
And they... shall live... And he.... in...
f
them ..... still green .....
dim.
p
ff
..... And they.... shall
cresc.

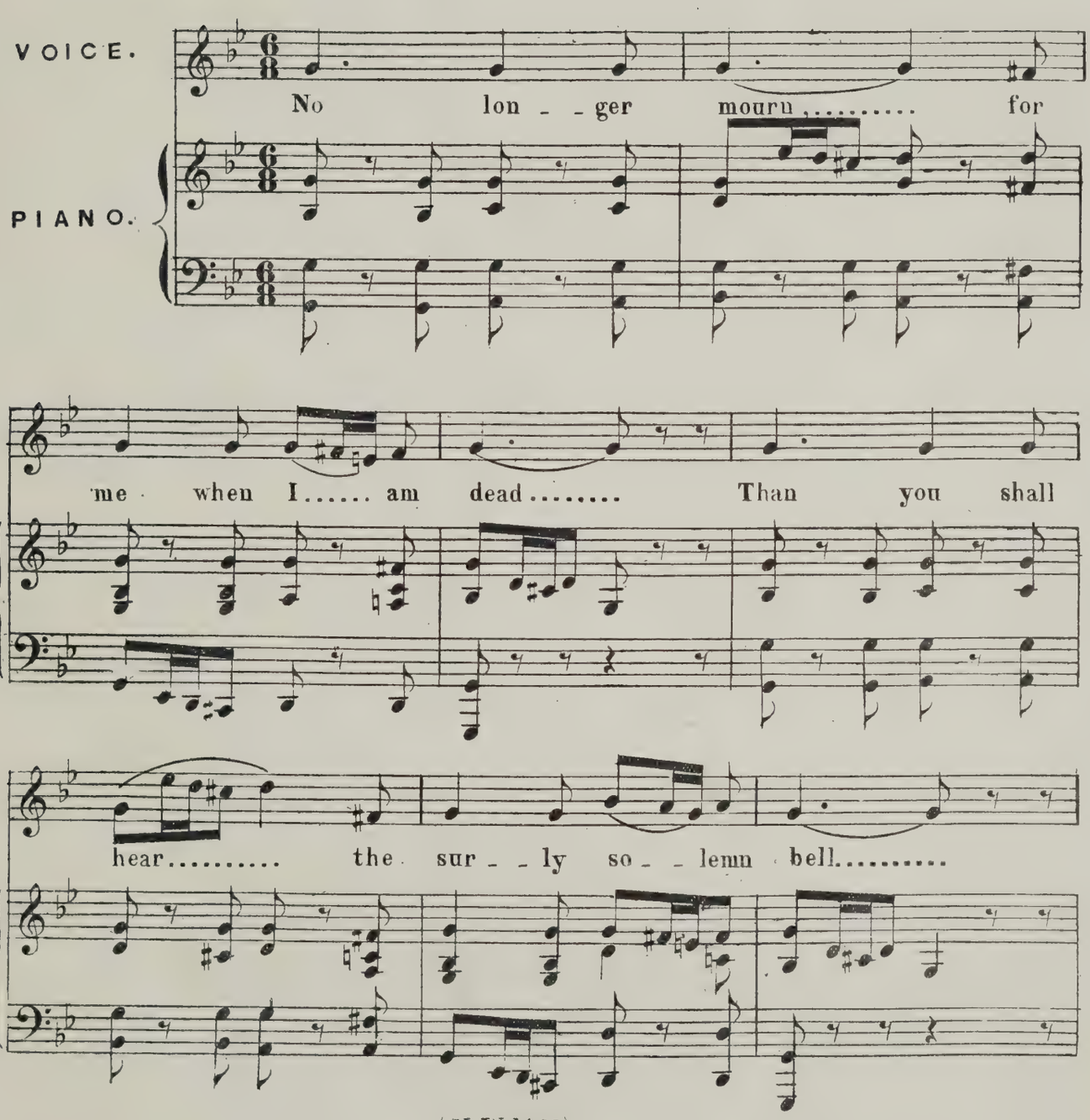

live.... And he..... in them .....
f
p
still green, In... them.... still
p
green .....
dim.
poco rall.
pp

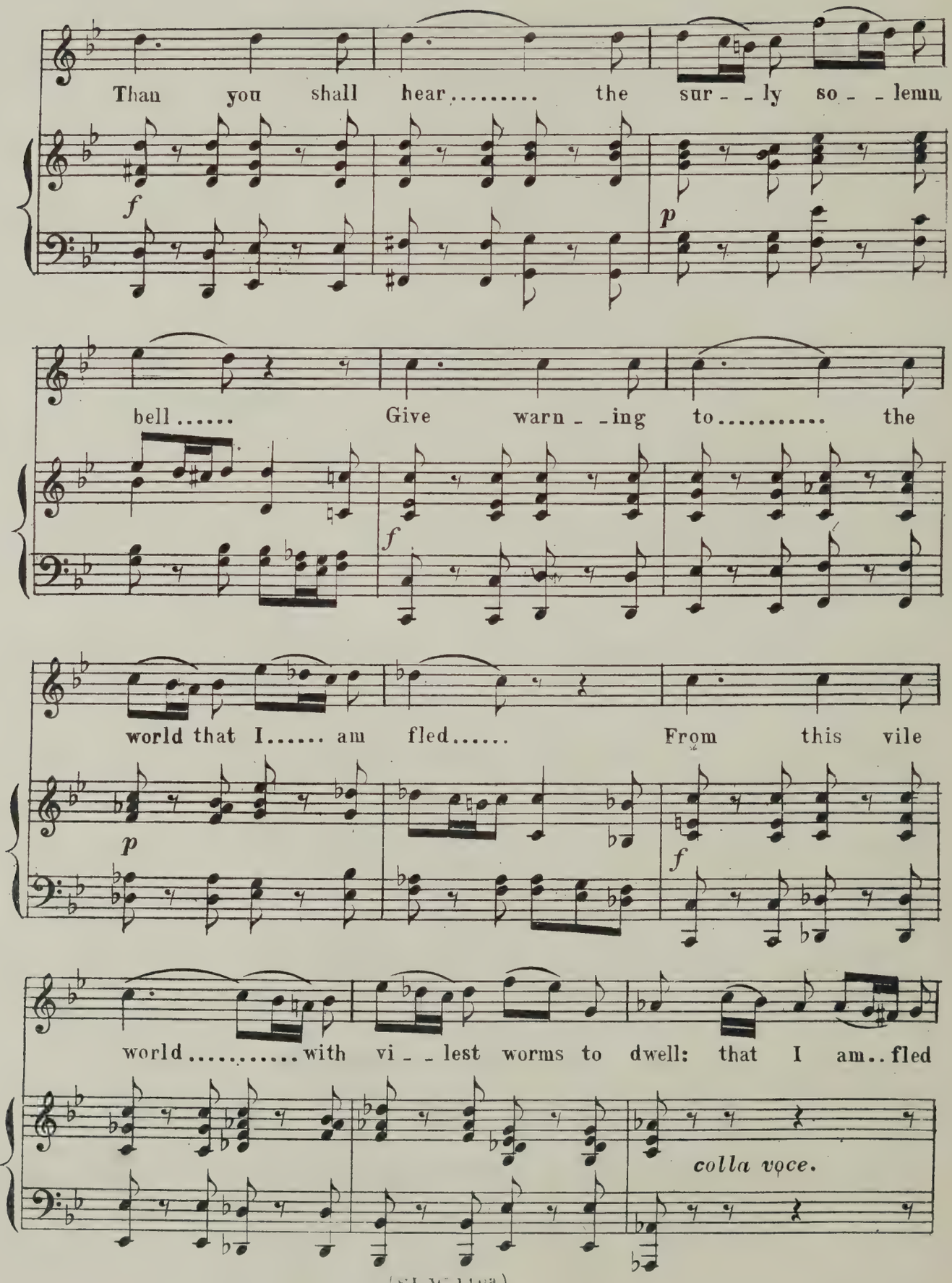
"NO LONGER MOURN."

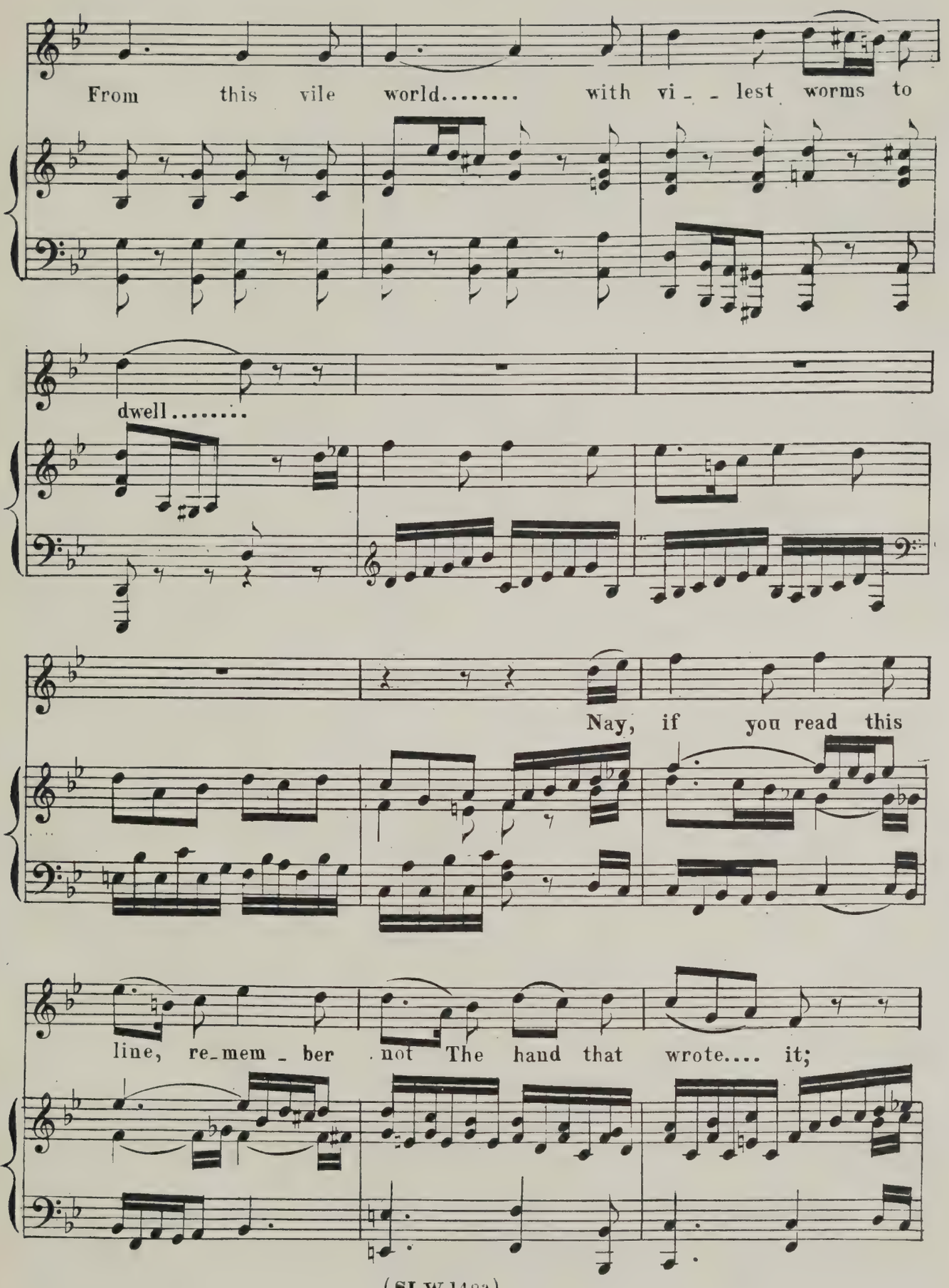
SHAKSPEARE.

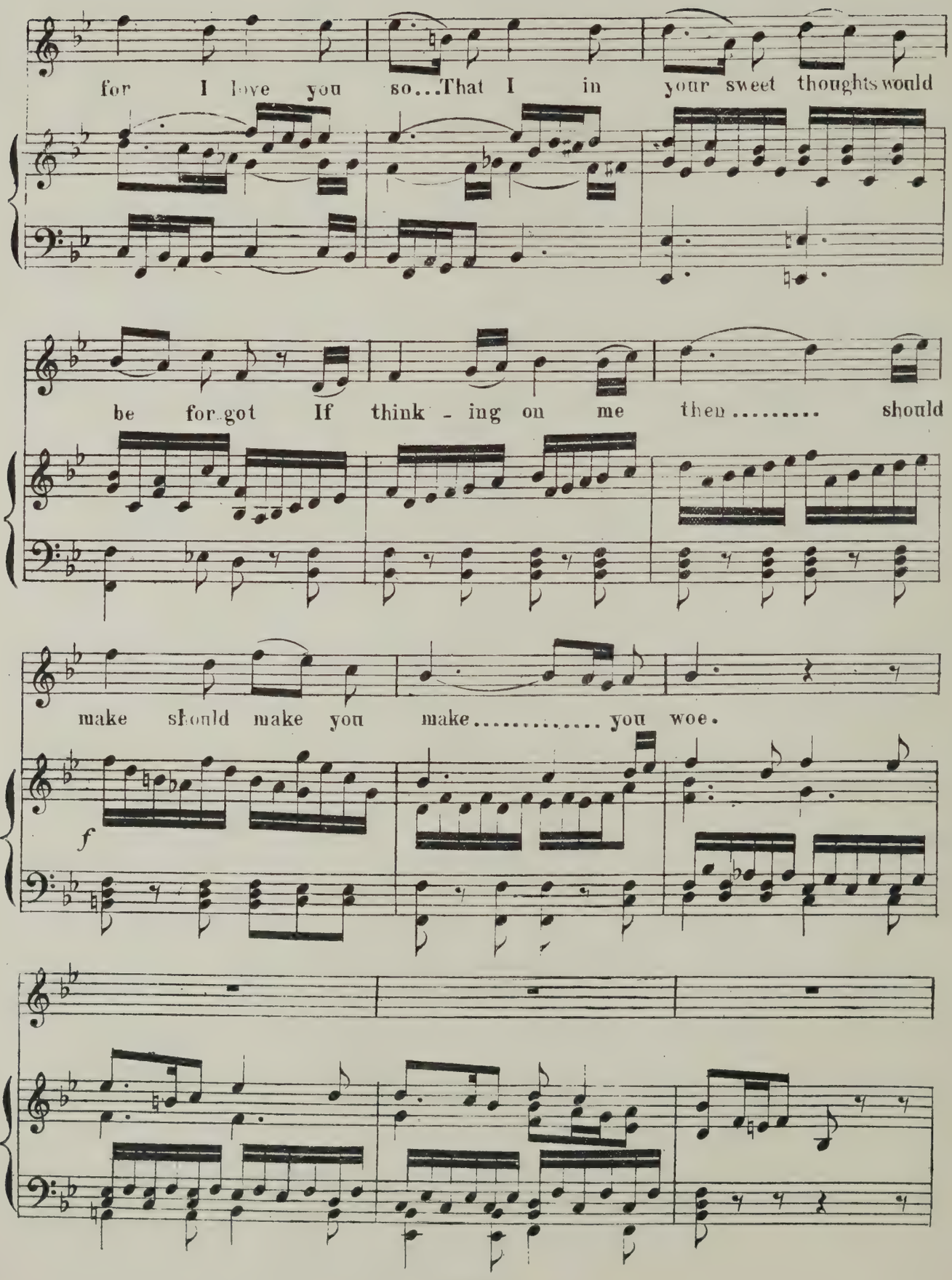
SONNET 71.

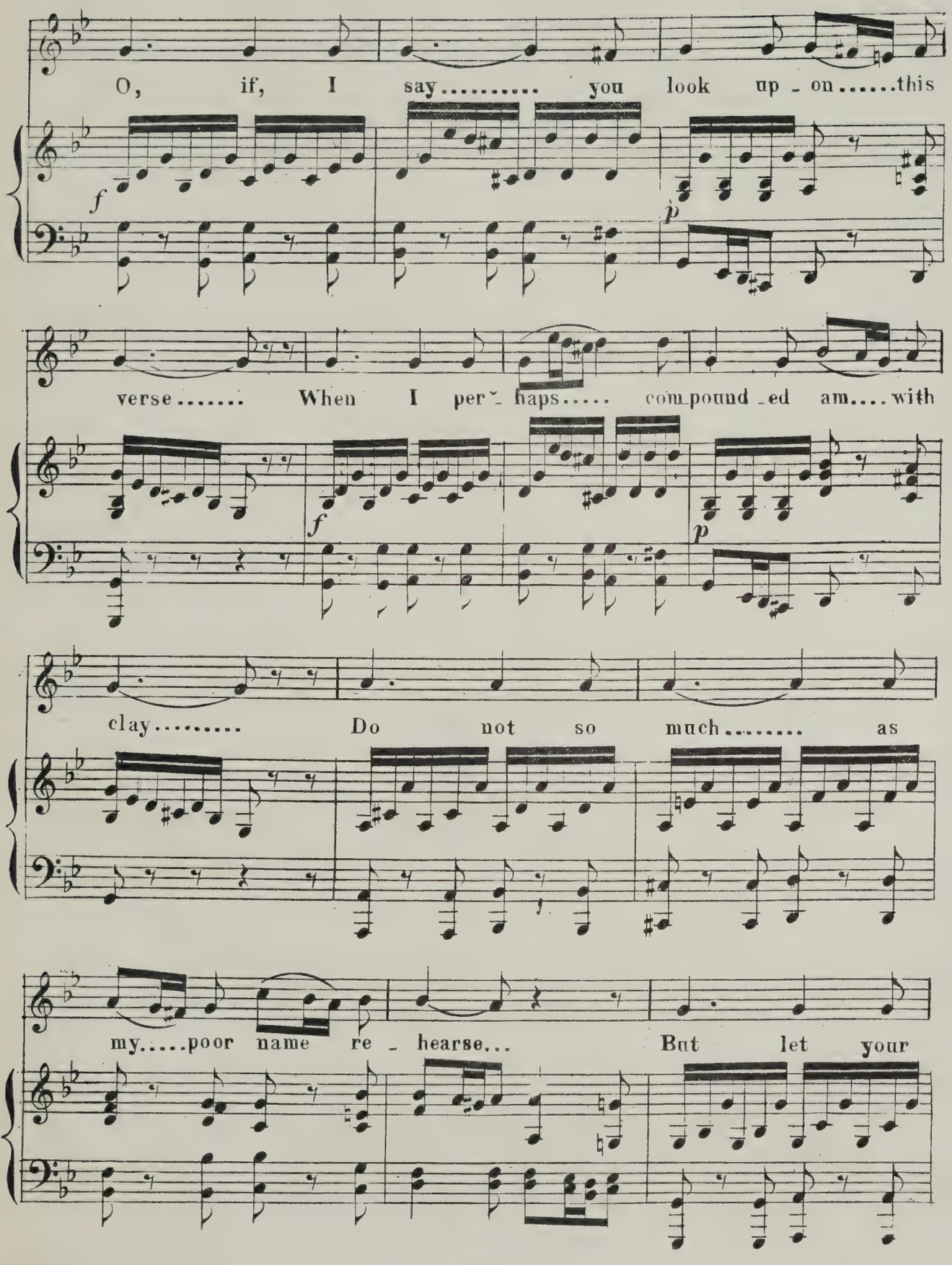
Andante mesto.

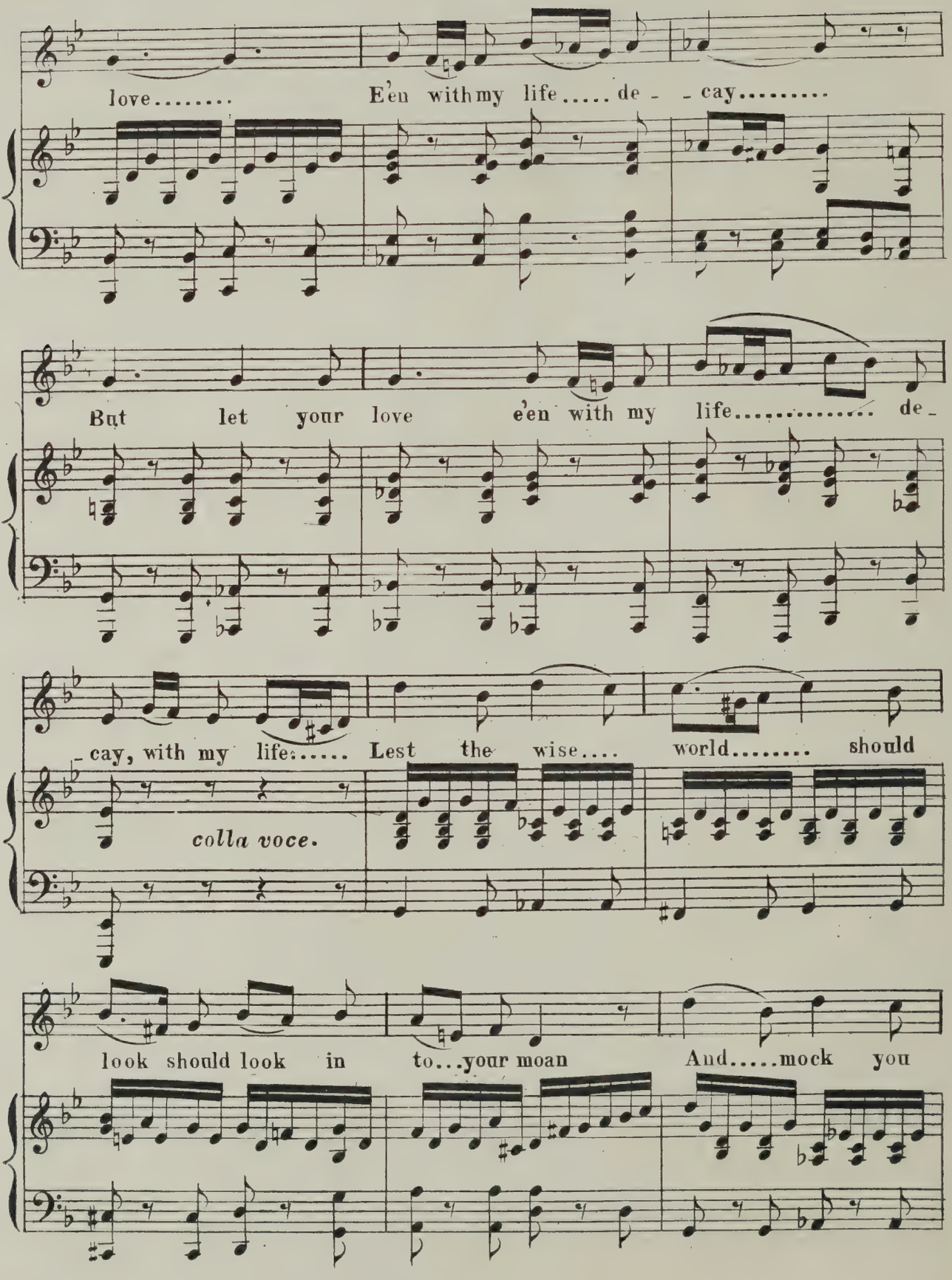


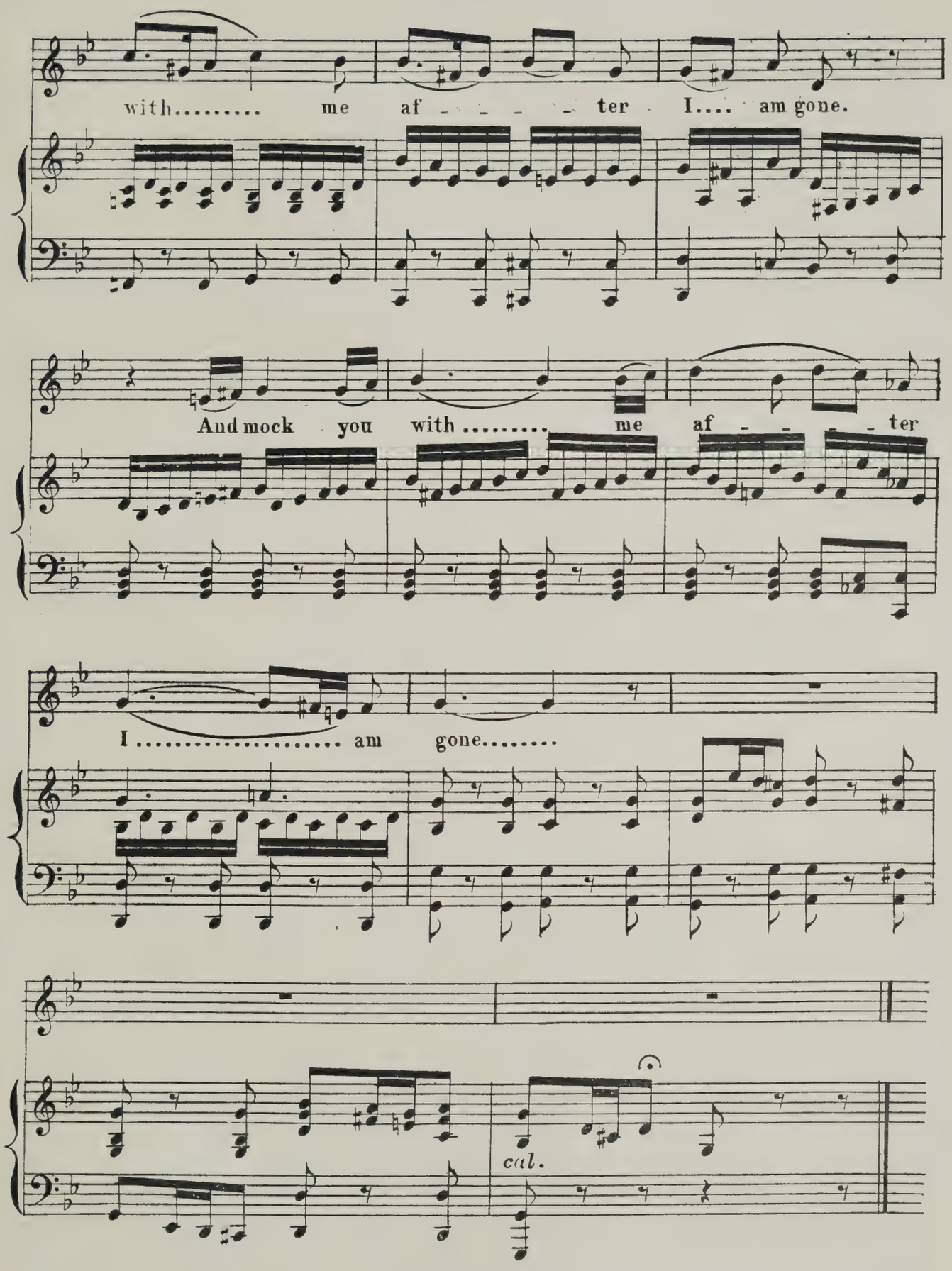

Than you shall hear..... the sur - - ly so - - lemn
f
p
bell..... Give warn - - ing to..... the
f
world that I..... am fled..... From this vile
p
f
world..... with vi - - lest worms to dwell: that I am.. fled
colla voce.


From this vile world..... with vi - - lest worms to
dwell.....
Nay, if you read this
line, re-mem - ber not The hand that wrote.... it;


for I love you so...That I in your sweet thoughts would
be for got If think - ing on me then..... should
make should make you make..... you woe.
f


O, if, I say..... you look up - on.....this
verse..... When I per - haps..... com-pound-ed am....with
clay..... Do not so much..... as
my.....poor name re - hearse... But let your


love.....
E'en with my life..... de - - cay.....
But let your love e'en with my life..... de-
-cay, with my life..... Lest the wise.... world..... should
colla voce.
look should look in to...your moan And.....mock you

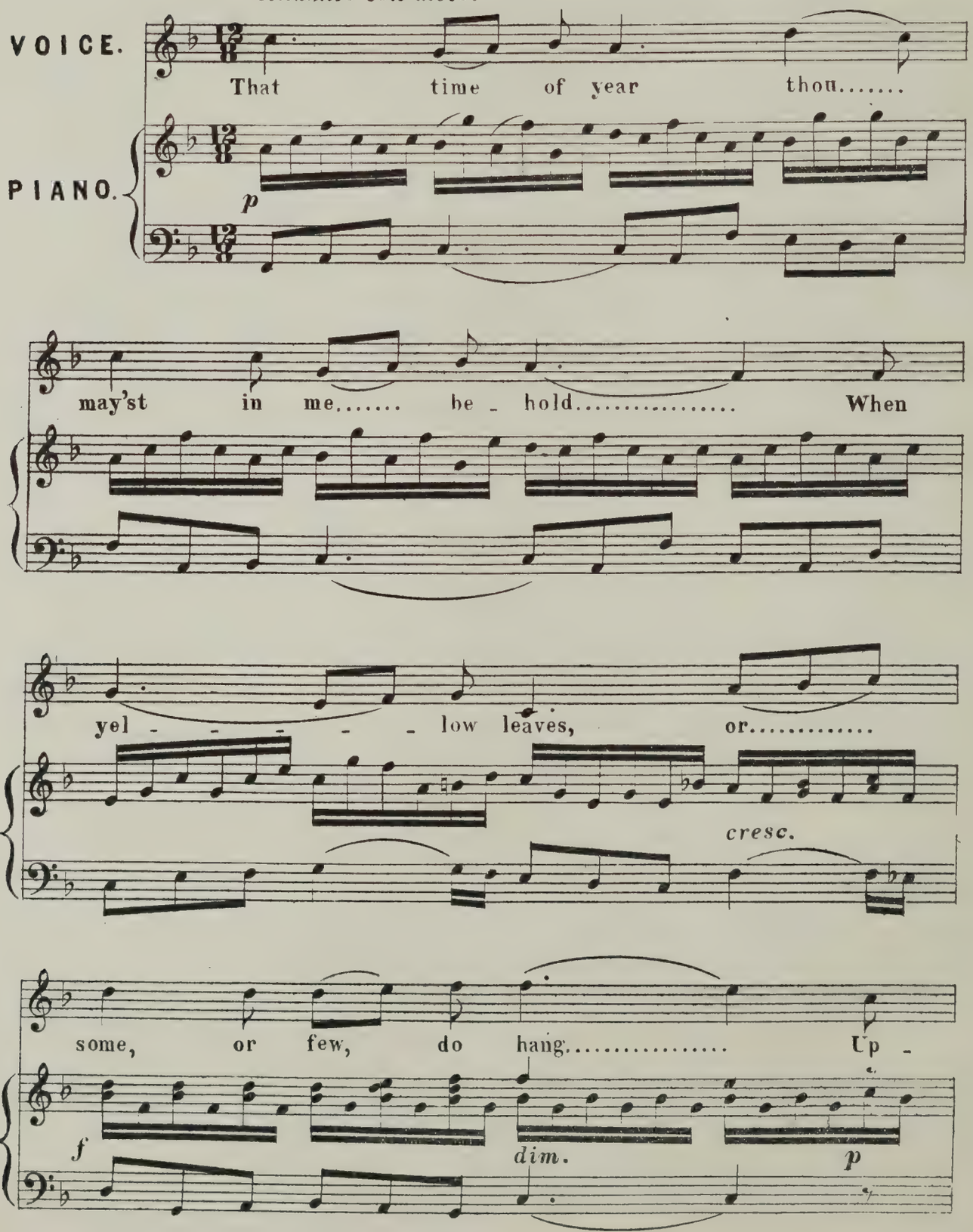

with..... me af - - - - - ter I.... am gone.
And mock you with ..... me af - - - - - ter
I ..... am gone.....
cal.

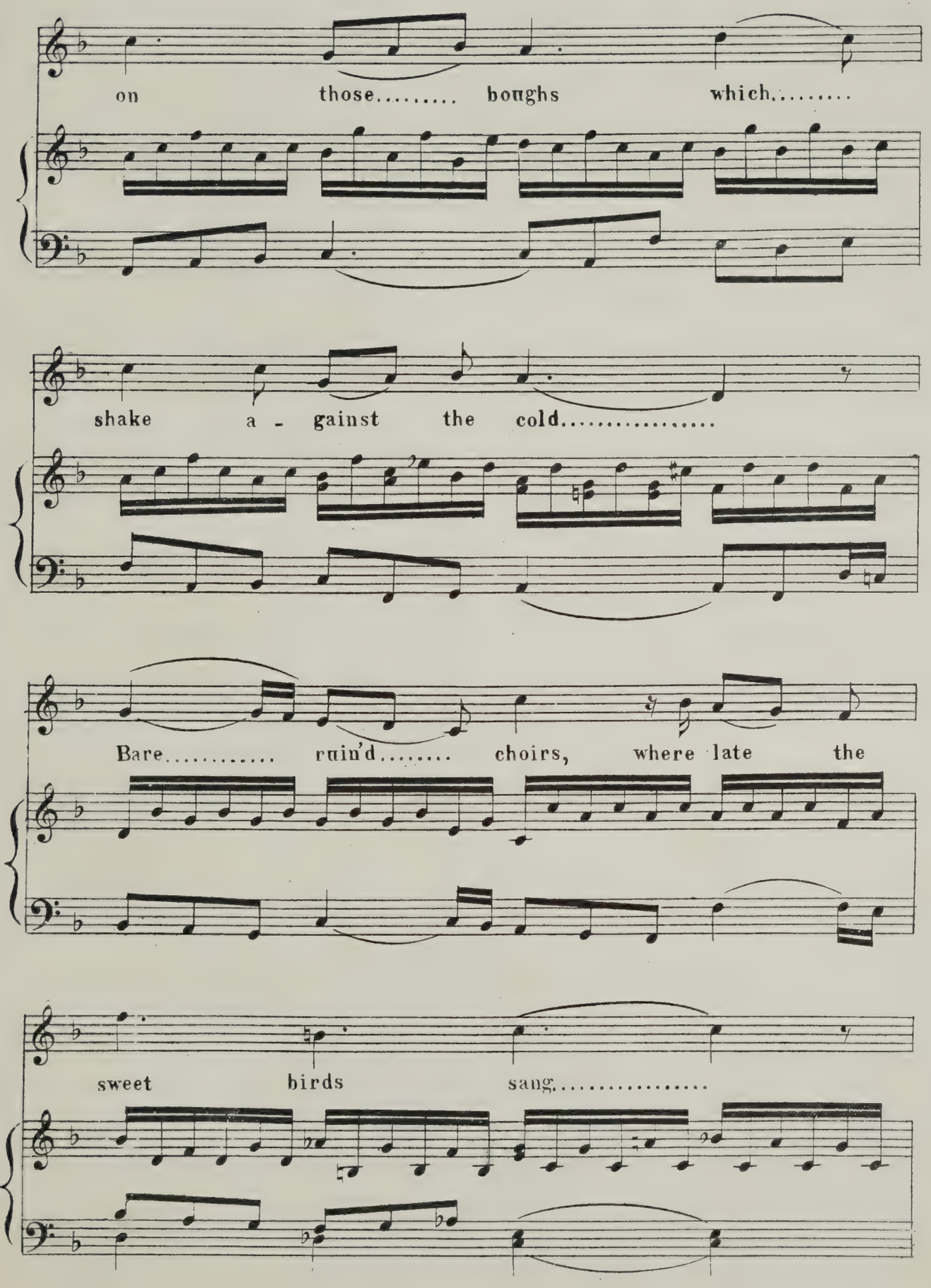
"THAT TIME OF YEAR."

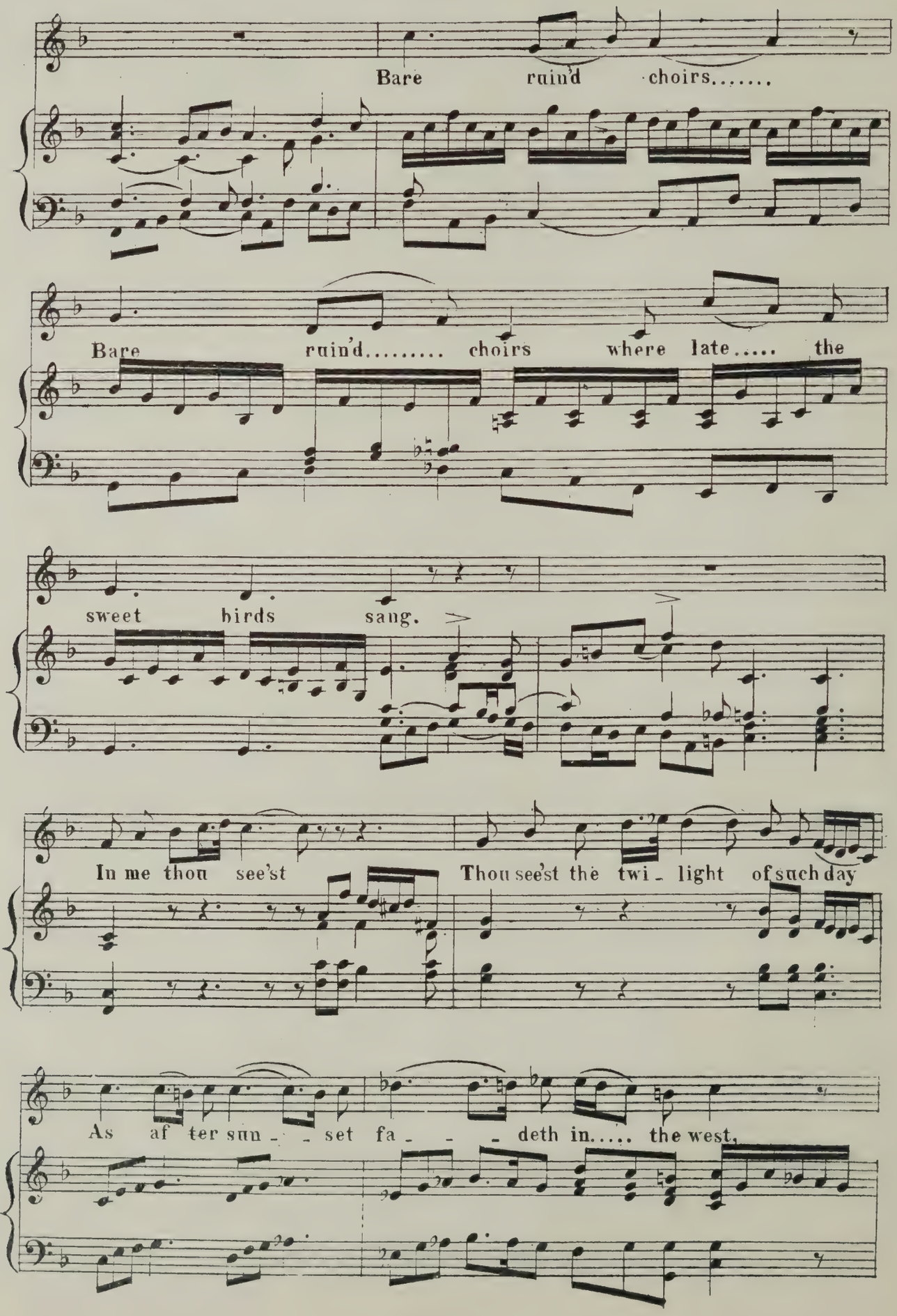
SHAKSPEARE.

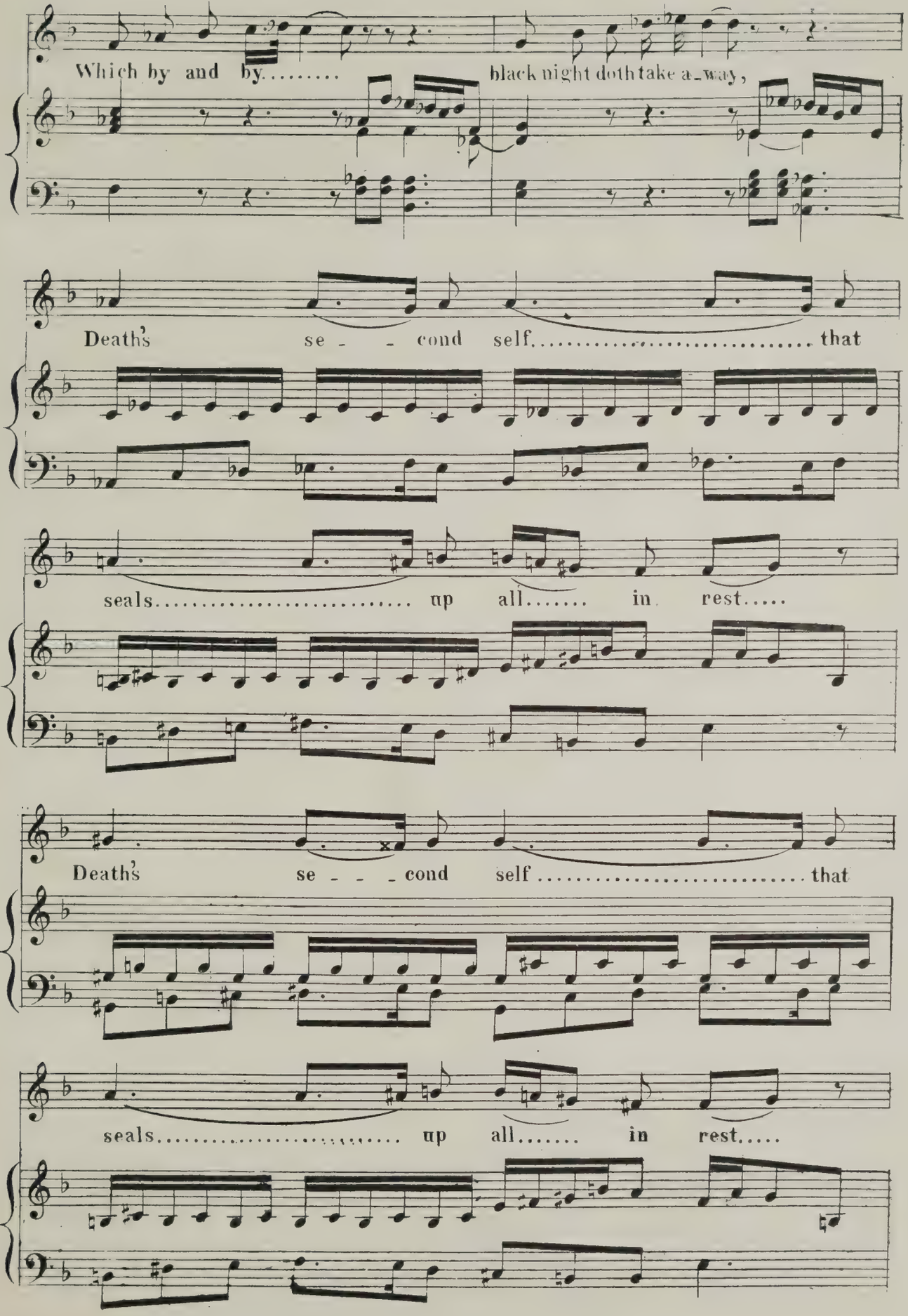
SONNET 73.

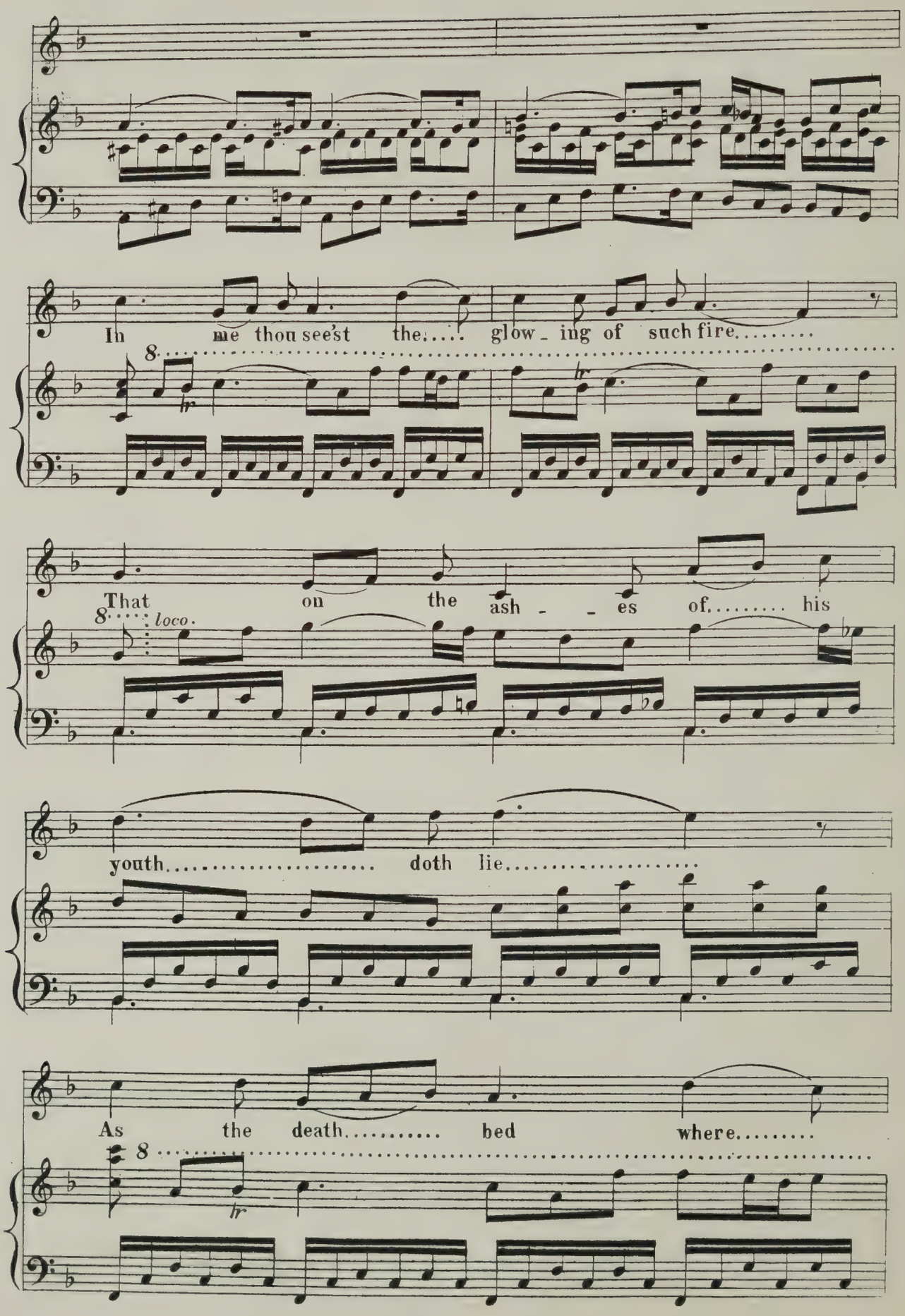
Andante con moto.

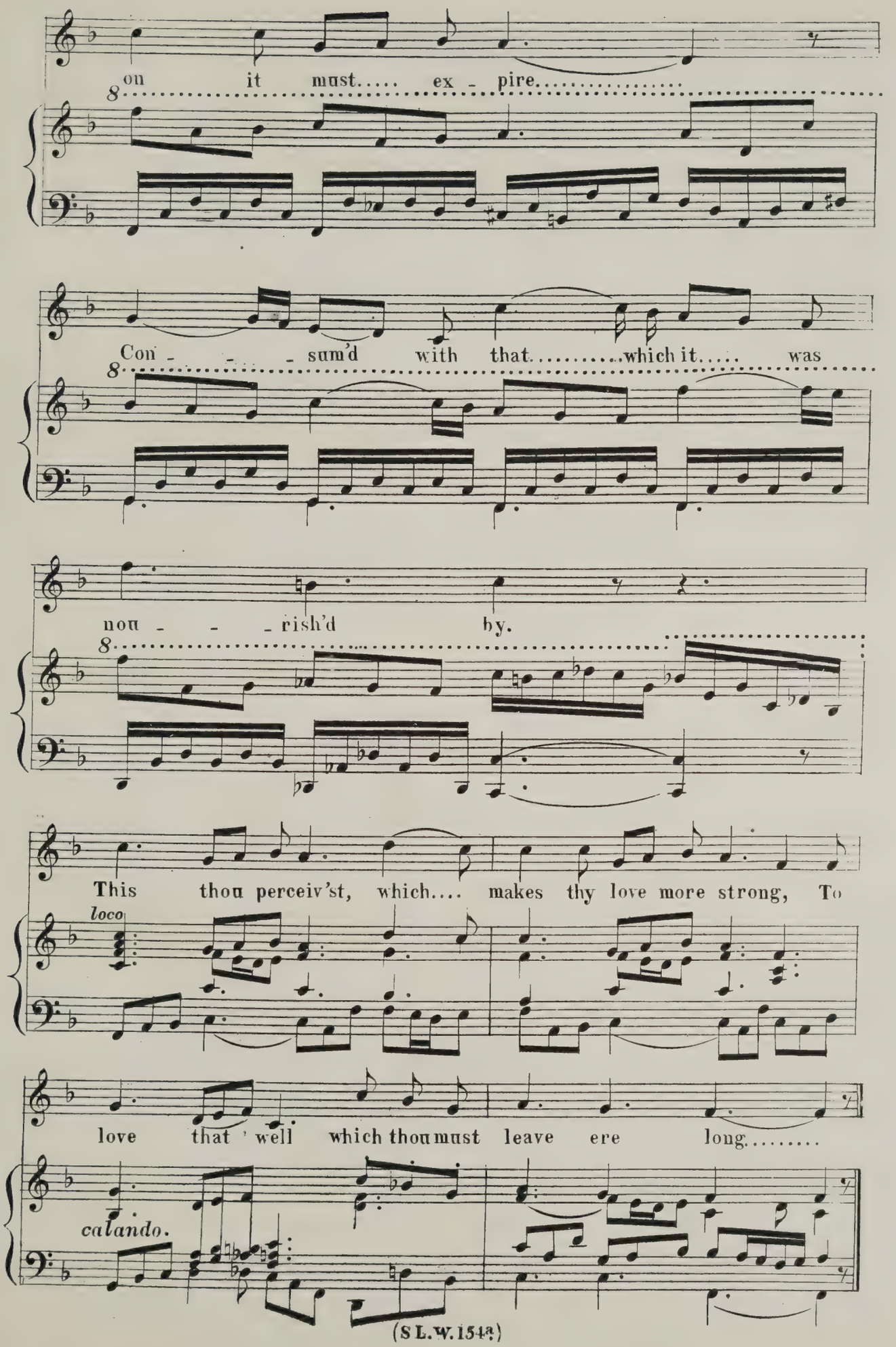



on those..... boughs which.....
shake a - gainst the cold.....
Bare..... ruin'd..... choirs, where late the
sweet birds sang.....


Bare ruin'd choirs.....
Bare ruin'd..... choirs where late..... the
sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st Thou see'st the twi - light of such day
As af ter sun - - set fa - - - deth in..... the west.


Which by and by.....
black night doth take a_way,
Death's se - - cond self..... that
seals..... up all..... in rest.....
Death's se - - - cond self..... that
seals..... up all..... in rest.....

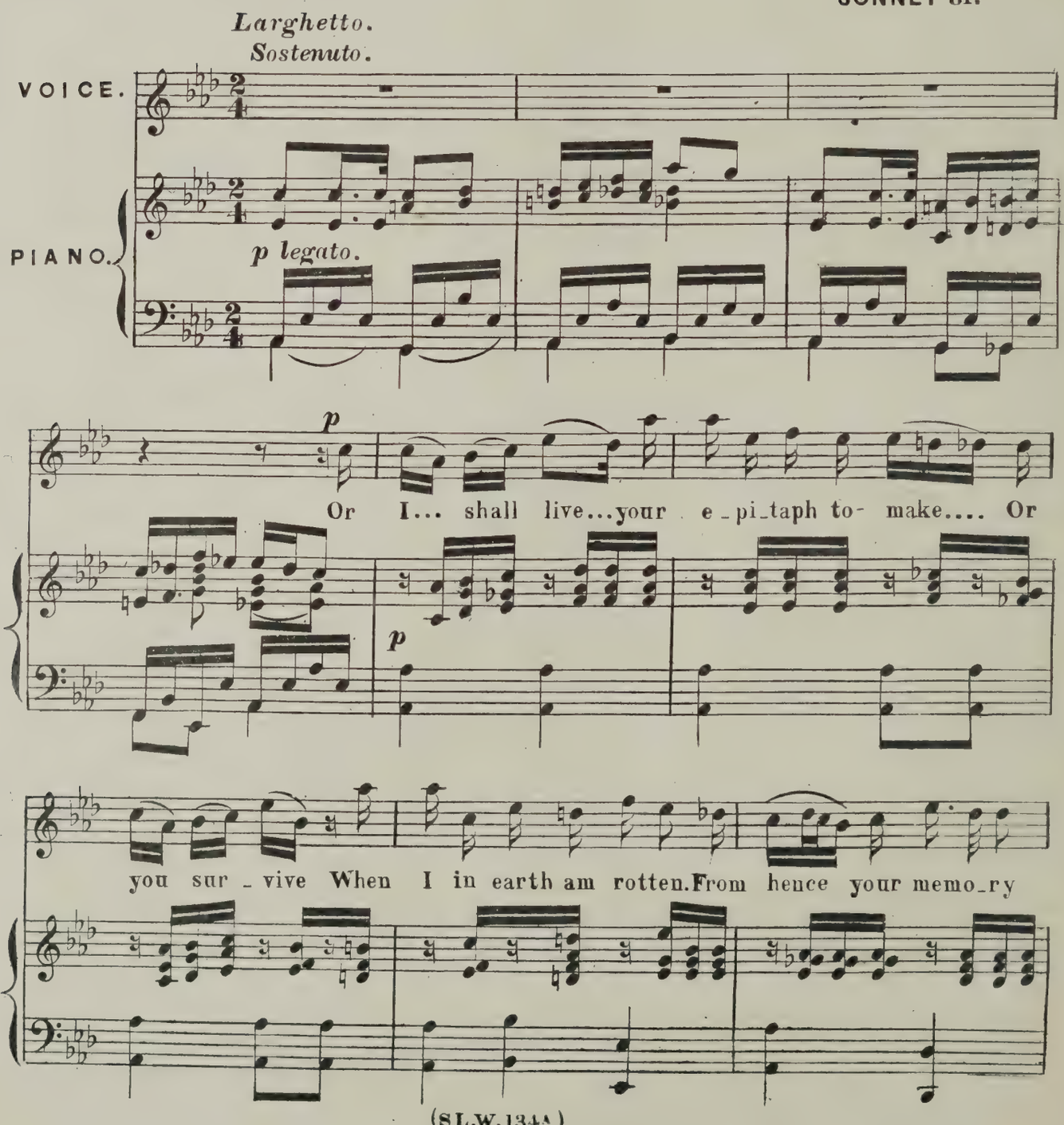

In me thou see'st the.... glow - ing of such fire.....
8
That on the ash - - es of..... his
8 loco.
youth..... doth lie.....
As the death..... bed where.....
8
tr

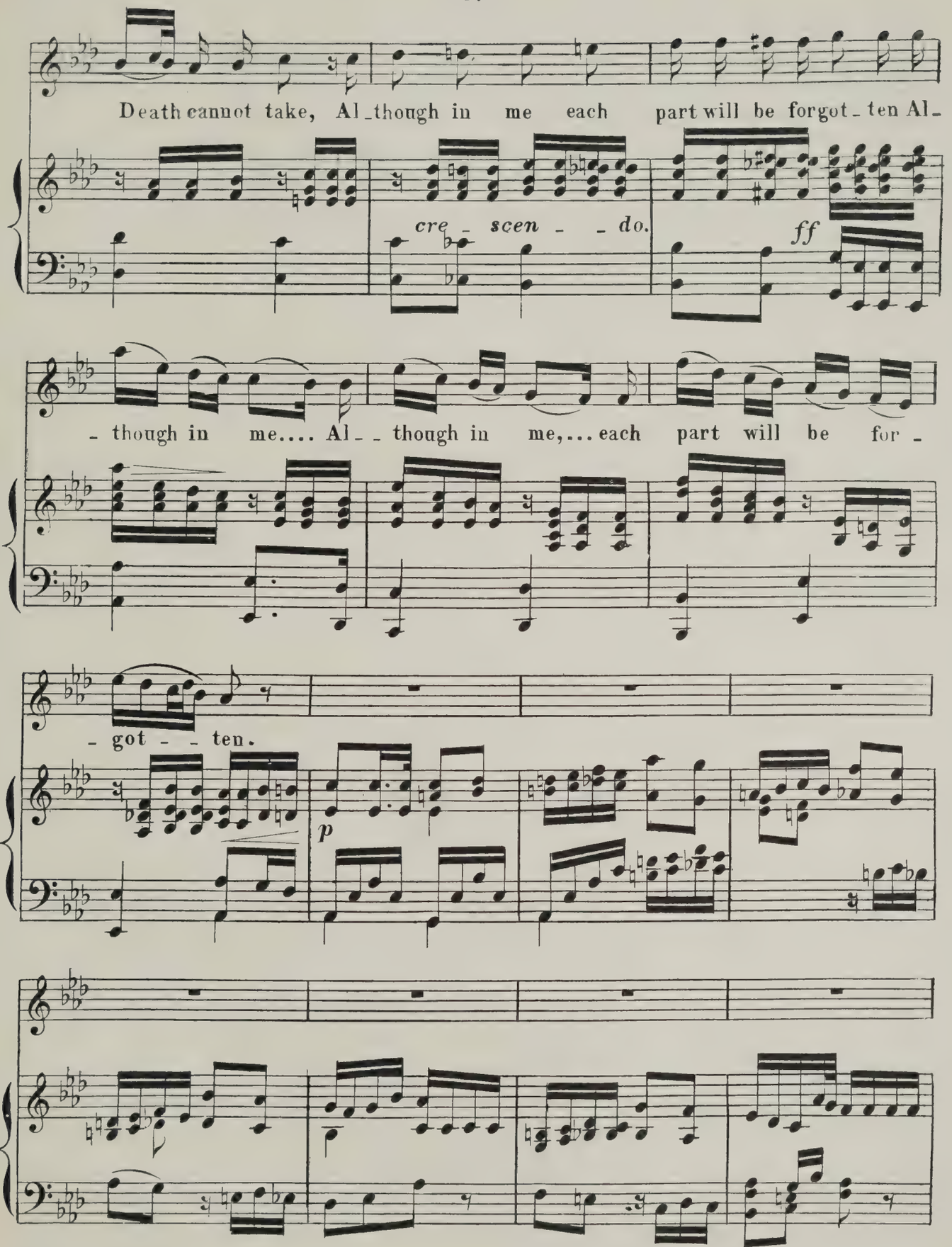

on it must..... ex - pire.....
Con - - - sum'd with that.....which it..... was
nou - - - rish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which.... makes thy love more strong, To
loco
love that ' well which thou must leave ere long.....
calando.

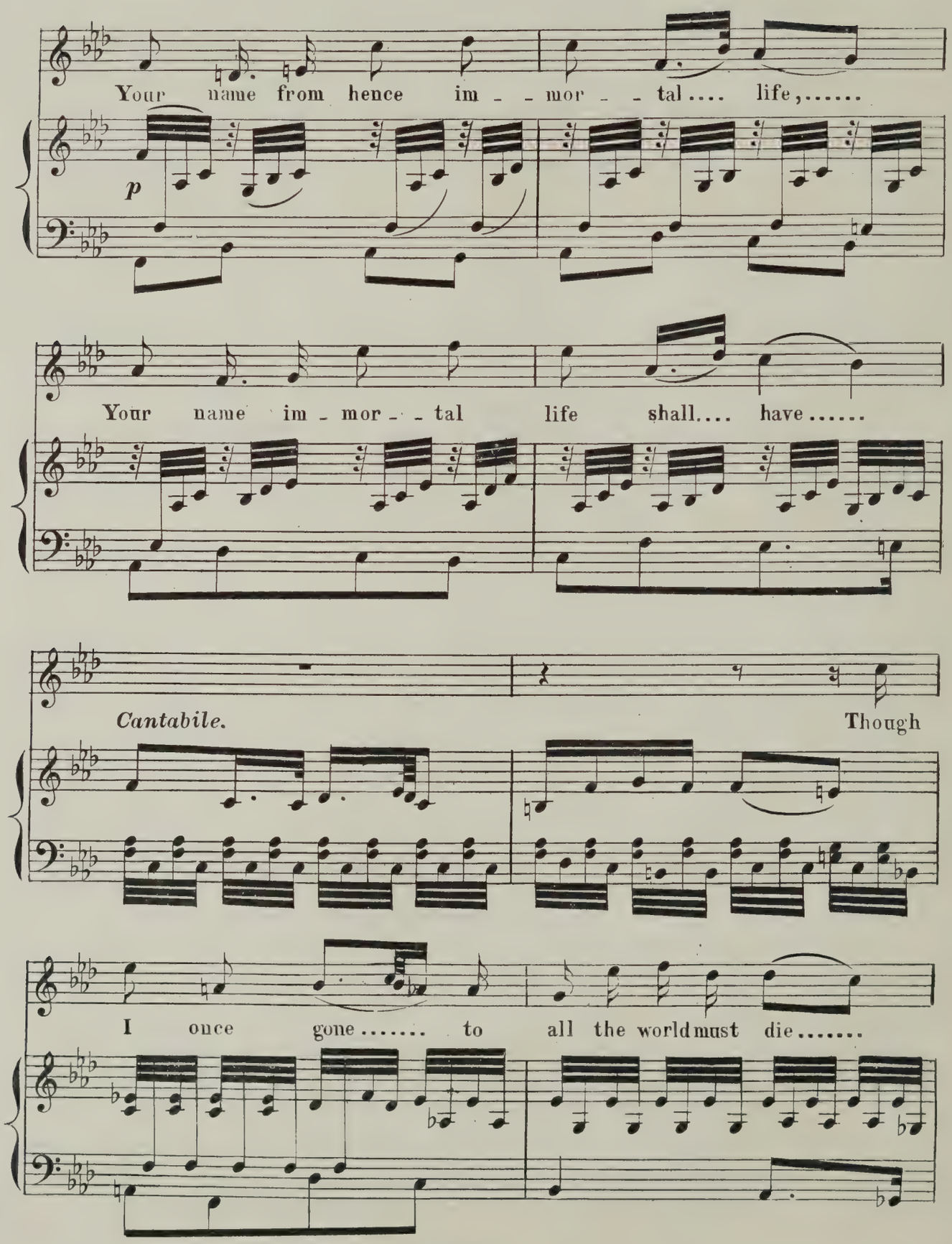
OR I SHALL LIVE YOUR EPITAPH TO MAKE.

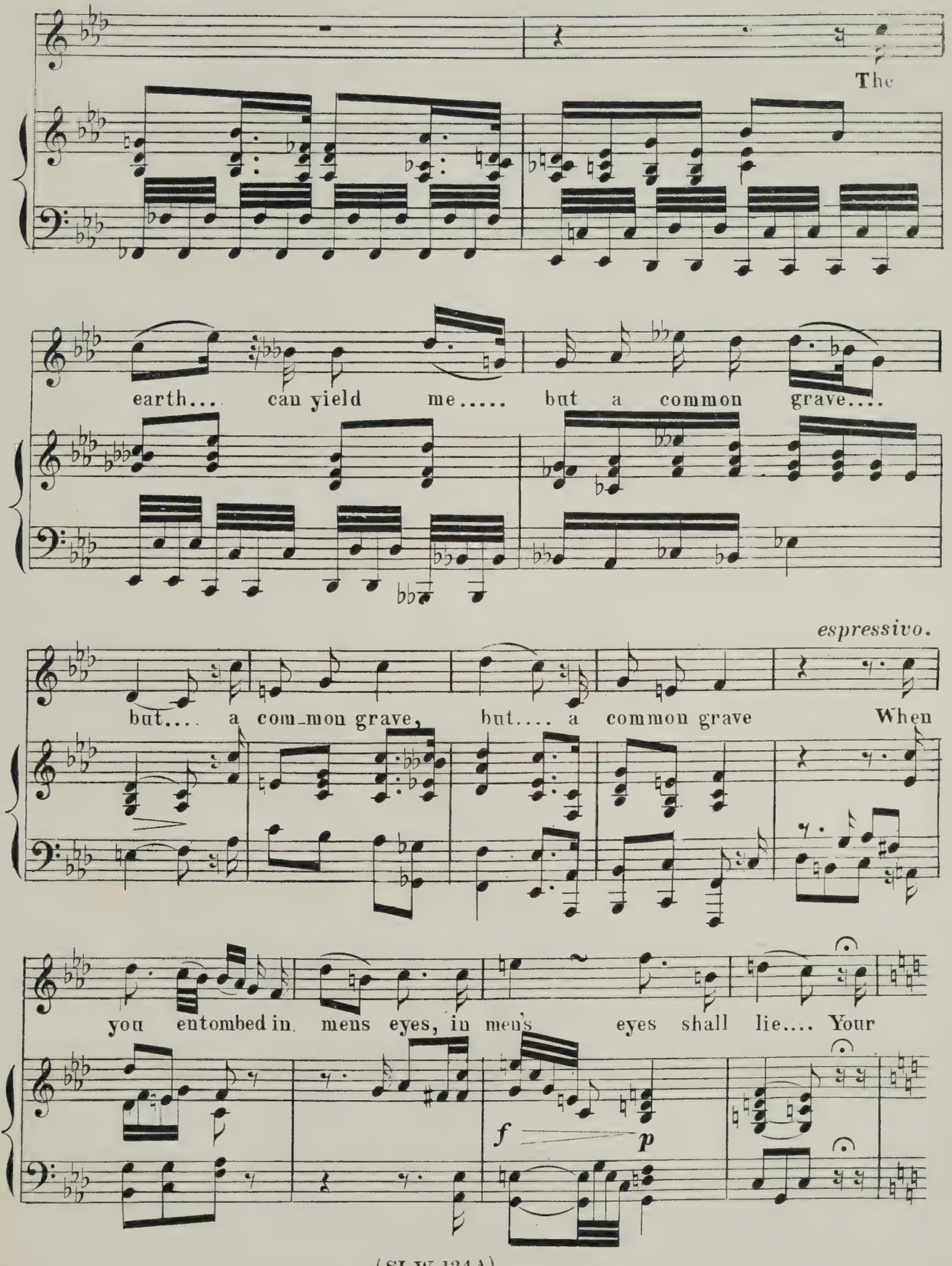
SHAKSPEARE.

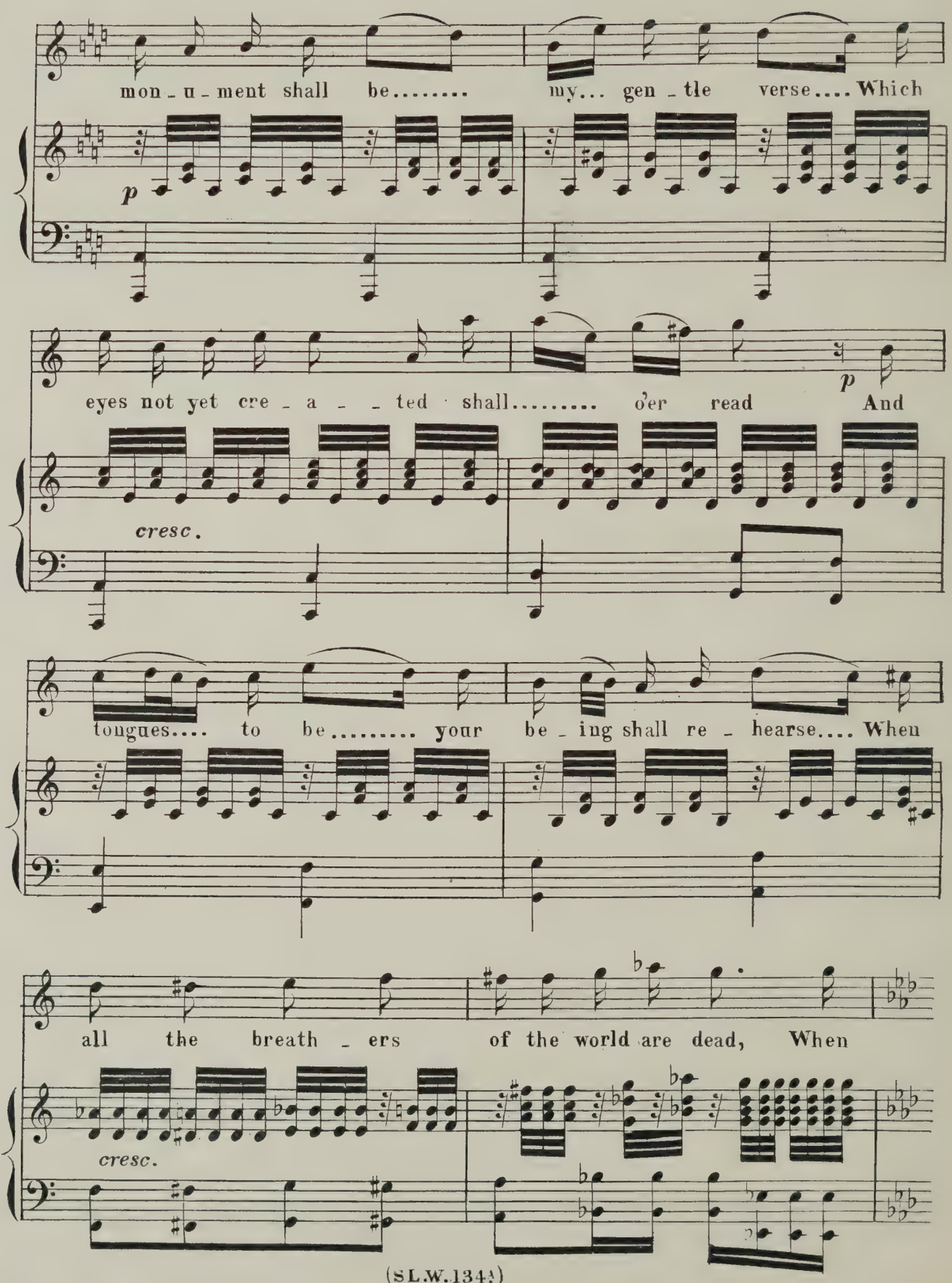
SONNET 81.

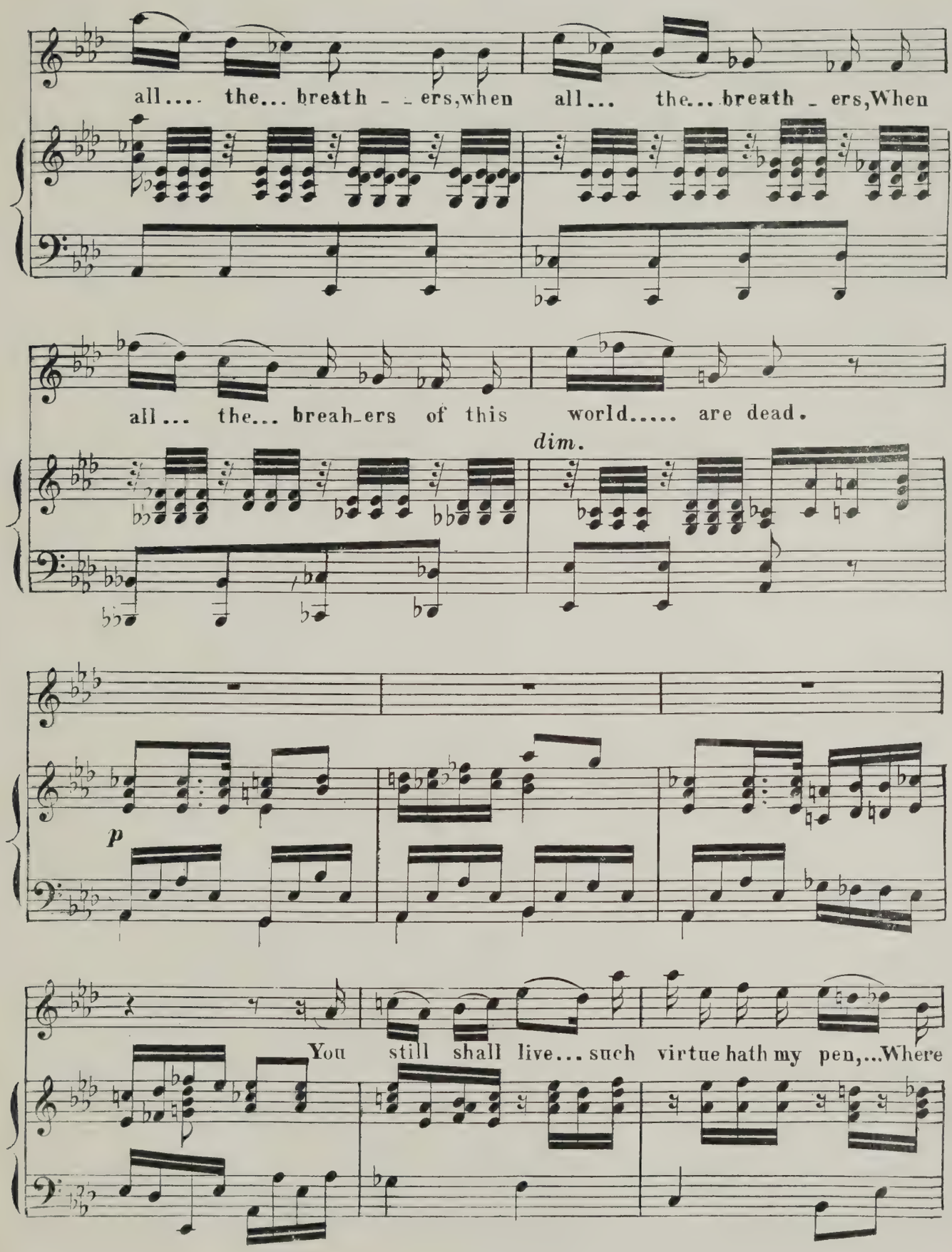


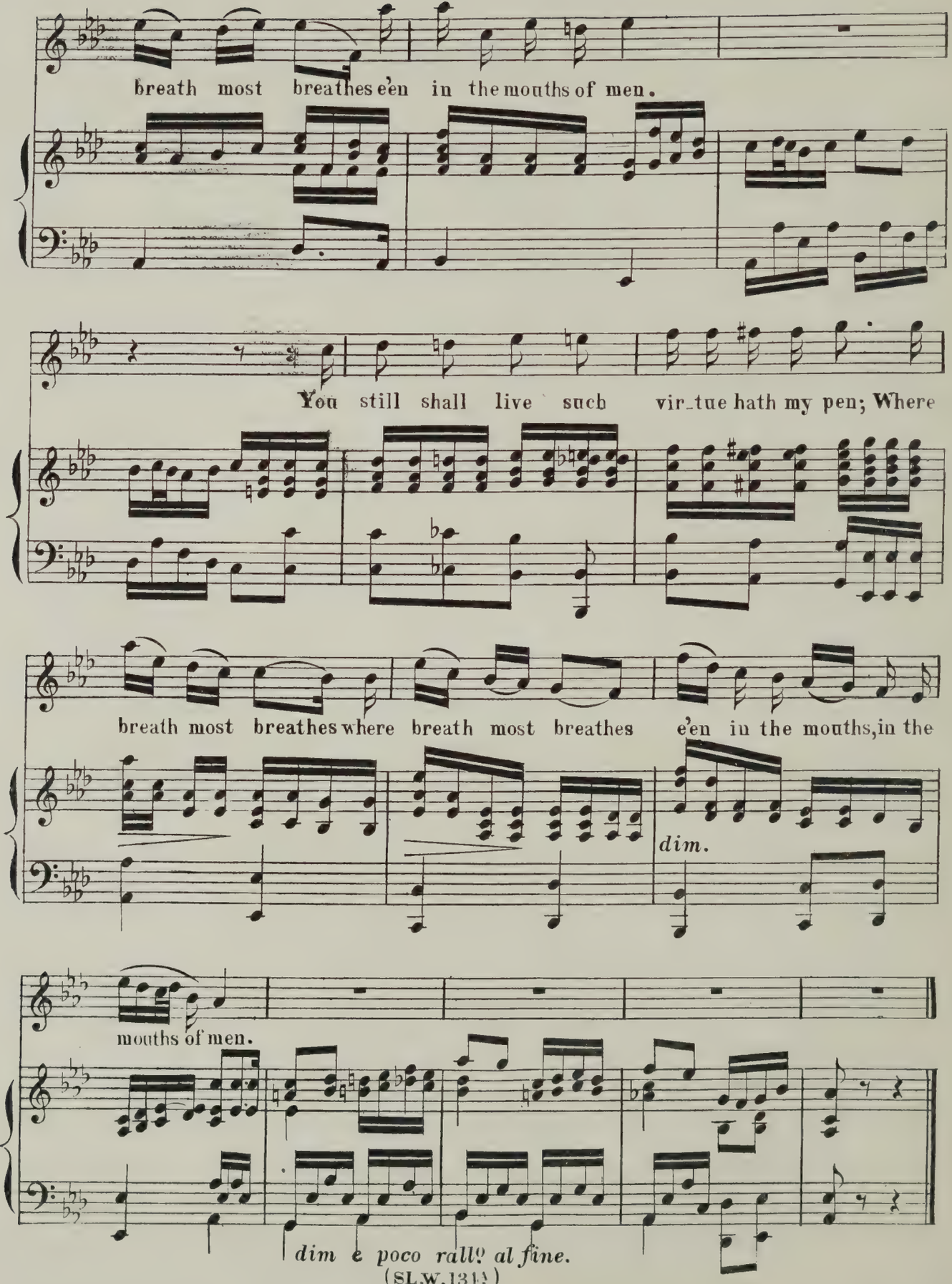

Death cannot take, Al_though in me each part will be forgot_ten Al_
cre_scen_do.
ff
_ though in me.... Al_ _ though in me,... each part will be for_
_ got _ _ ten.
p


Your name from hence im - - mor - - tal .... life, ...
p
Your name im - mor - - tal life shall.... have .....
Cantabile.
Though
I once gone ..... to all the world must die .....


The
earth.... can yield me..... but a common grave....
espressivo.
but.... a com_mon grave, but.... a common grave When
you entombed in mens eyes, in men's eyes shall lie.... Your
f
p


mon - u - ment shall be..... my... gen - tle verse.... Which
p
eyes not yet cre - a - - - ted shall..... o'er read And
p
cresc.
tongues.... to be..... your be - ing shall re - hearse.... When
all the breath - ers of the world are dead, When
cresc.


all.... the... breath - - ers, when all... the... breath - ers, When
all... the... breah-ers of this world..... are dead.
dim.
p
You still shall live... such virtue hath my pen,... Where

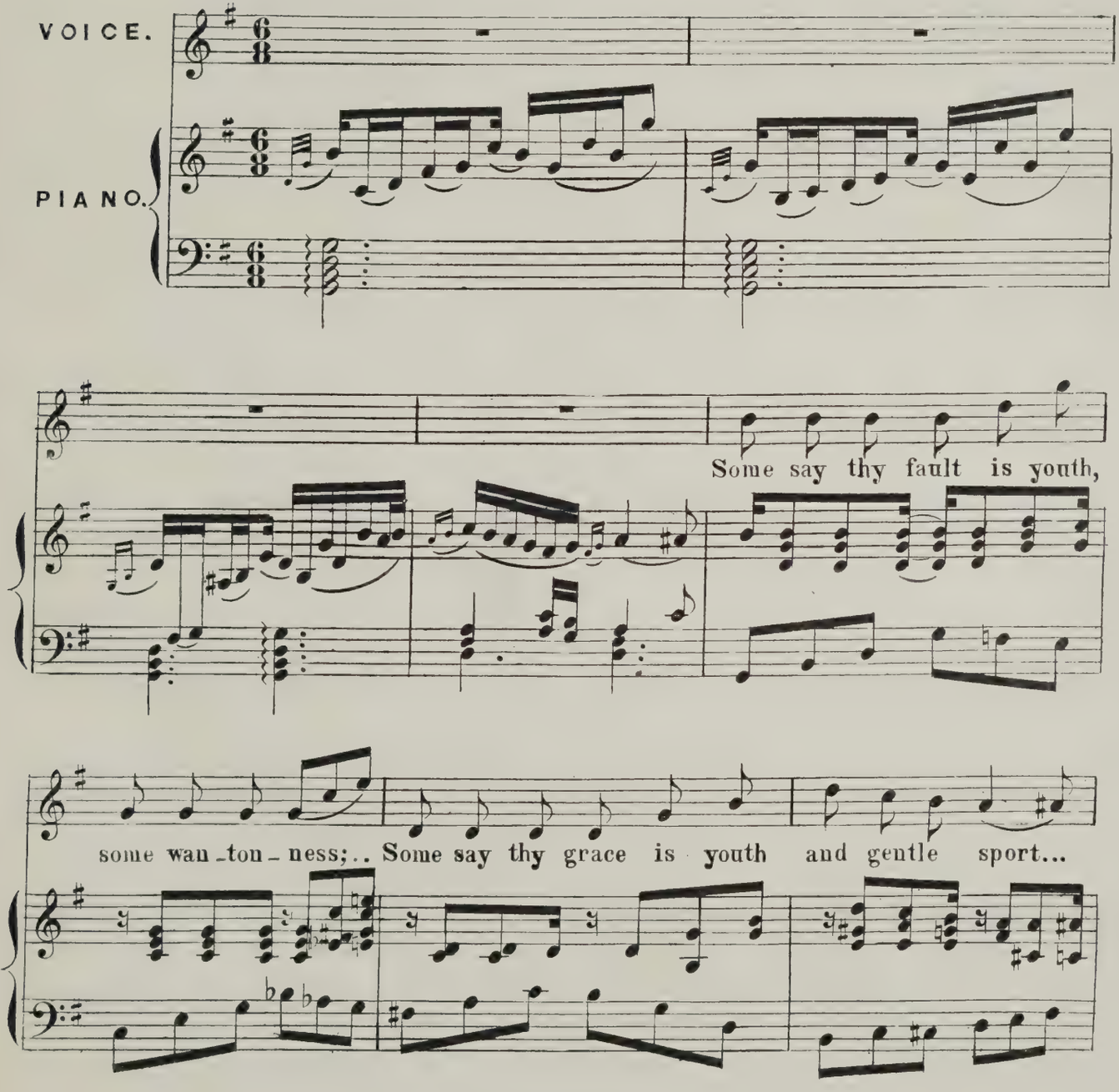

breath most breathes e'en in the mouths of men.
You still shall live such vir_tue hath my pen; Where
breath most breathes where breath most breathes e'en in the mouths, in the
dim.
mouths of men.
dim e poco rall.° al fine.

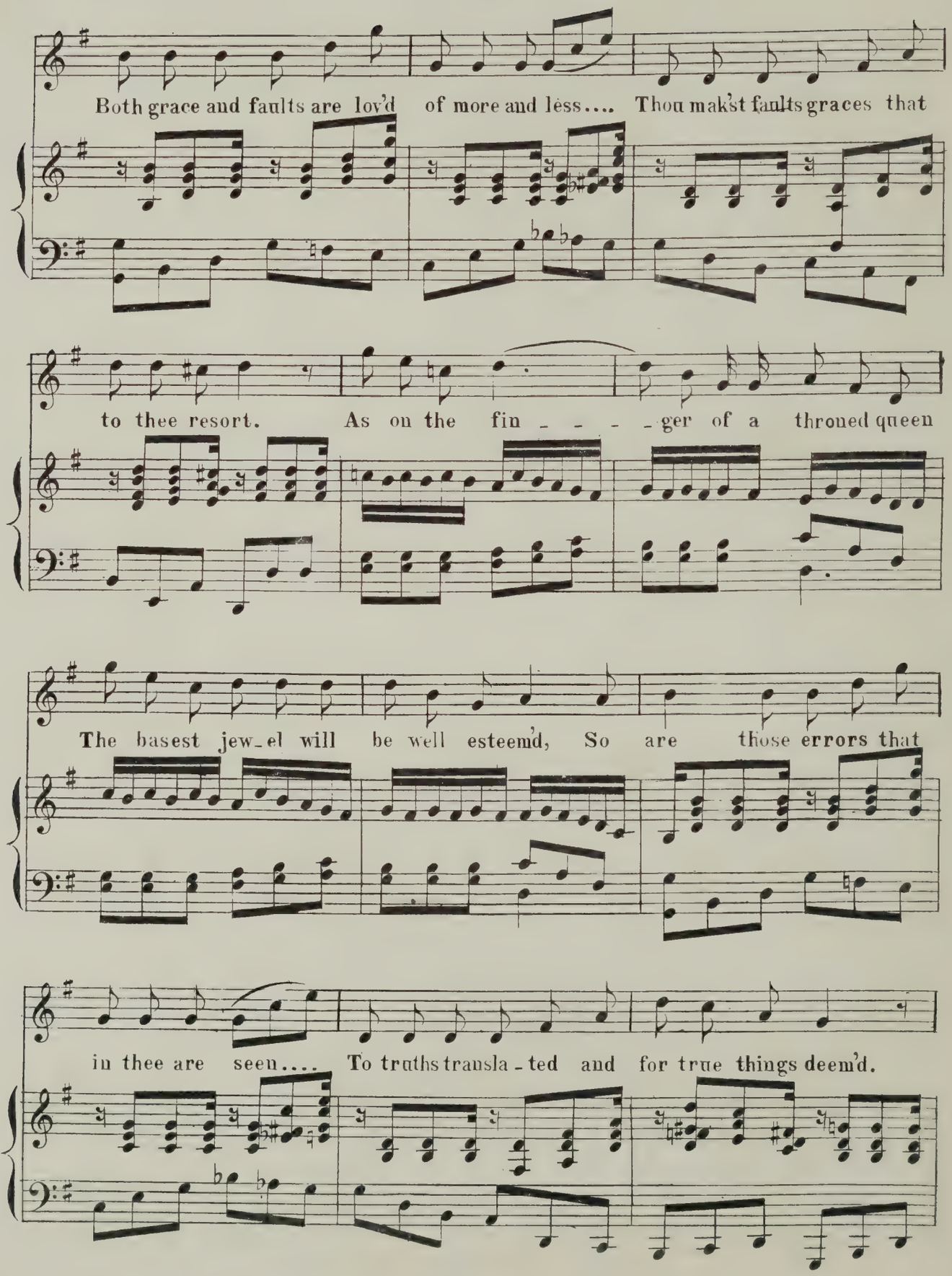
"SOME SAY THY FAULT IS YOUTH."

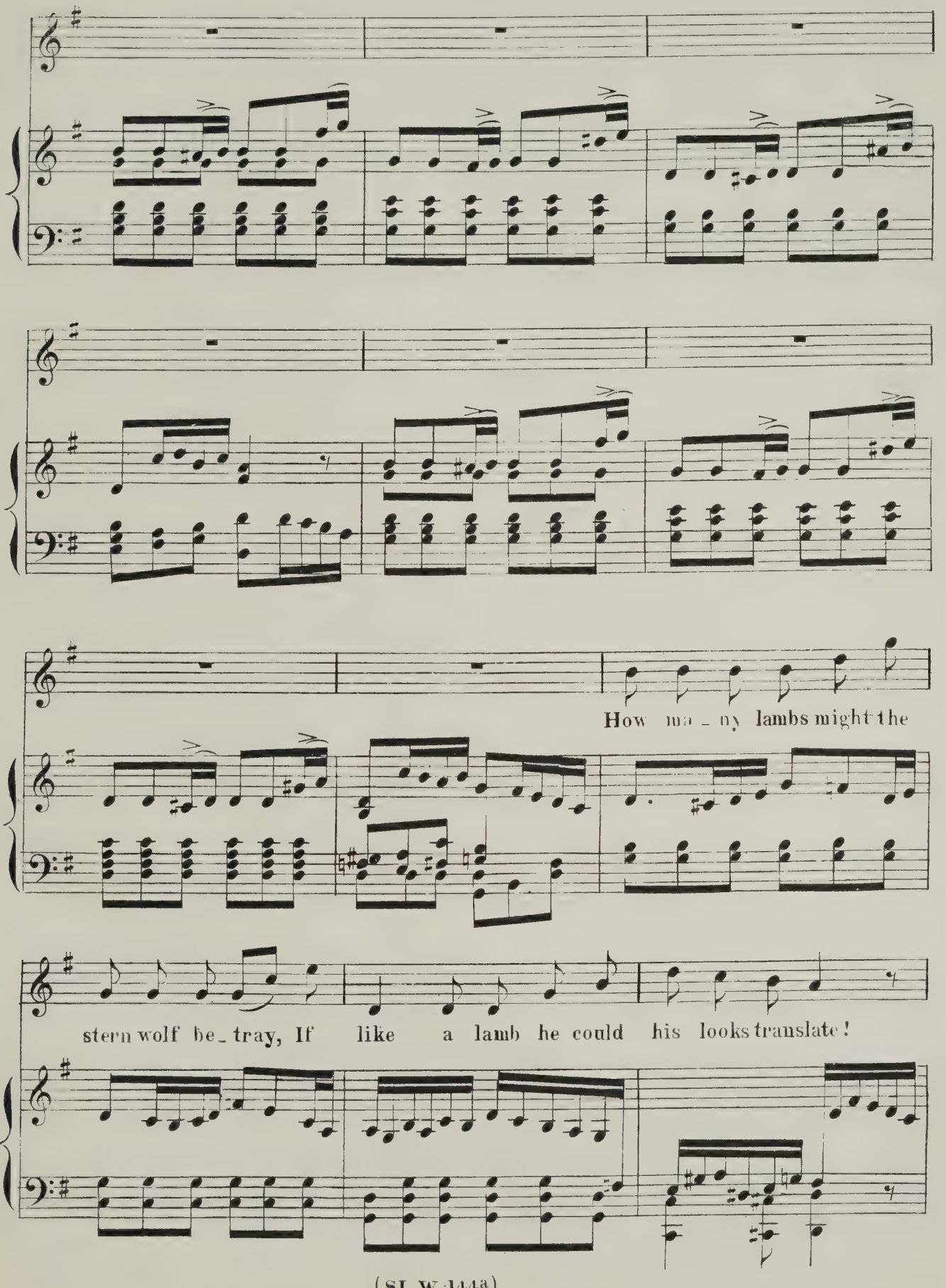
SHAKSPEARE.

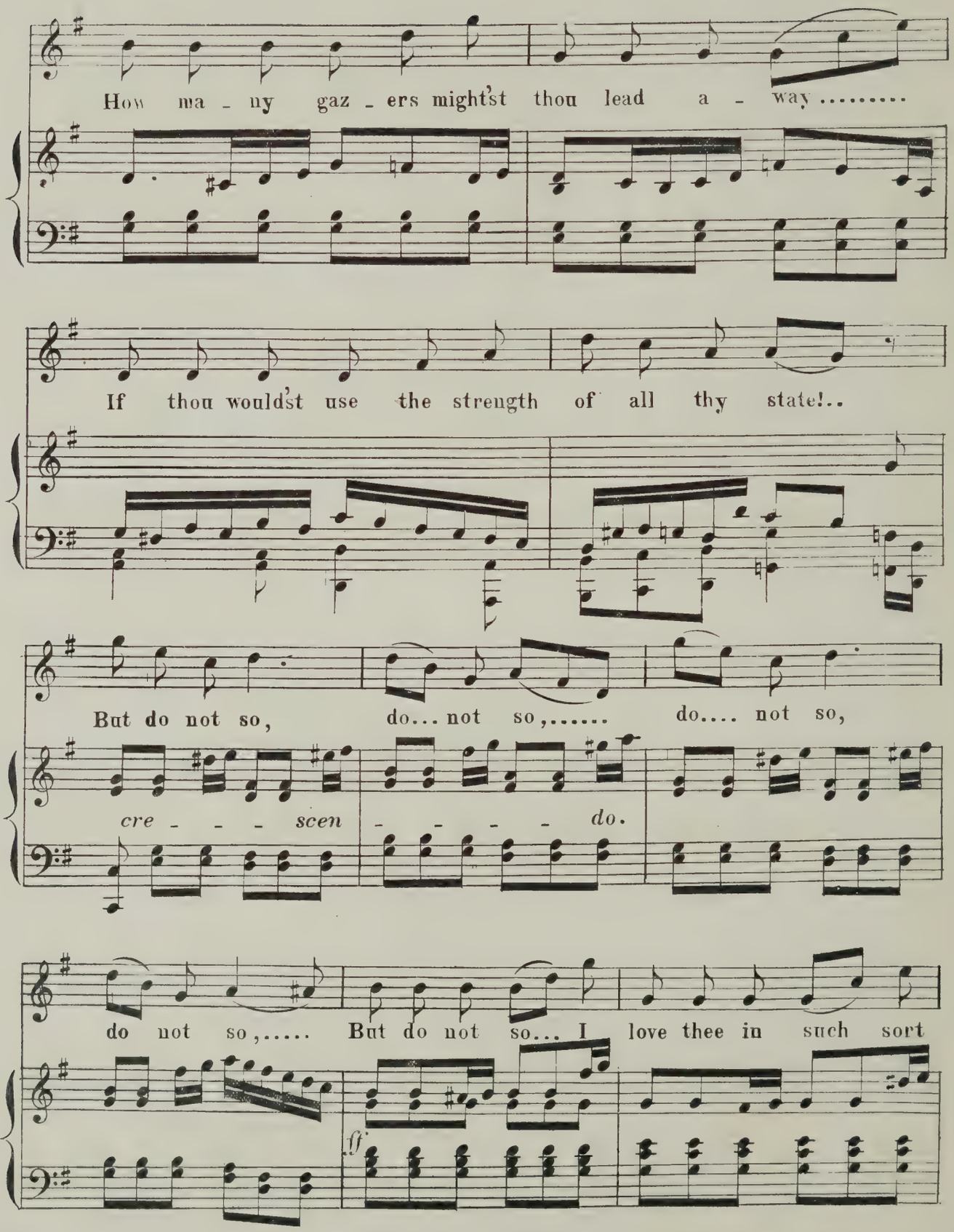
SONNET 96.

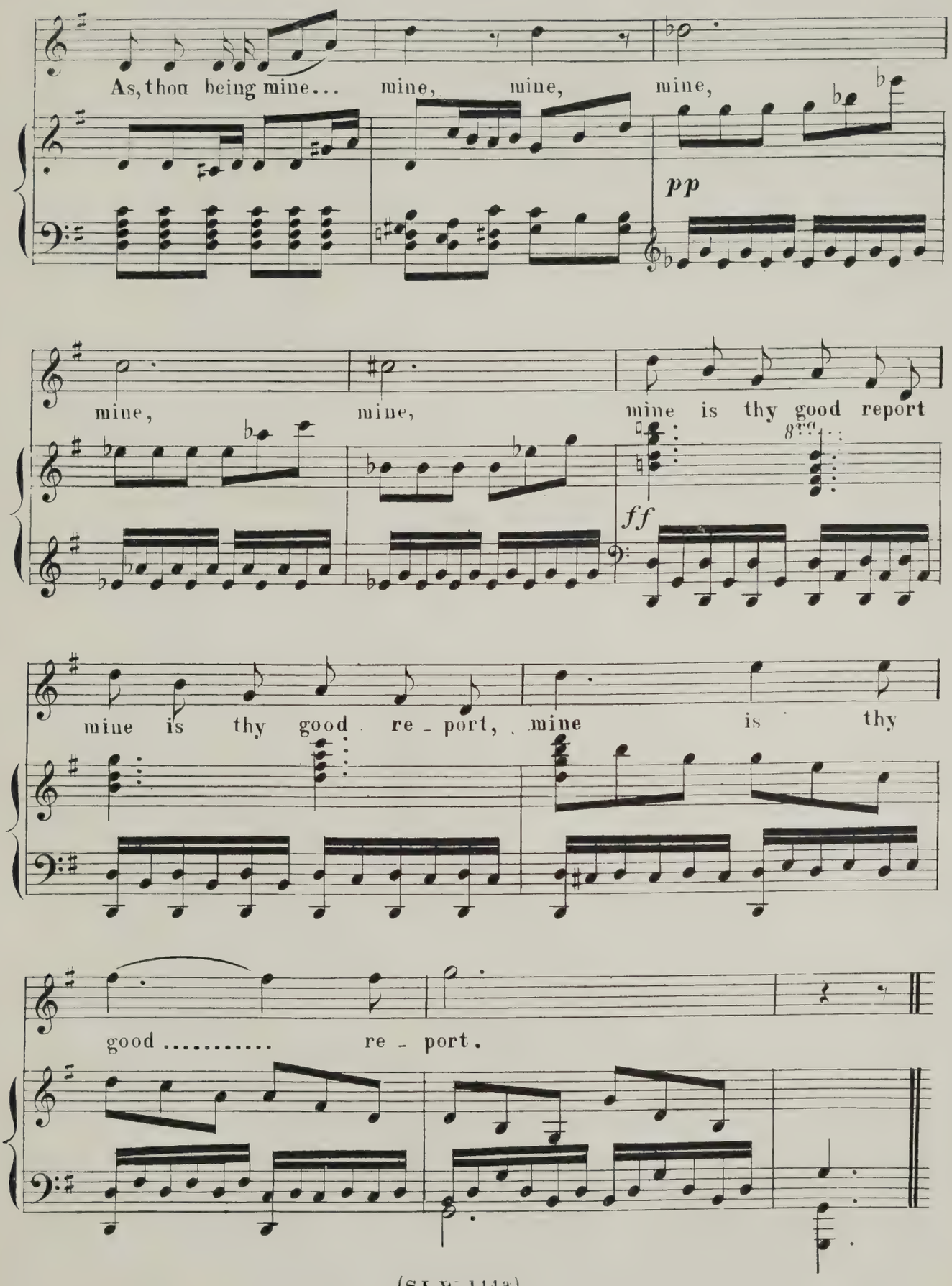
Andante con moto.




Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less.... Thou mak'st faults graces that
to thee resort. As on the fin - - - - ger of a throned queen
The basest jew-el will be well esteem'd, So are those errors that
in thee are seen.... To truths transla-ted and for true things deem'd.


How ma - ny lambs might the
stern wolf be - tray, If like a lamb he could his looks translate!


How ma - ny gaz - ers might'st thou lead a - way .....
If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!..
But do not so, do... not so,..... do.... not so,
cre - - - scen - - - - do.
do not so,..... But do not so... I love thee in such sort
ff

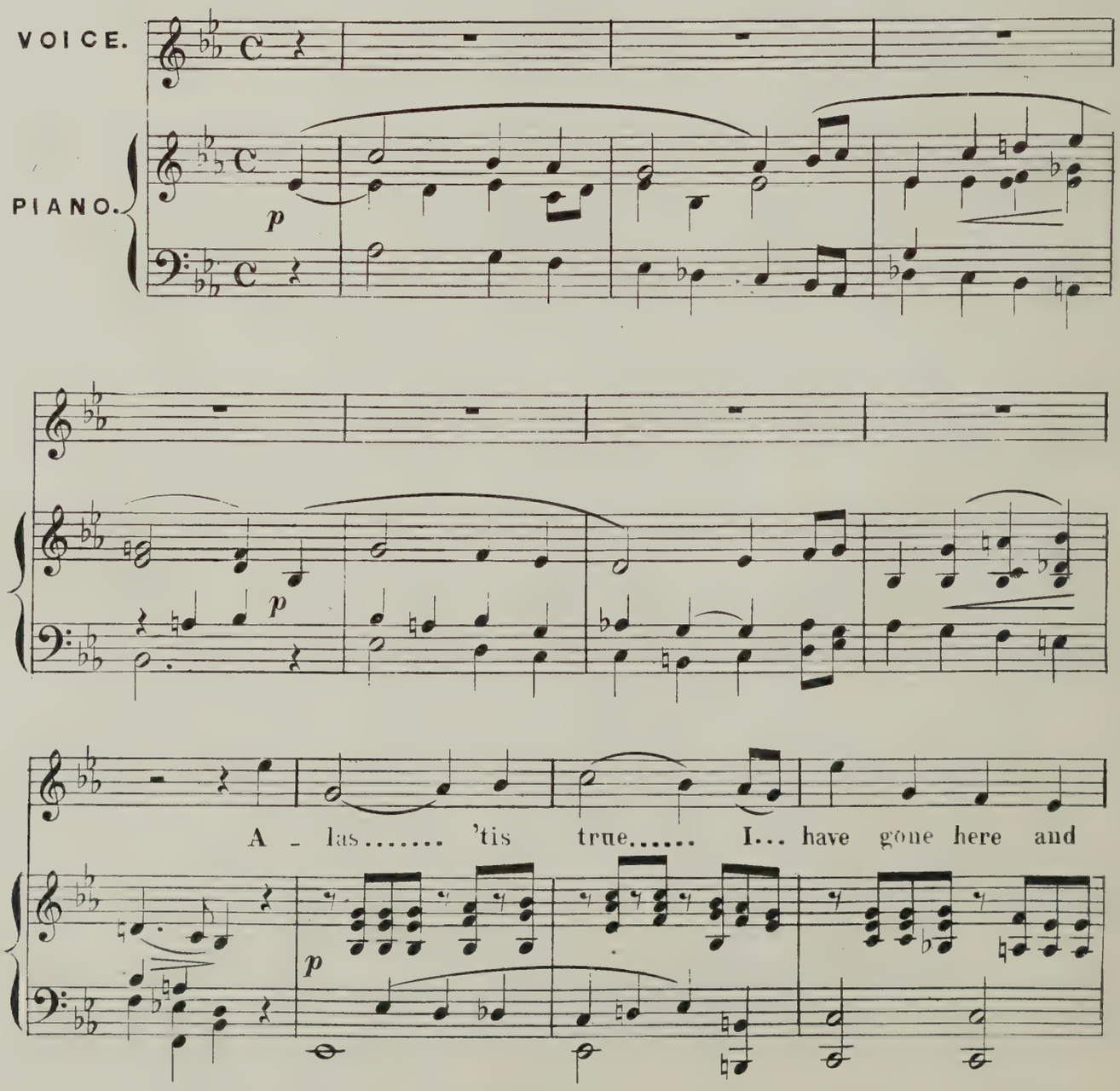

As, thou being mine... mine, mine, mine,
pp
mine, mine, mine is thy good report
ff
mine is thy good re - port, mine is thy
good ..... re - port.

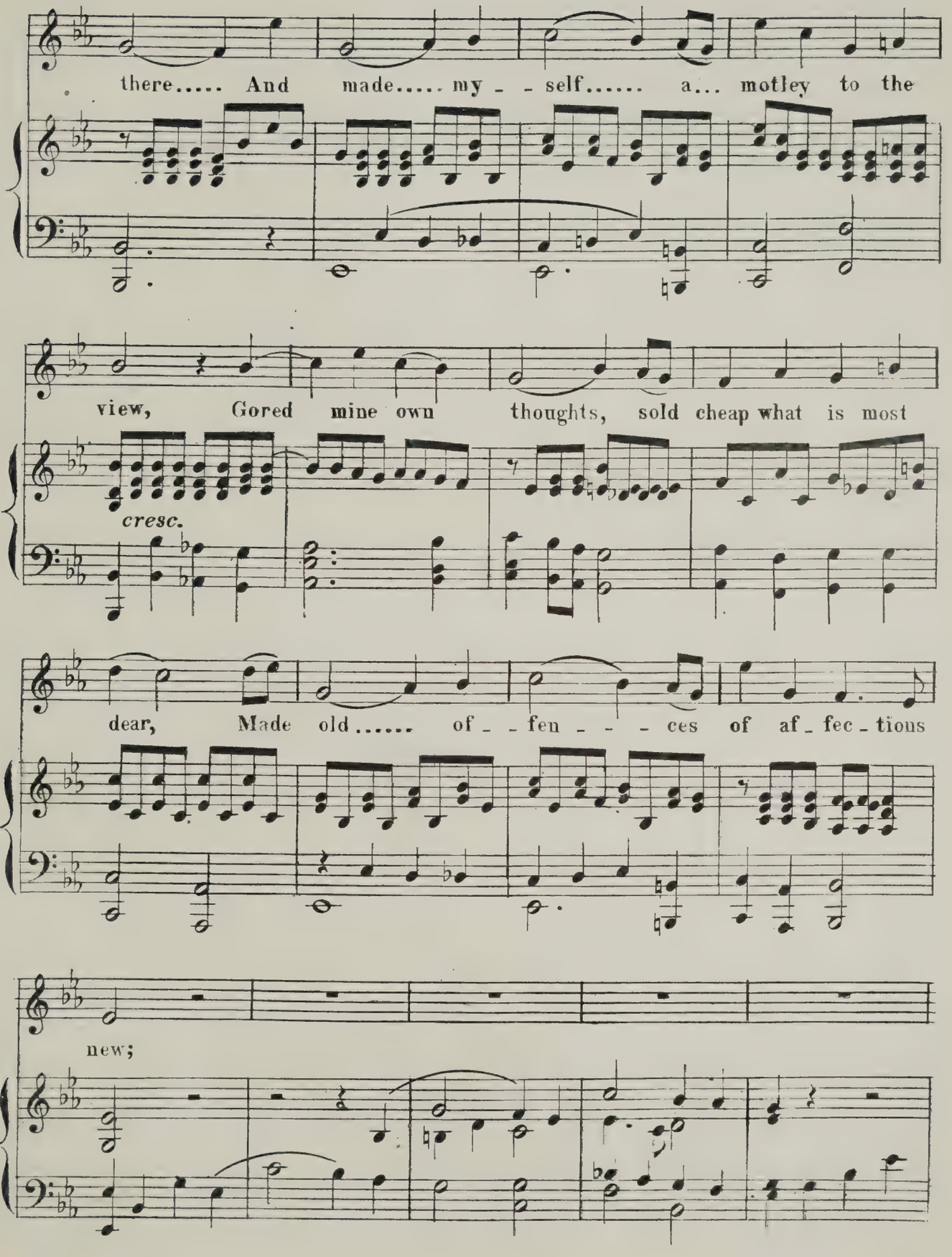
"ALAS 'TIS TRUE."

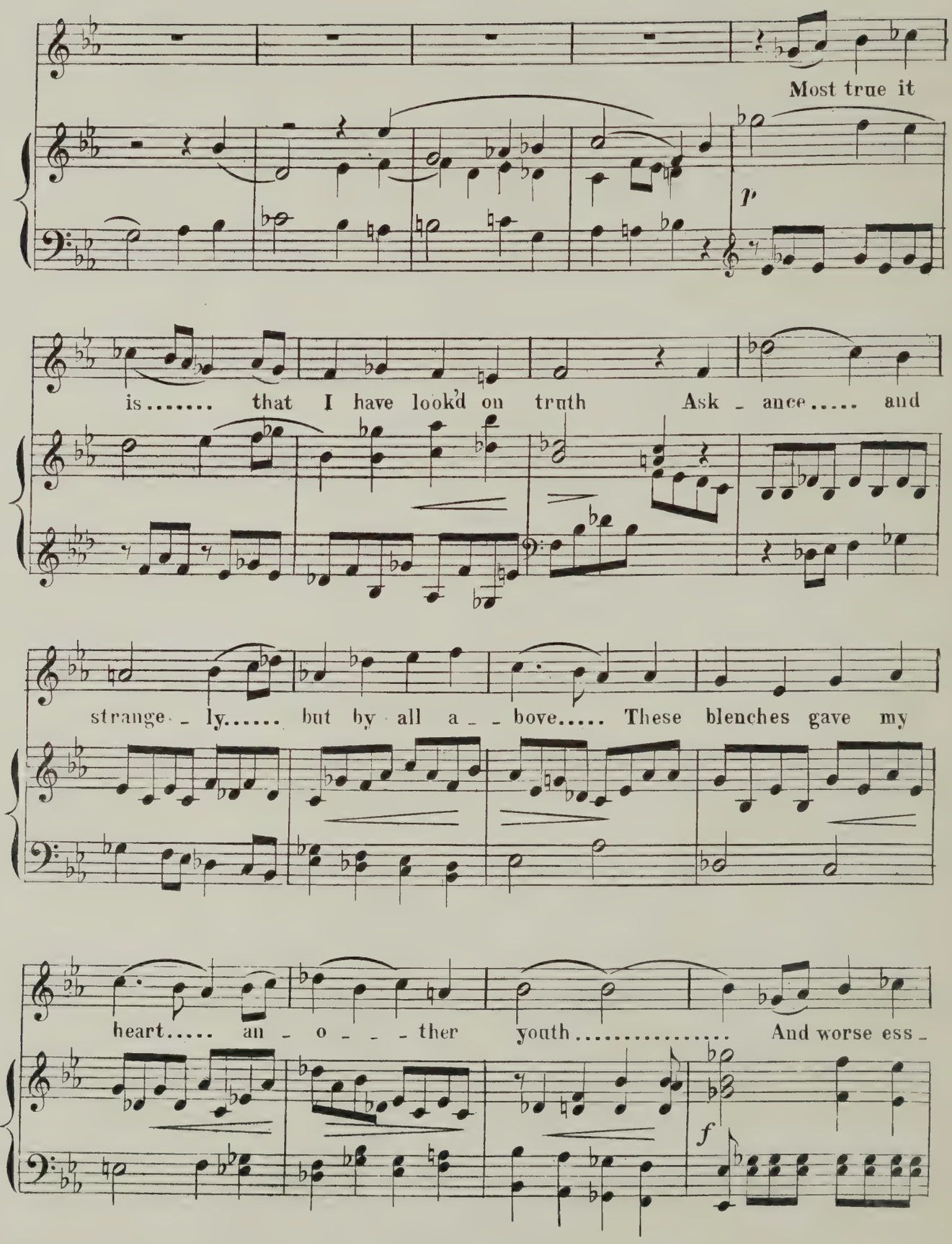
SHAKSPEARE.

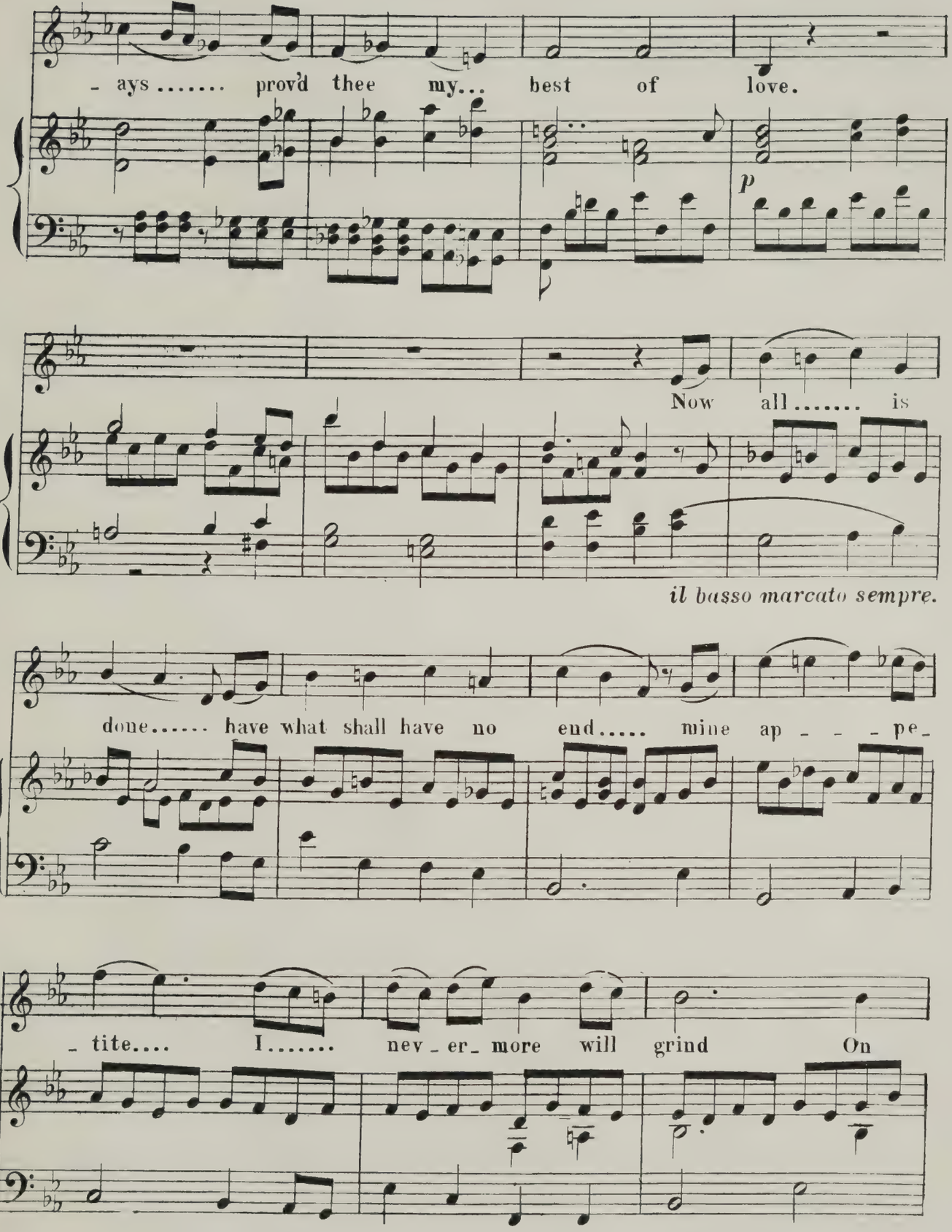
SONNET 110.

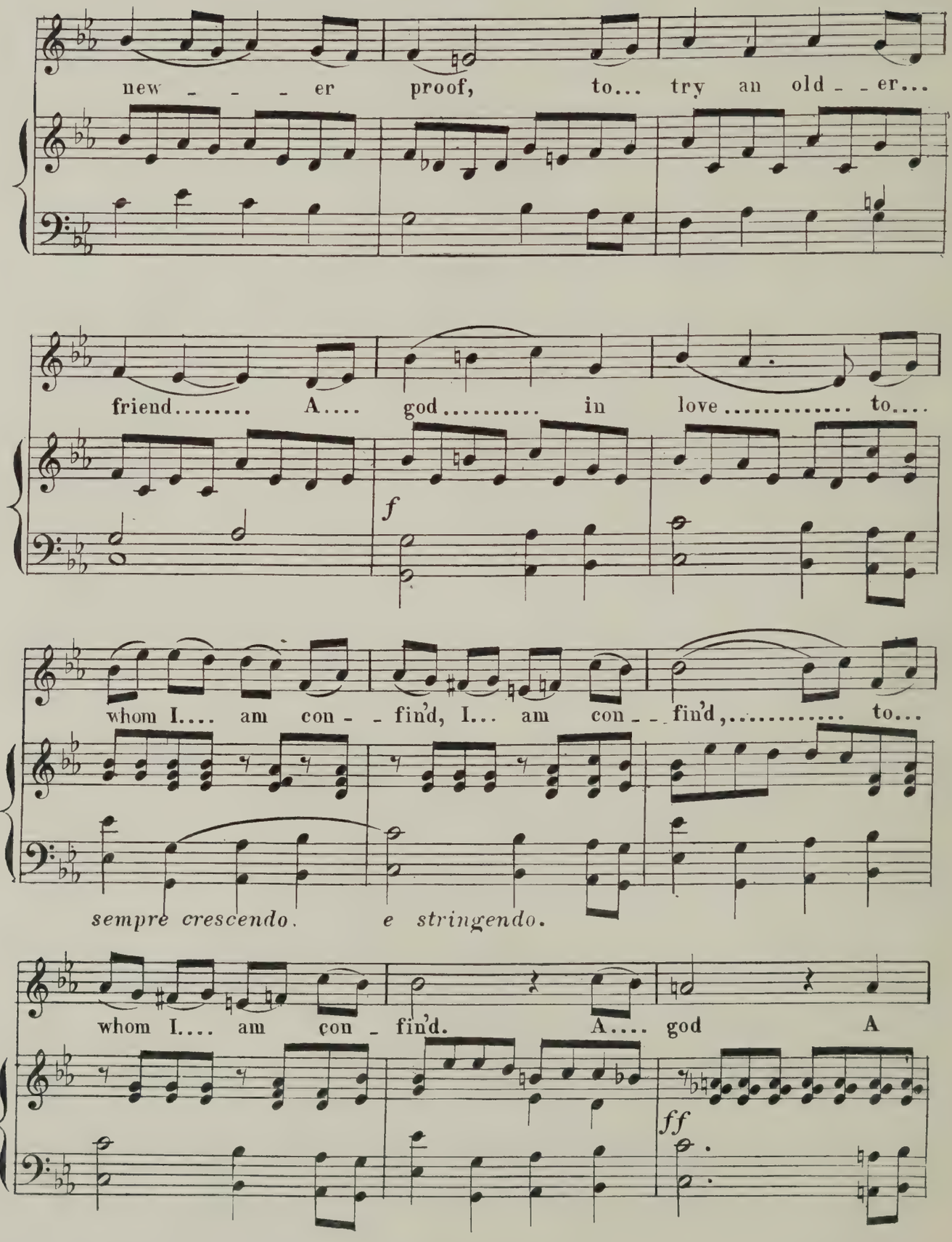
Moderato.

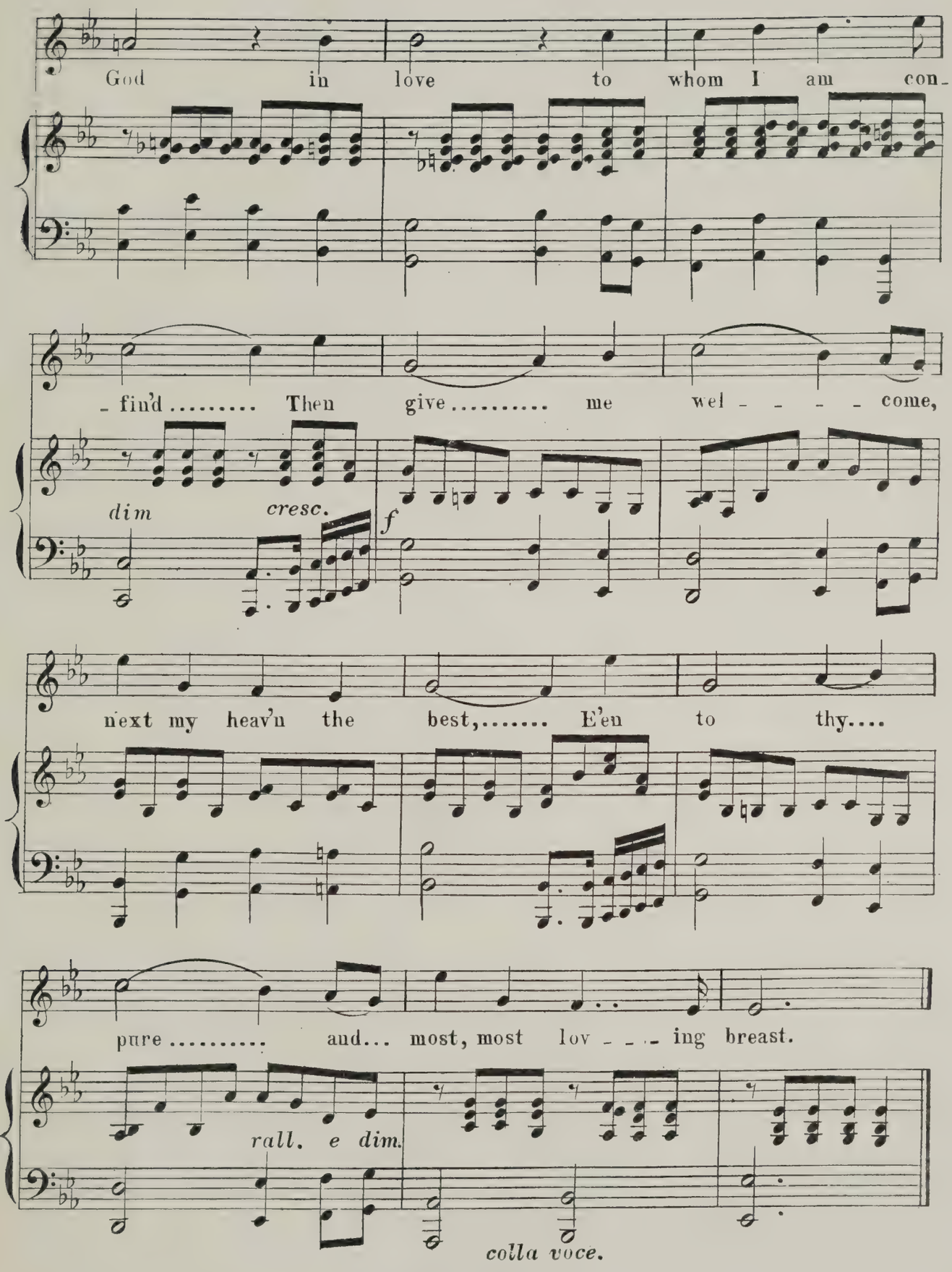



there..... And made..... my - - self..... a... motley to the
view, Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
cresc.
dear, Made old..... of - - fen - - - ces of af - fec - tions
new;


Most true it
p
is..... that I have look'd on truth Ask - ance..... and
strange - ly..... but by all a - - bove..... These blenches gave my
heart..... an - o - - - ther youth..... And worse ess -
f


- ays ..... prov'd thee my... best of love.
p
Now all ..... is
il basso marcato sempre.
done..... have what shall have no end..... mine ap - - - pe-
- tite.... I..... nev - er - more will grind On


new - - - er proof, to... try an old - - er...
friend..... A.... god..... in love..... to....
f
whom I.... am con - - fin'd, I... am con - - fin'd,..... to...
sempre crescendo. e stringendo.
whom I.... am con - fin'd. A.... god A
ff

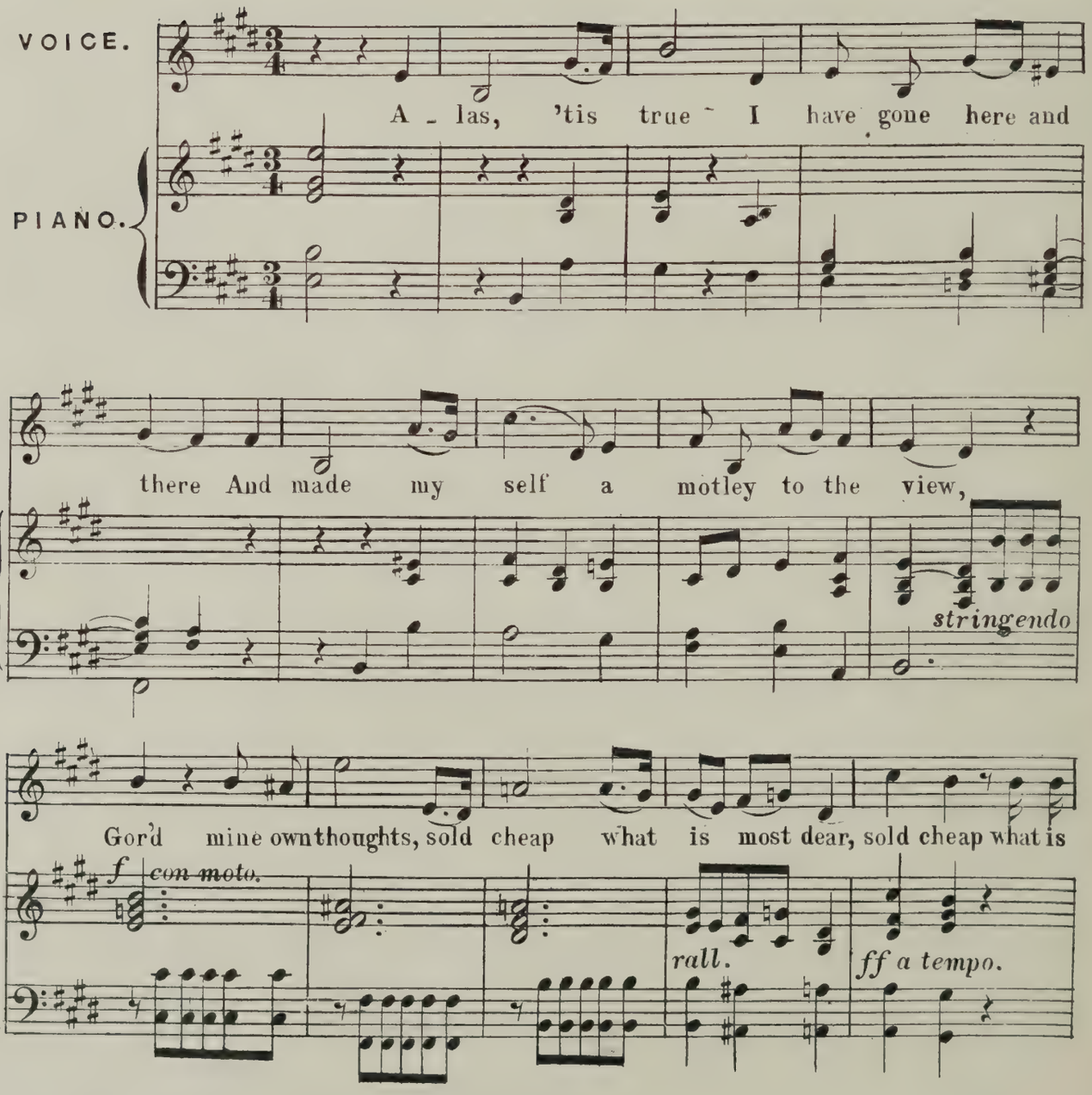

God in love to whom I am con-
-fin'd ..... Then give ..... me wel - - - - - come,
dim
cresc.
f
next my heav'n the best, ... E'en to thy....
pure ..... and... most, most lov - - - ing breast.
rall. e dim.
colla voce.

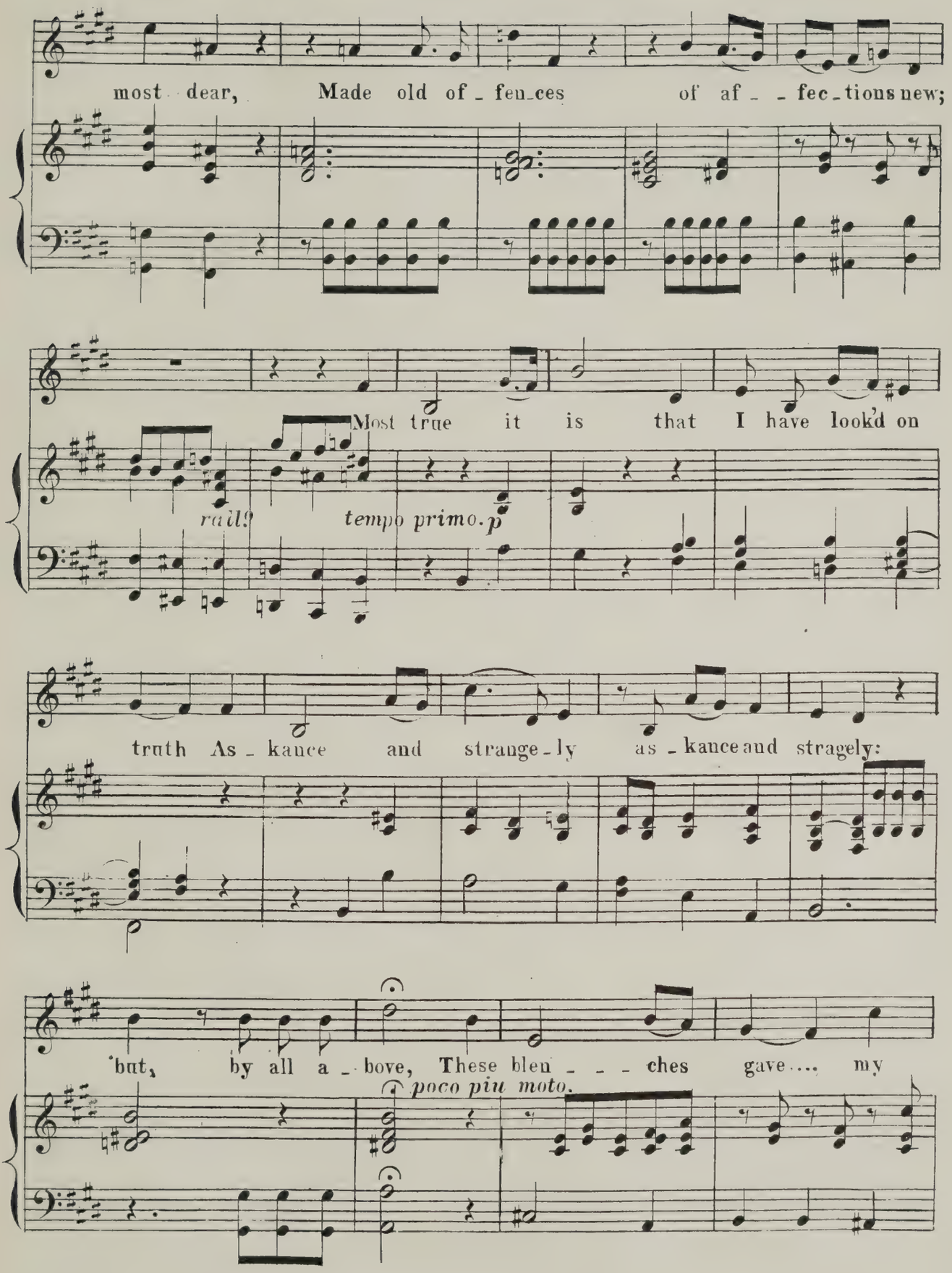
"ALAS 'TIS TRUE."

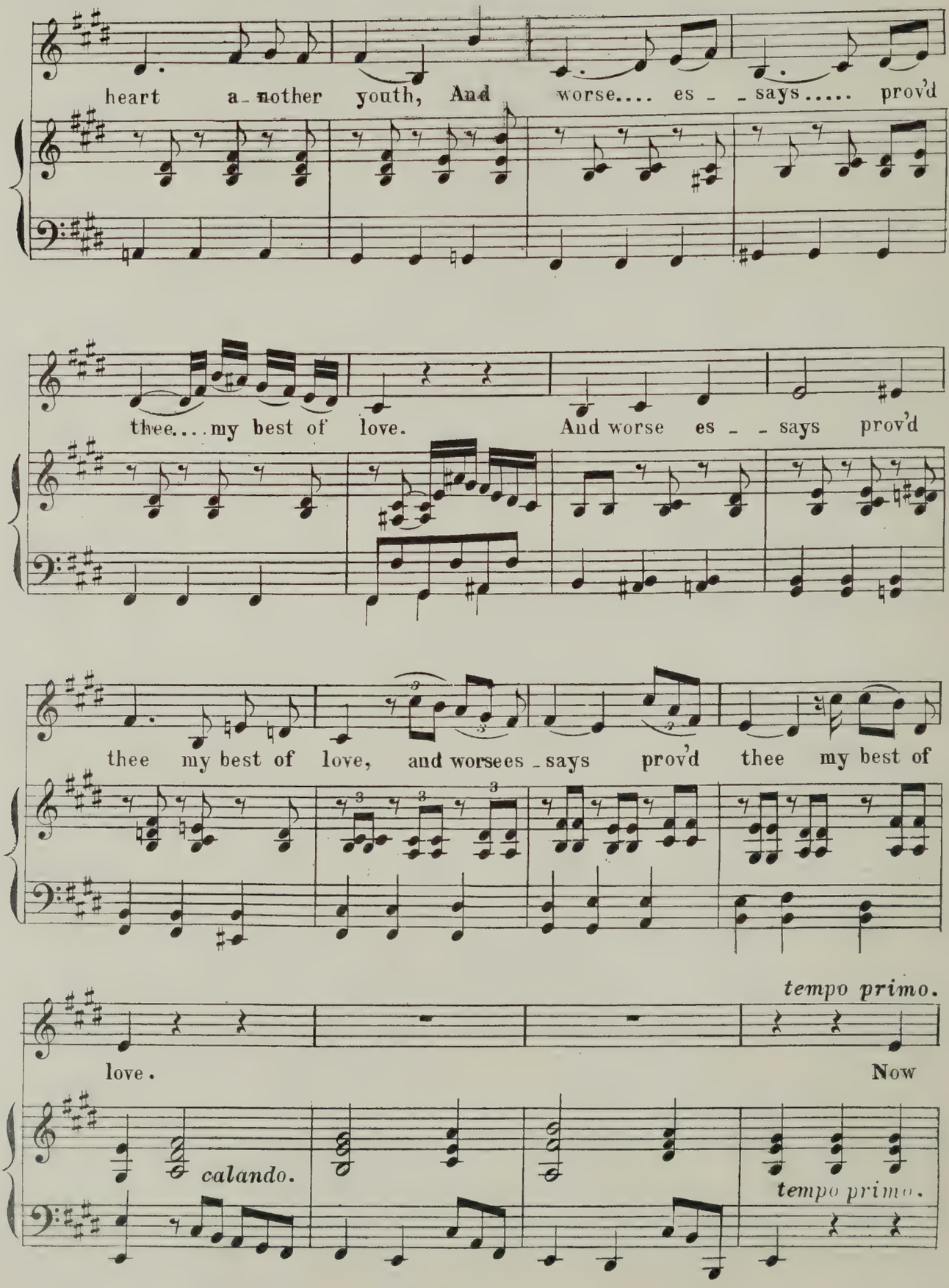
SHAKSPEARE.

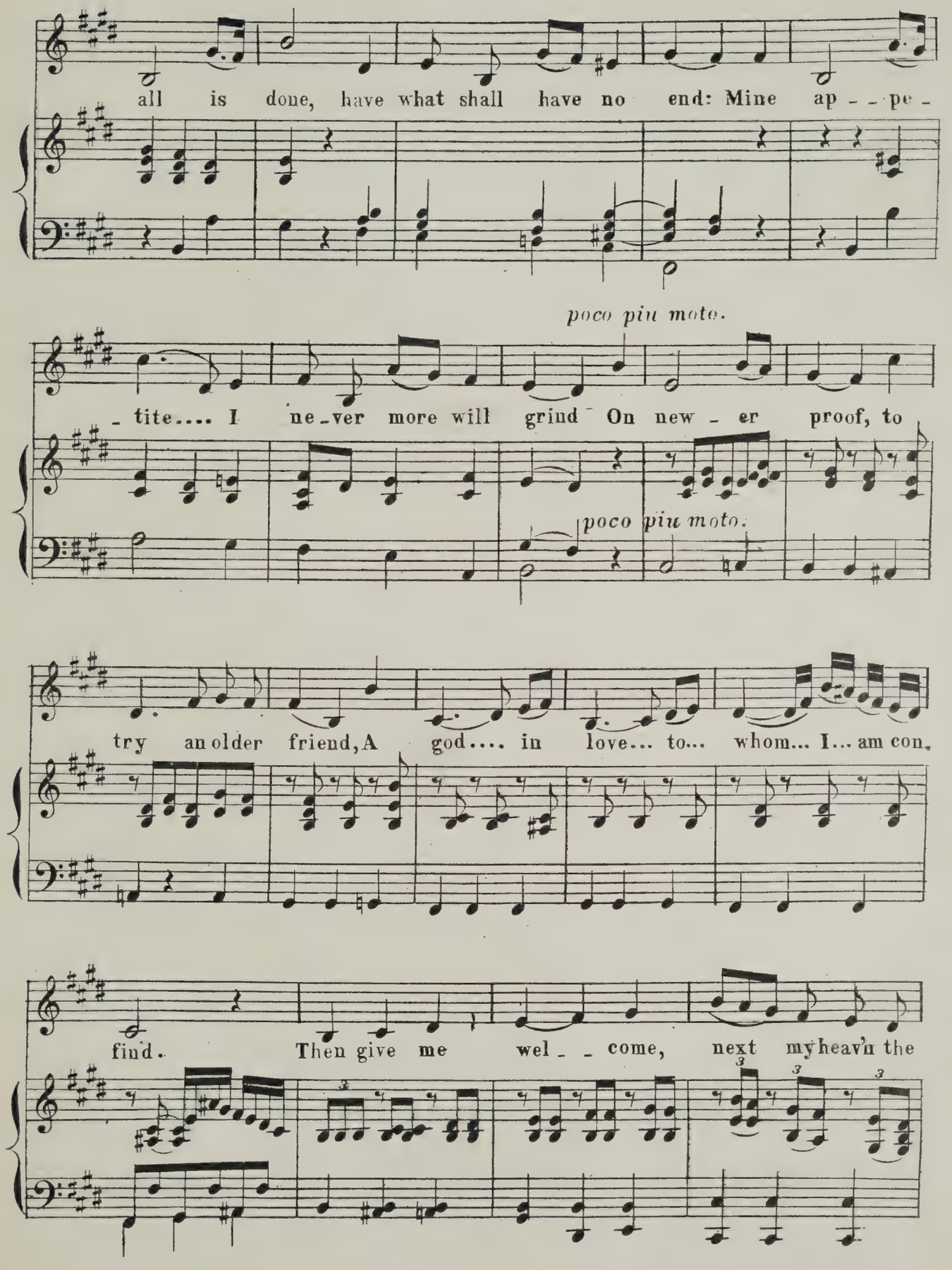
SONNET 110.

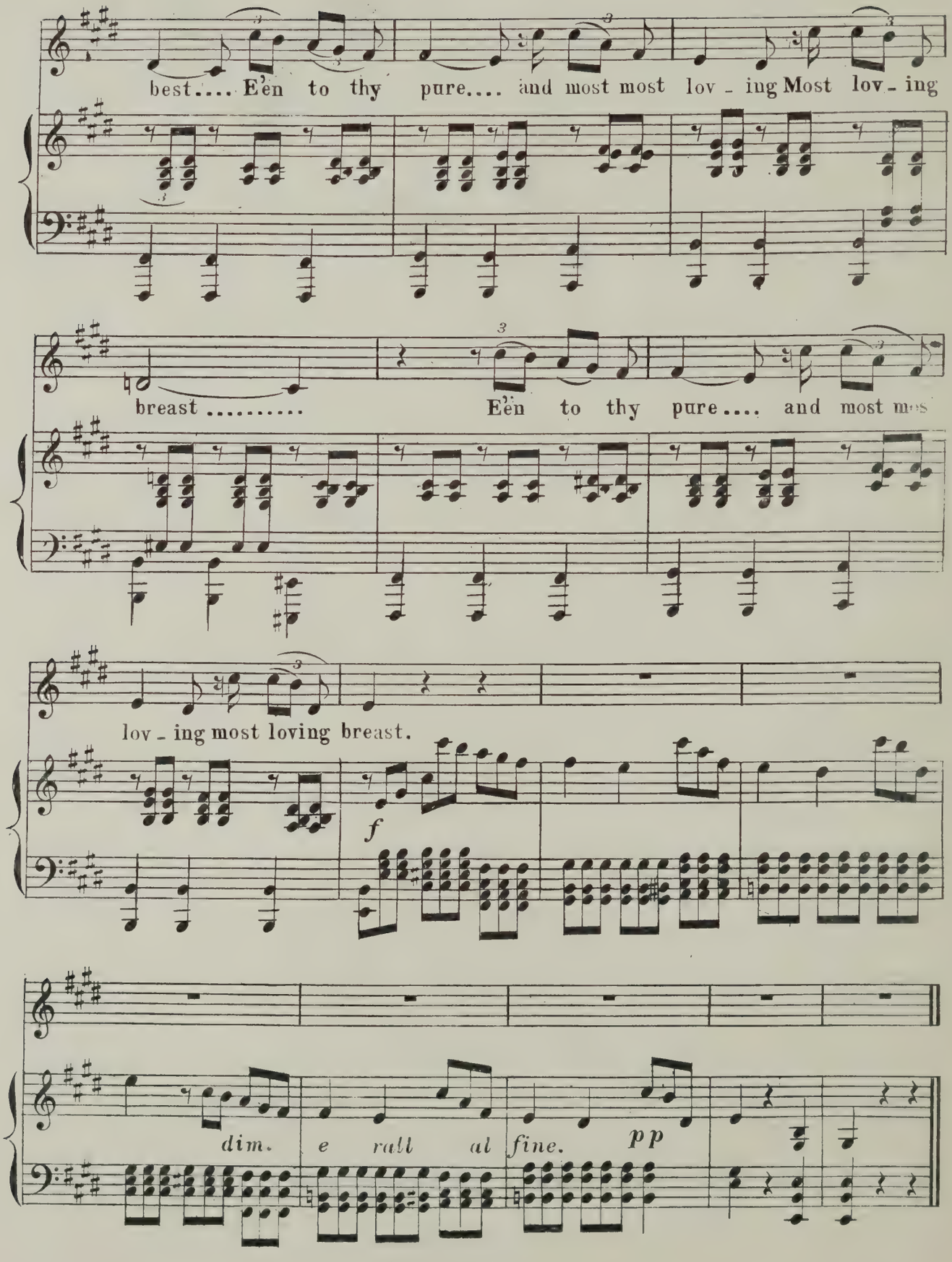
Adagio.




most dear, Made old of - fen-ces of af - - fec-tions new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on
rall?
tempo primo. p
truth As - kance and strange - ly as - kance and stragely:
but, by all a - bove, These blen - - - ches gave .... my
poco piu moto.


heart a-nother youth, And worse.... es - - says..... prov'd
thee....my best of love. And worse es - - says prov'd
thee my best of love, and worsees - says prov'd thee my best of
tempo primo.
love.
Now
calando.
tempo primo.

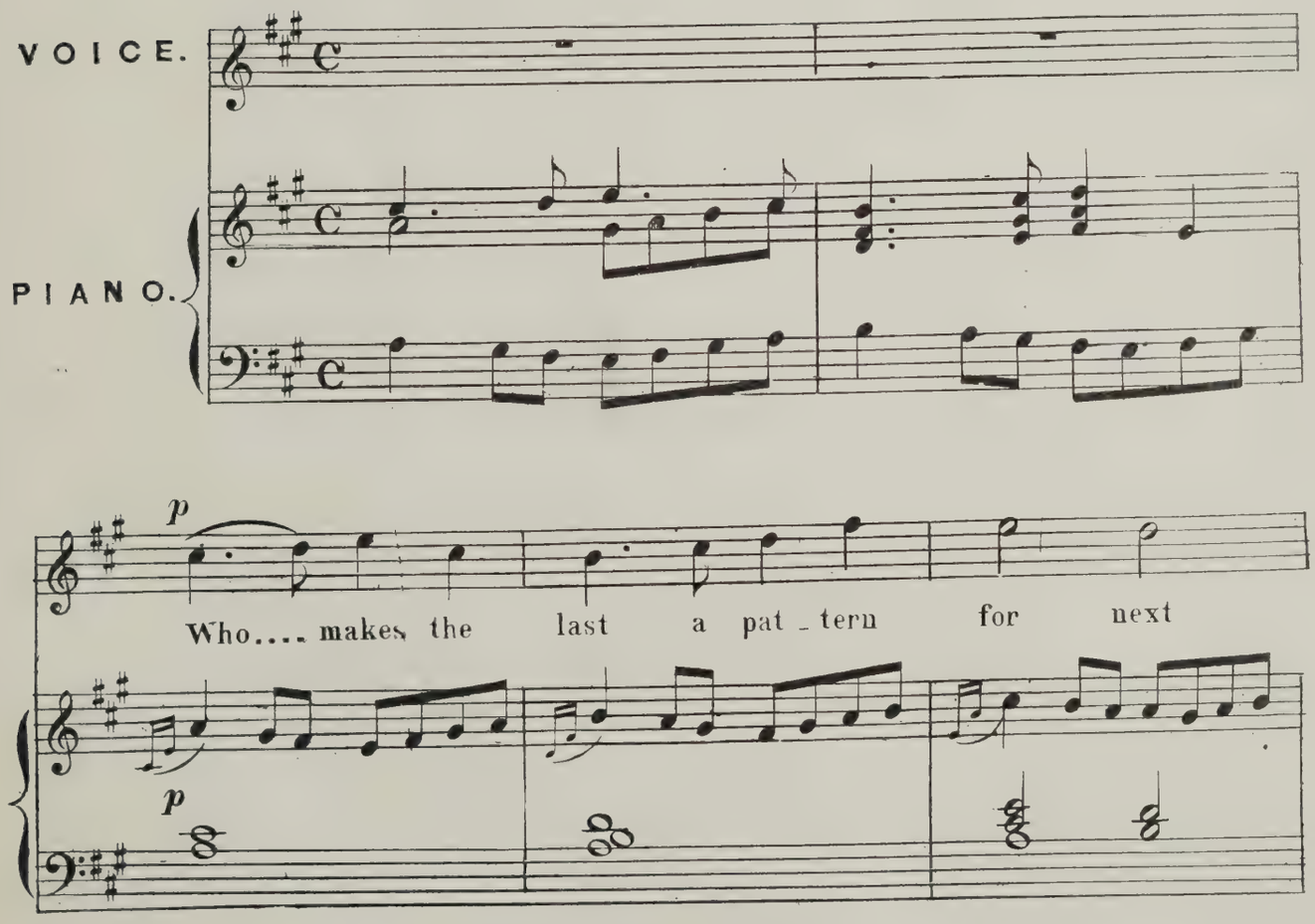

all is done, have what shall have no end: Mine ap - - pe -
poco piu moto.
- tite.... I ne-ver more will grind On new - er proof, to
poco piu moto.
try an older friend, A god.... in love... to... whom... I... am con-
find. Then give me wel - - come, next my heav'n the

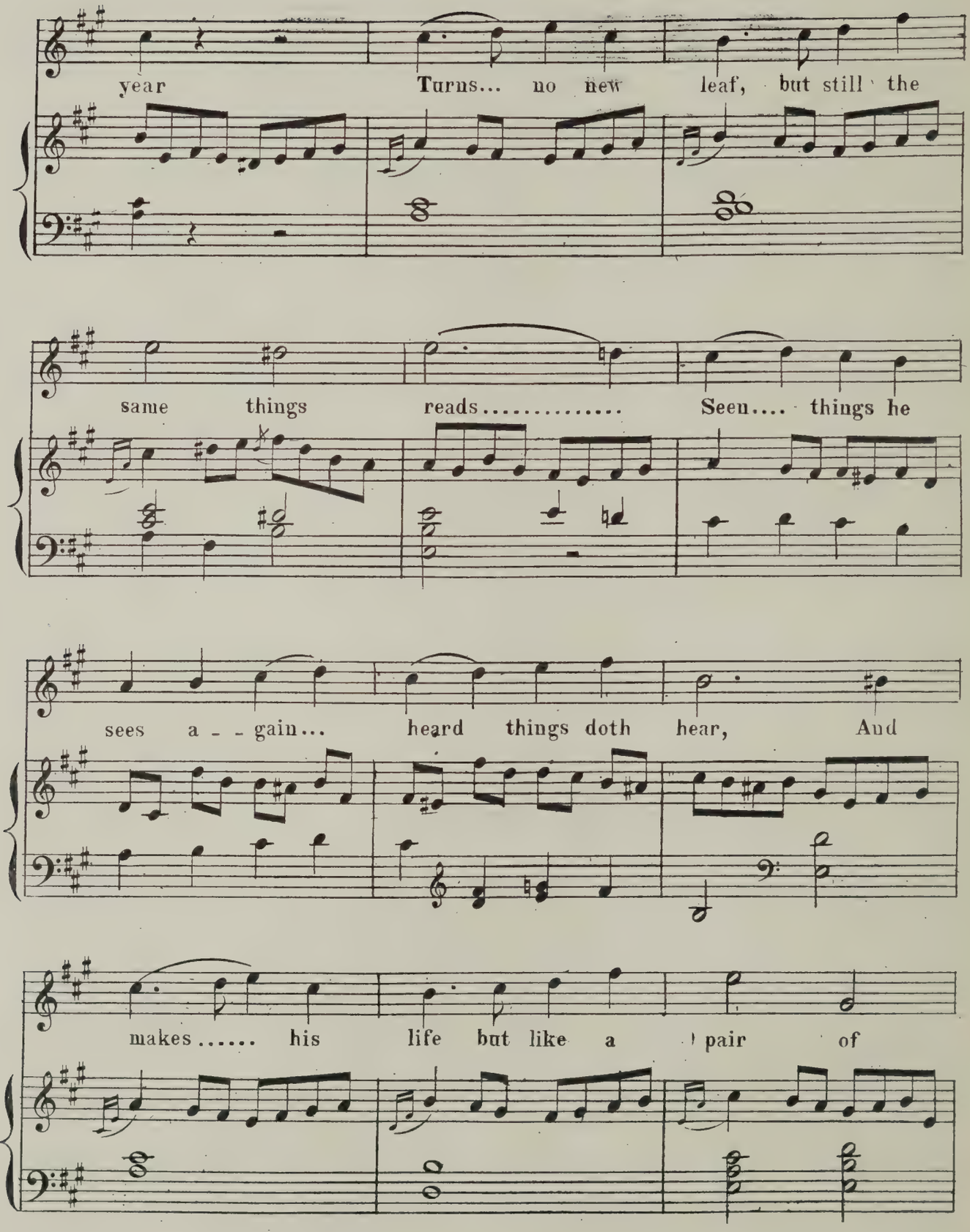

best.... E'en to thy pure.... and most most lov - ing Most lov - ing
breast ..... E'en to thy pure.... and most mos
lov - ing most loving breast.
f
dim. e rall al fine. pp

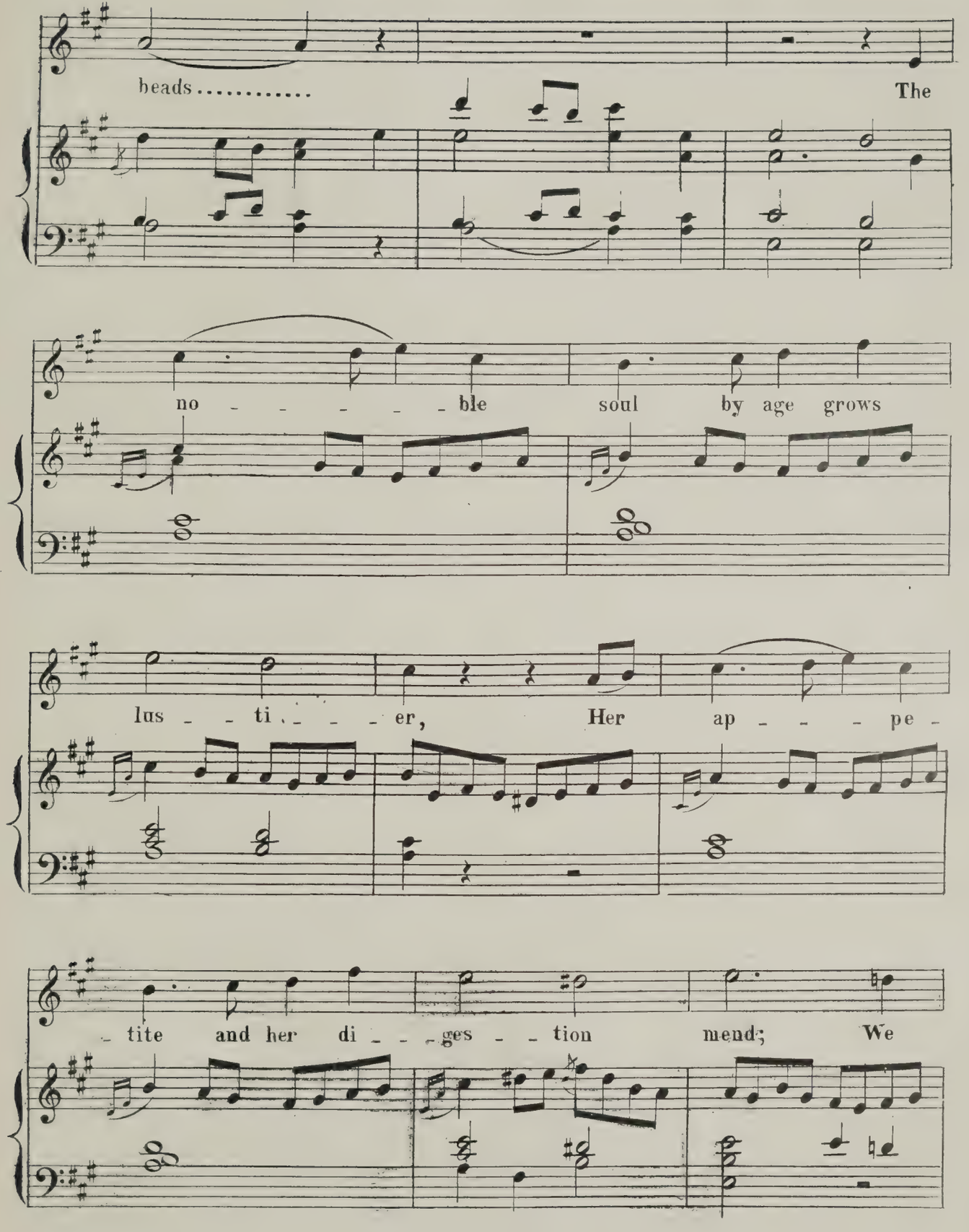
WHO MAKES THE LAST A PATTERN FOR NEXT YEAR.

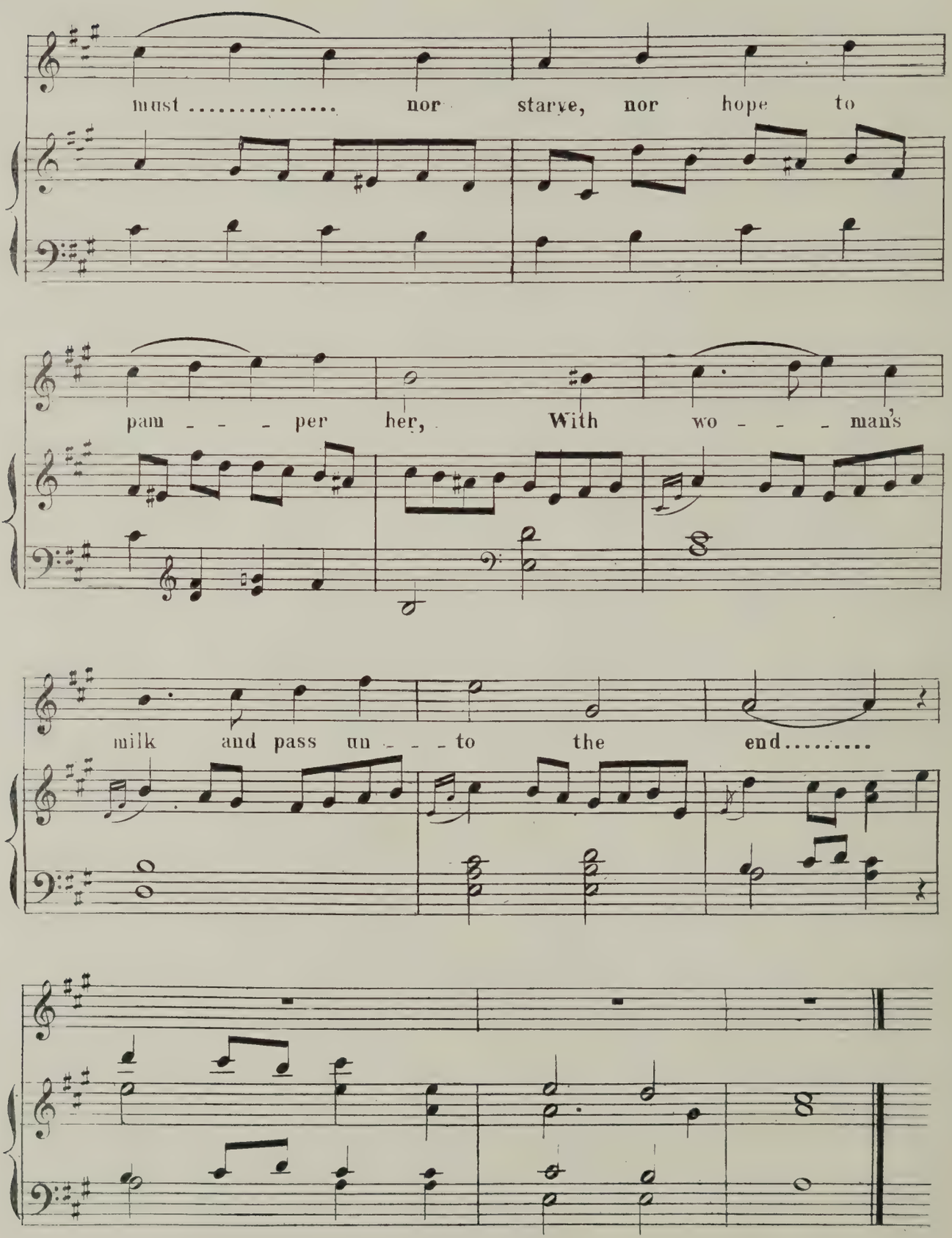
DONNE.

Allegretto Grazioso.




year Turns... no new leaf, but still the
same things reads..... Seen.... things he
sees a - - gain... heard things doth hear, And
makes..... his life but like a pair of

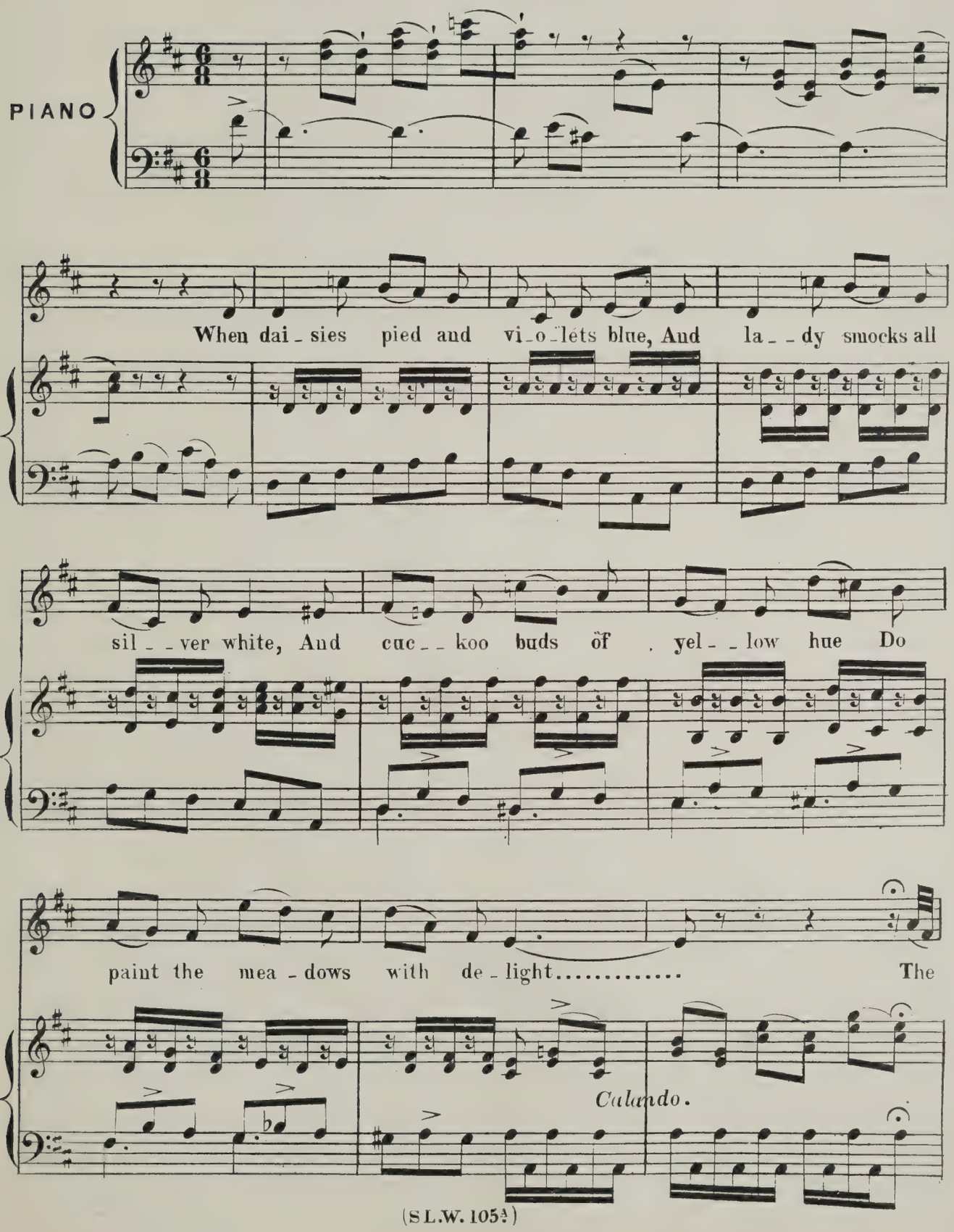

beads.....
The
no - - - - - ble
soul
by age grows
lus - - ti - - - - er,
Her
ap - - - - pe -
- tite
and her di - - - ges - - tion
mend;
We

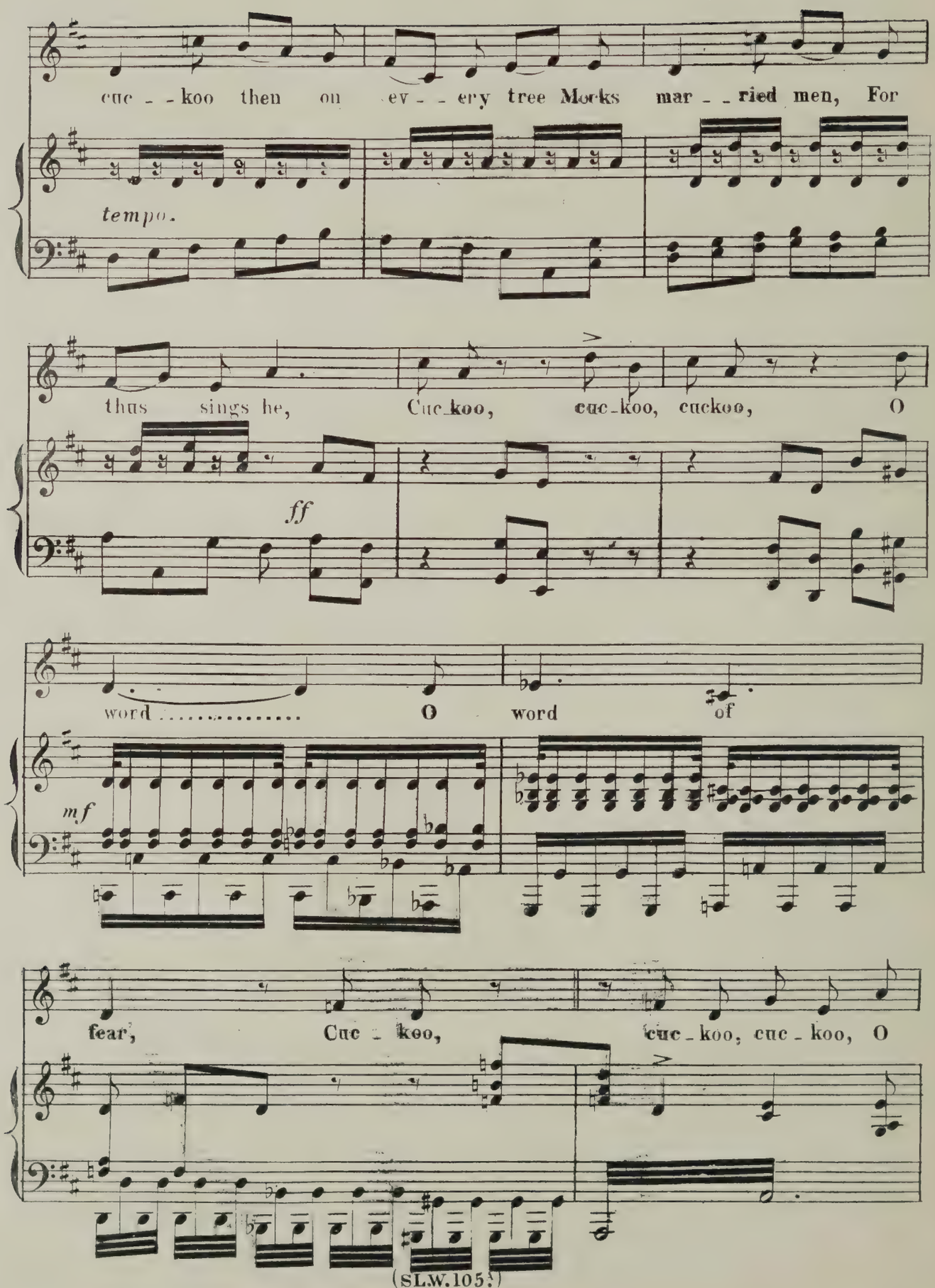

must ..... nor starve, nor hope to
pam - - - per her, With wo - - - man's
milk and pass un - - - to the end.....

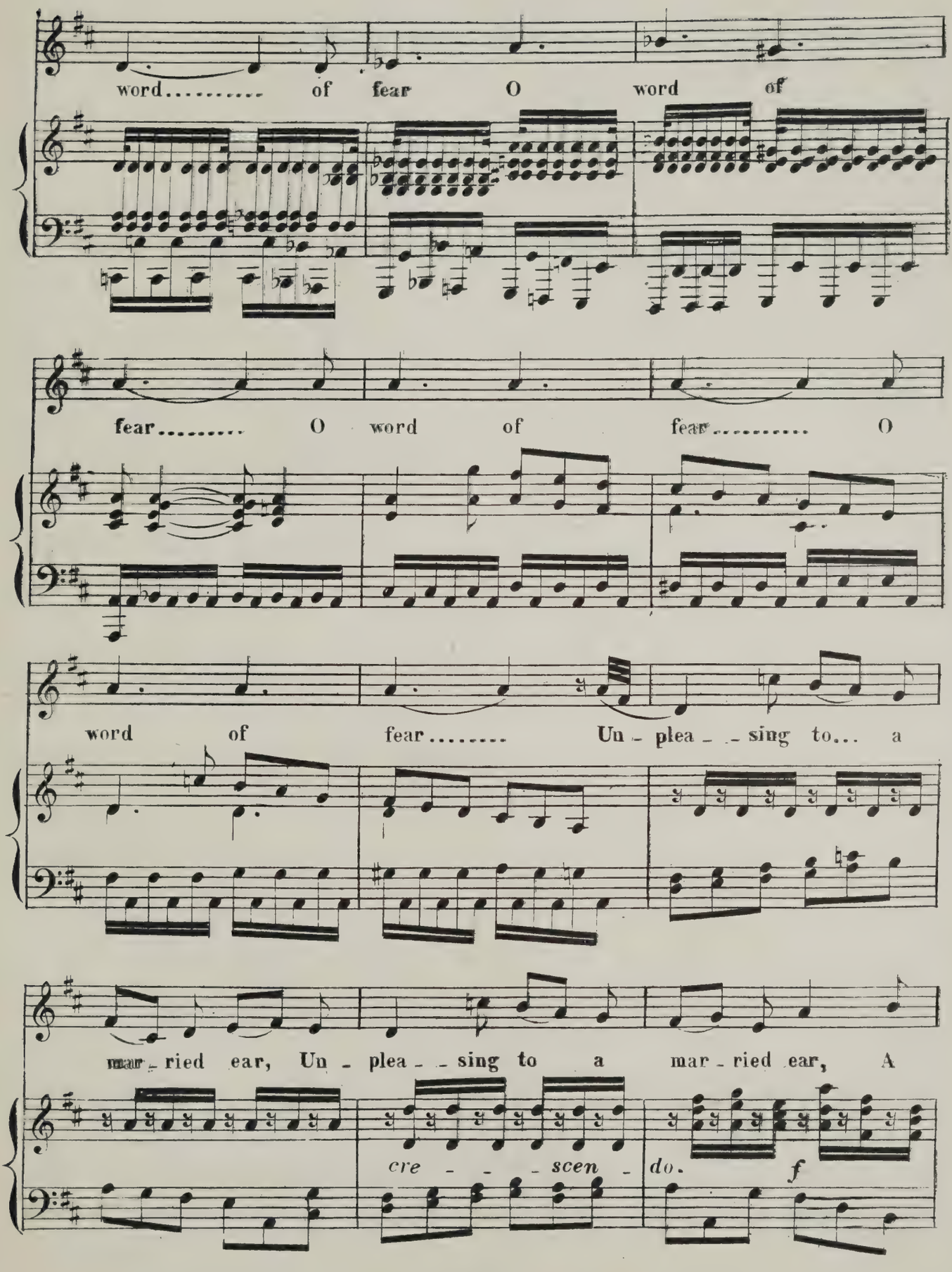
WHEN DAISES PIED.

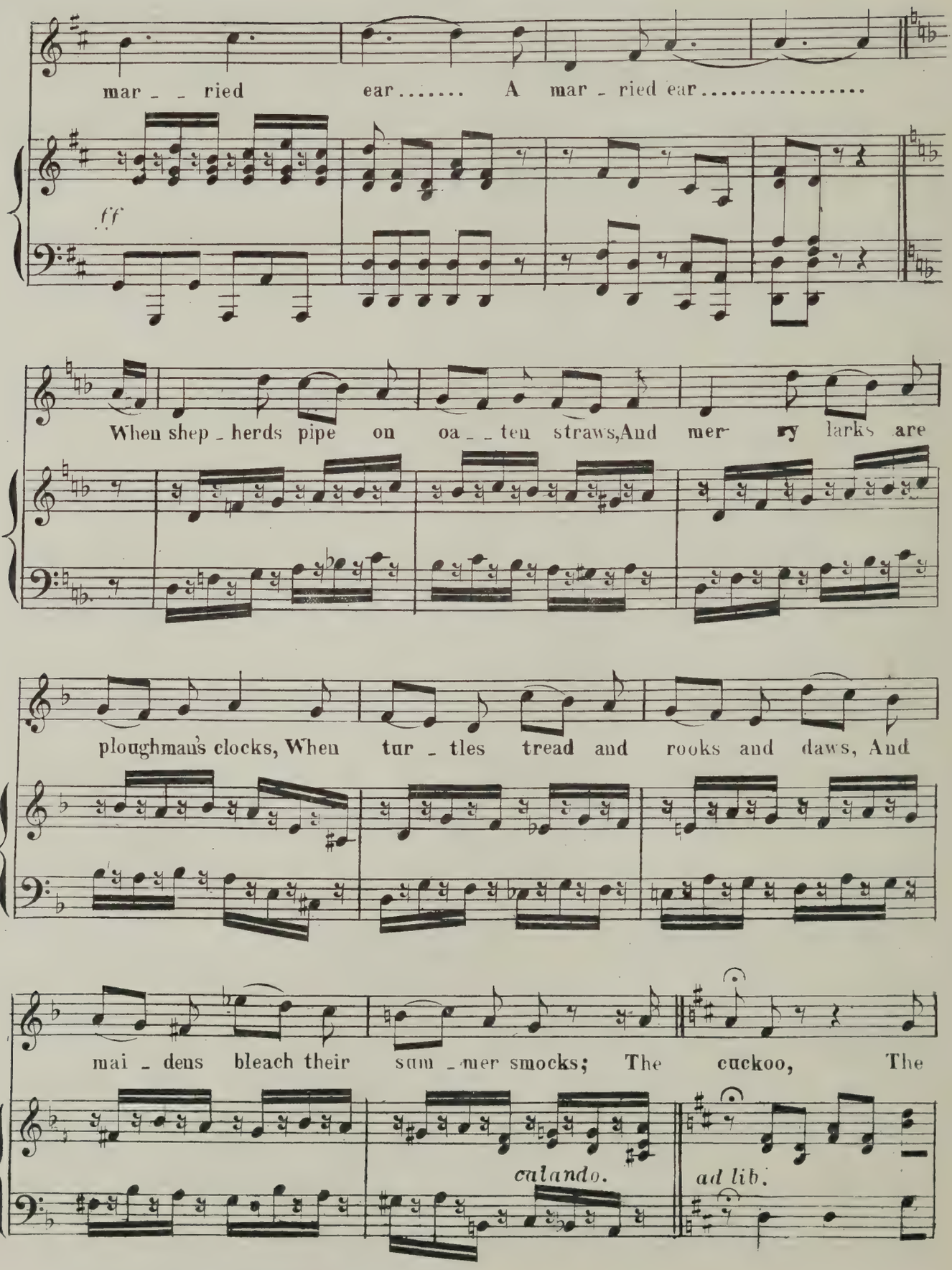
SHAKSPERE
(AS YOU LIKE IT.)

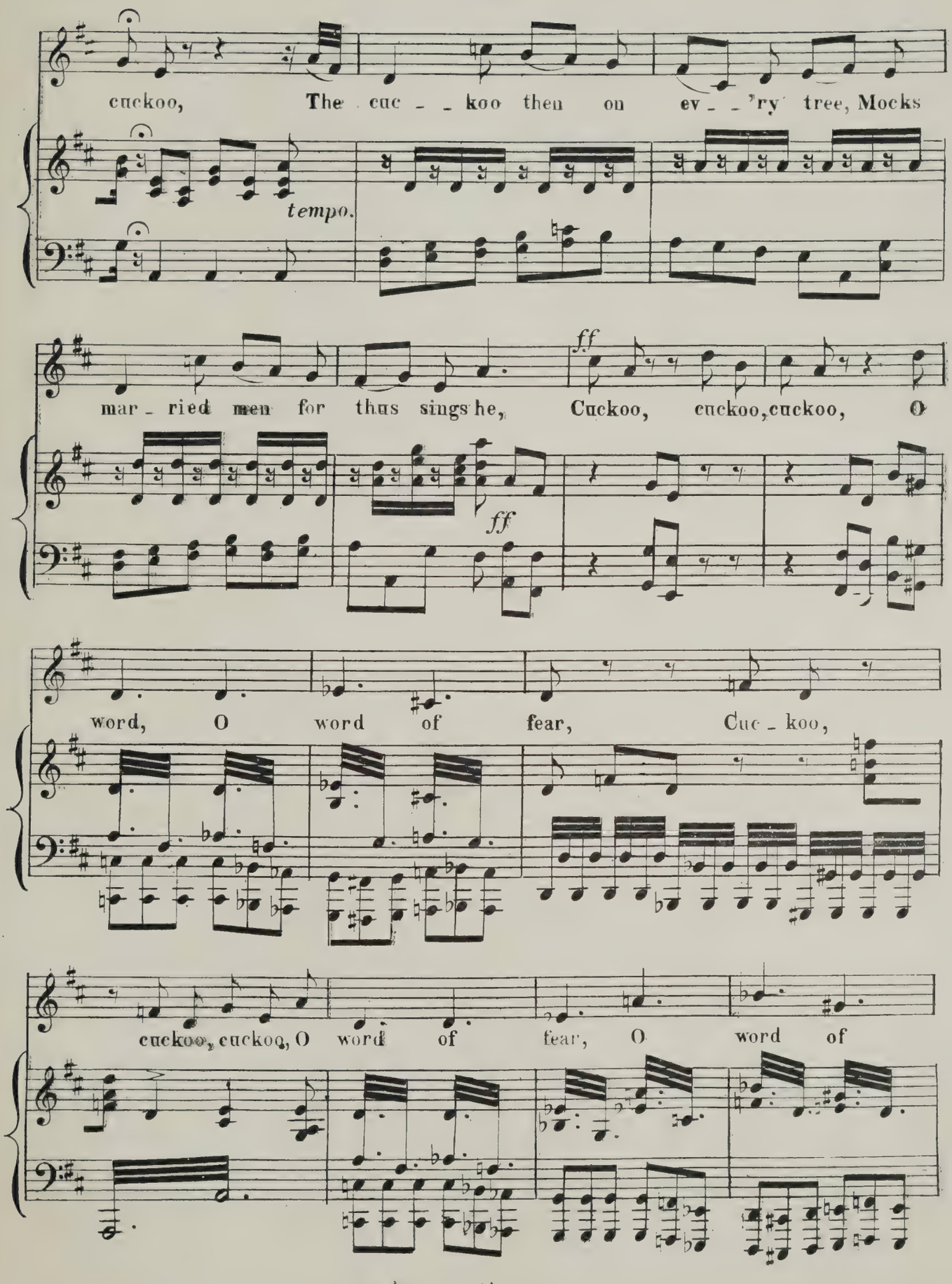
Allegretto scherzando ma moderato.

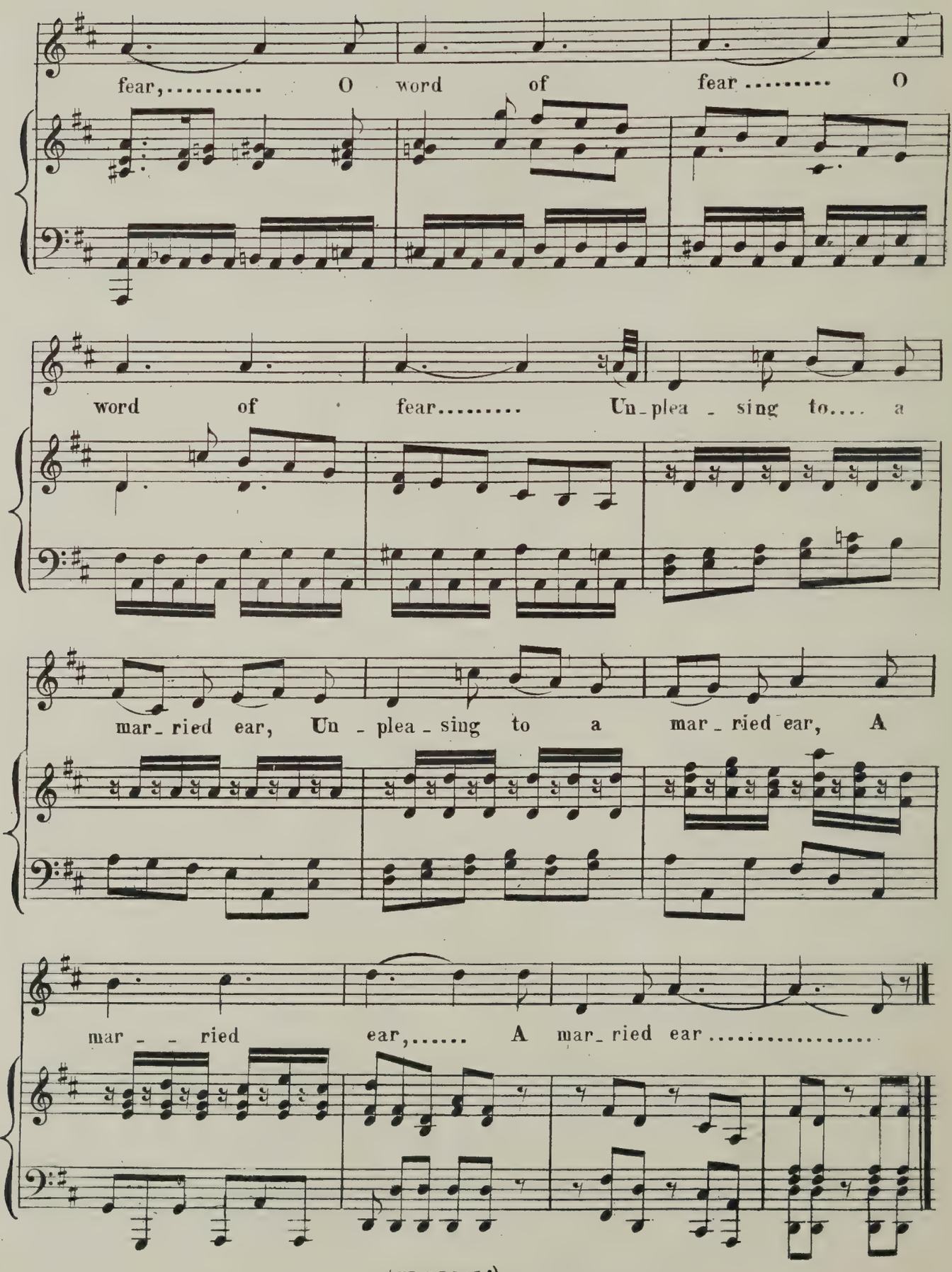



cuc - - koo then on ev - - ery tree Mocks mar - - ried men, For
tempo.
thus sings he, Cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuckoo, O
ff
word ..... O word of
mf
fear, Cuc - koo, cuc - koo, cuc - koo, O


word..... of fear O word of
fear..... O word of fear..... O
word of fear..... Un - plea - - sing to... a
mar - ried ear, Un - plea - - sing to a mar - ried ear, A
cre - - - scen - do.
f


mar - - ried ear..... A mar - ried ear.....
ff
When shep - herds pipe on oa - - ten straws, And mer - ry larks are
ploughman's clocks, When tur - tles tread and rooks and daws, And
mai - dens bleach their sum - mer smocks; The cuckoo, The
calando.
ad lib.

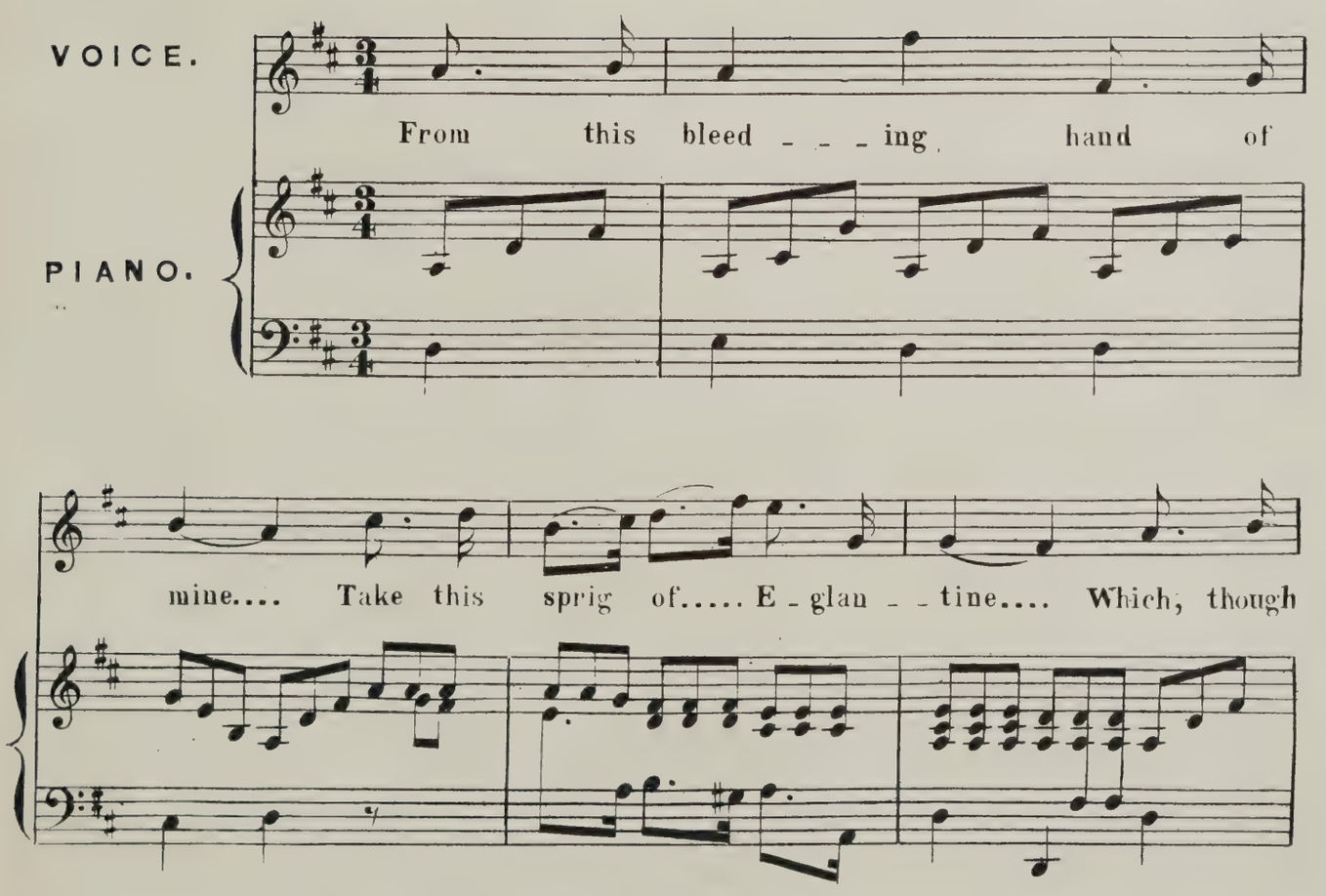

cuckoo, The cuc - - koo then on ev - - 'ry tree, Mocks
tempo.
mar - ried men for thus sings he, Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, O
ff
ff
word, O word of fear, Cuc - koo,
cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear, O word of

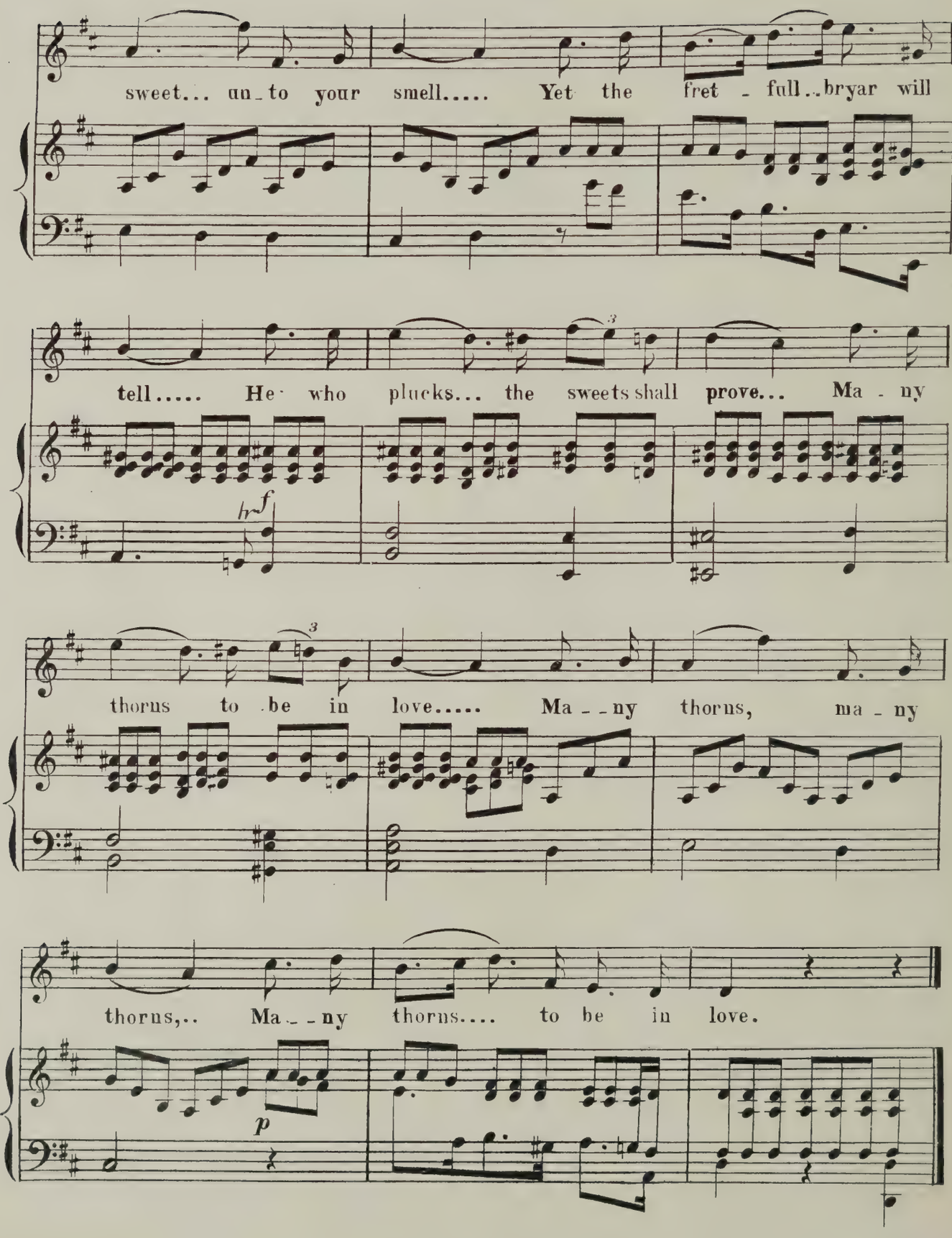

fear,..... O word of fear ..... O
word of fear..... Un-plea - sing to.... a
mar-ried ear, Un - plea - sing to a mar-ried ear, A
mar - - ried ear,..... A mar-ried ear .....

FROM THIS BLEEDING HAND OF MINE.

HERRICK.

Andante.



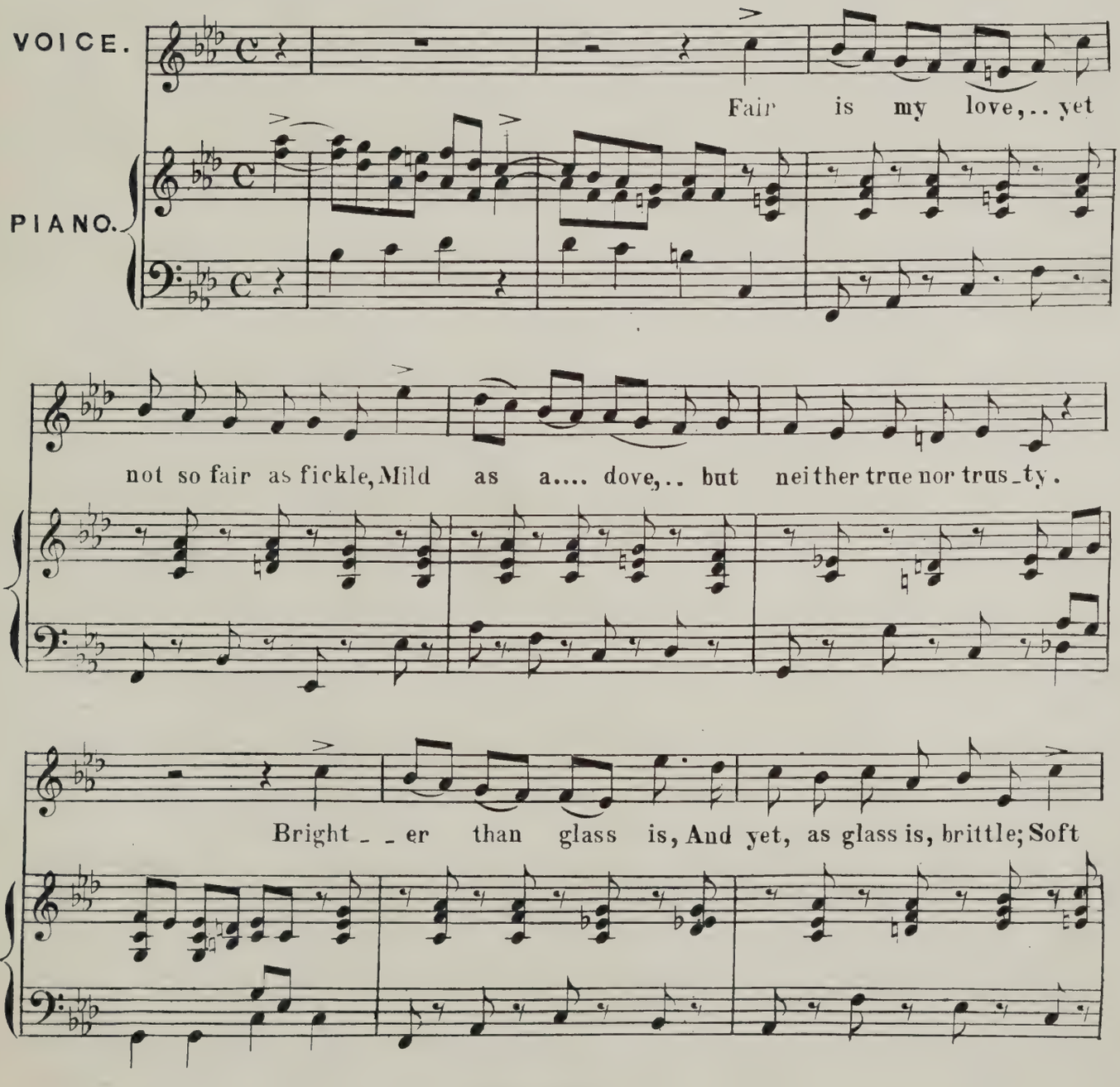

sweet... un_to your smell..... Yet the fret - full..bryar will
tell..... He who plucks... the sweets shall prove... Ma - ny
hf
thorns to be in love..... Ma - - ny thorns, ma - ny
thorns,.. Ma - - ny thorns.... to be in love.
p

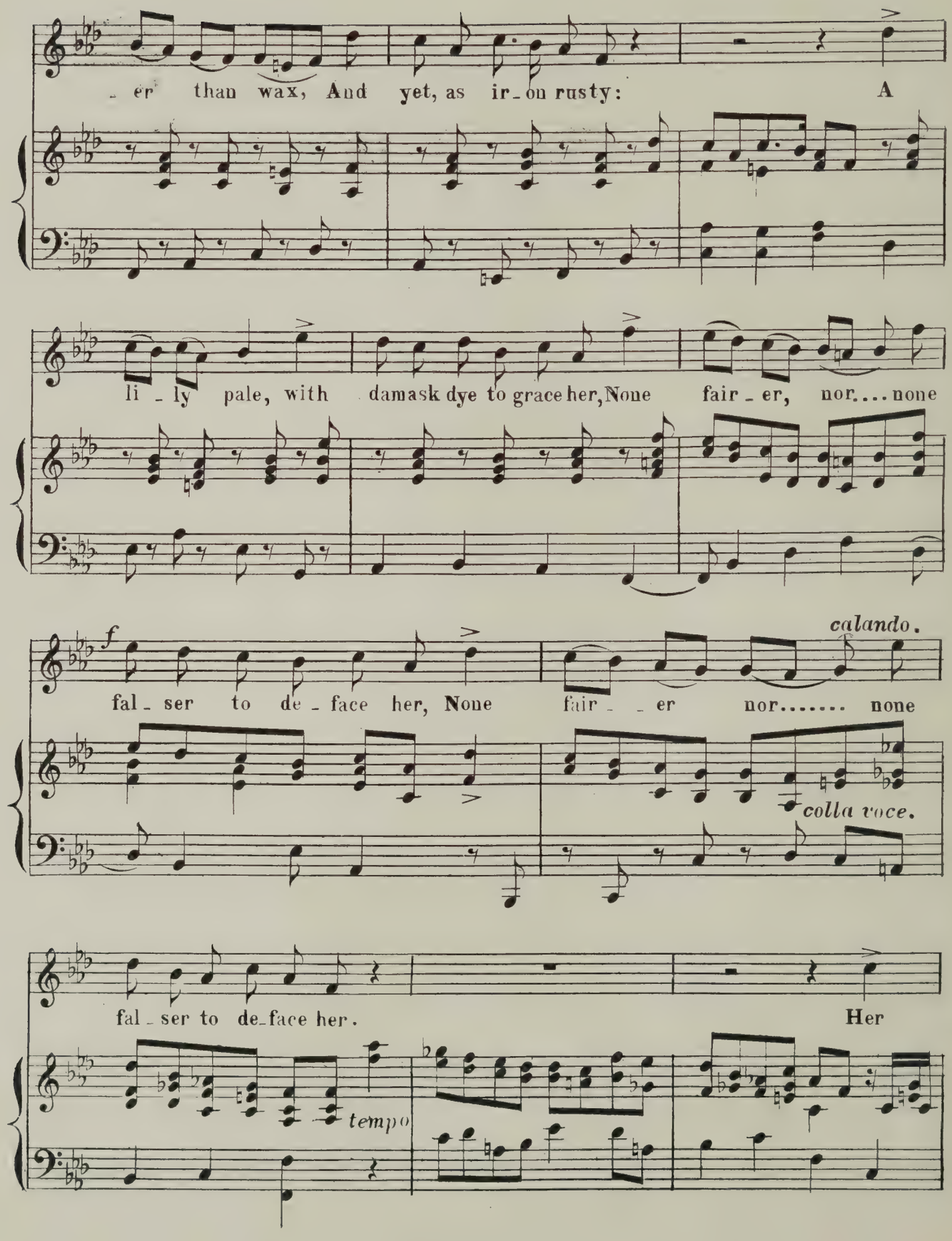
FAIR IS MY LOVE.

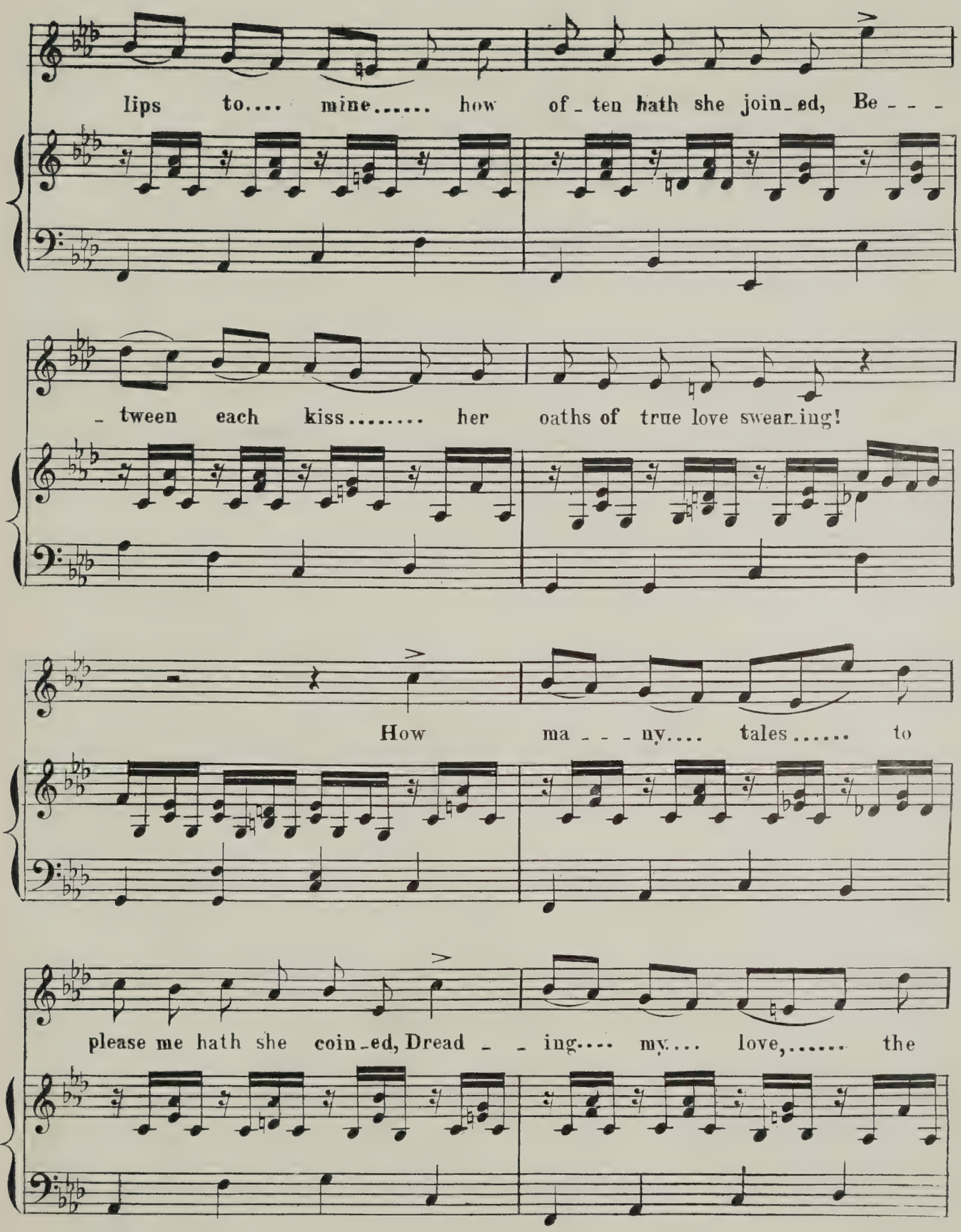
SHAKSPERE.

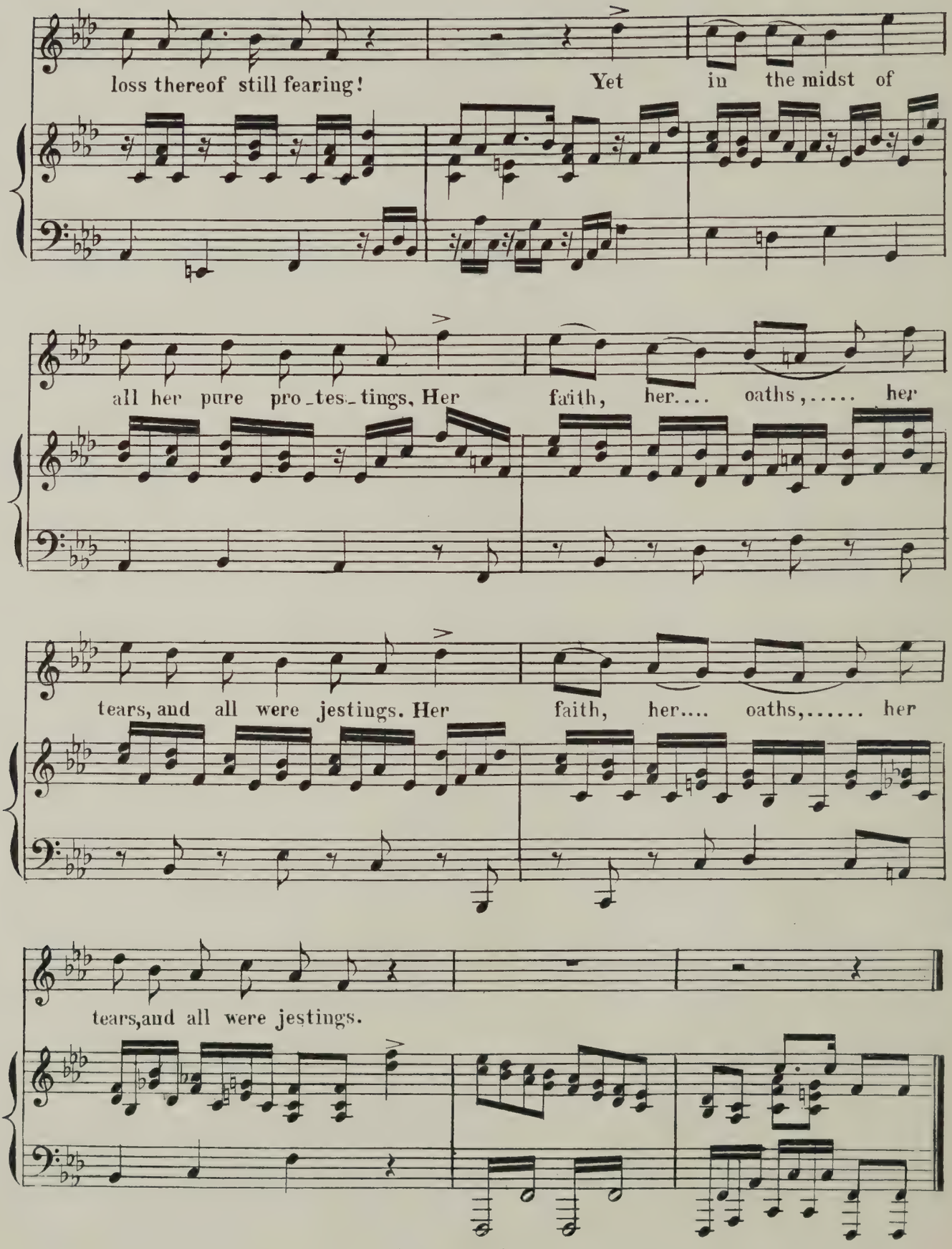
(THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.)

Allegretto.




er than wax, And yet, as ir-on rusty: A
li-ly pale, with damask dye to grace her, None fair-er, nor.... none
f
fal-ser to de-face her, None fair-er nor..... none
calando.
colla voce.
fal-ser to de-face her. Her
tempo

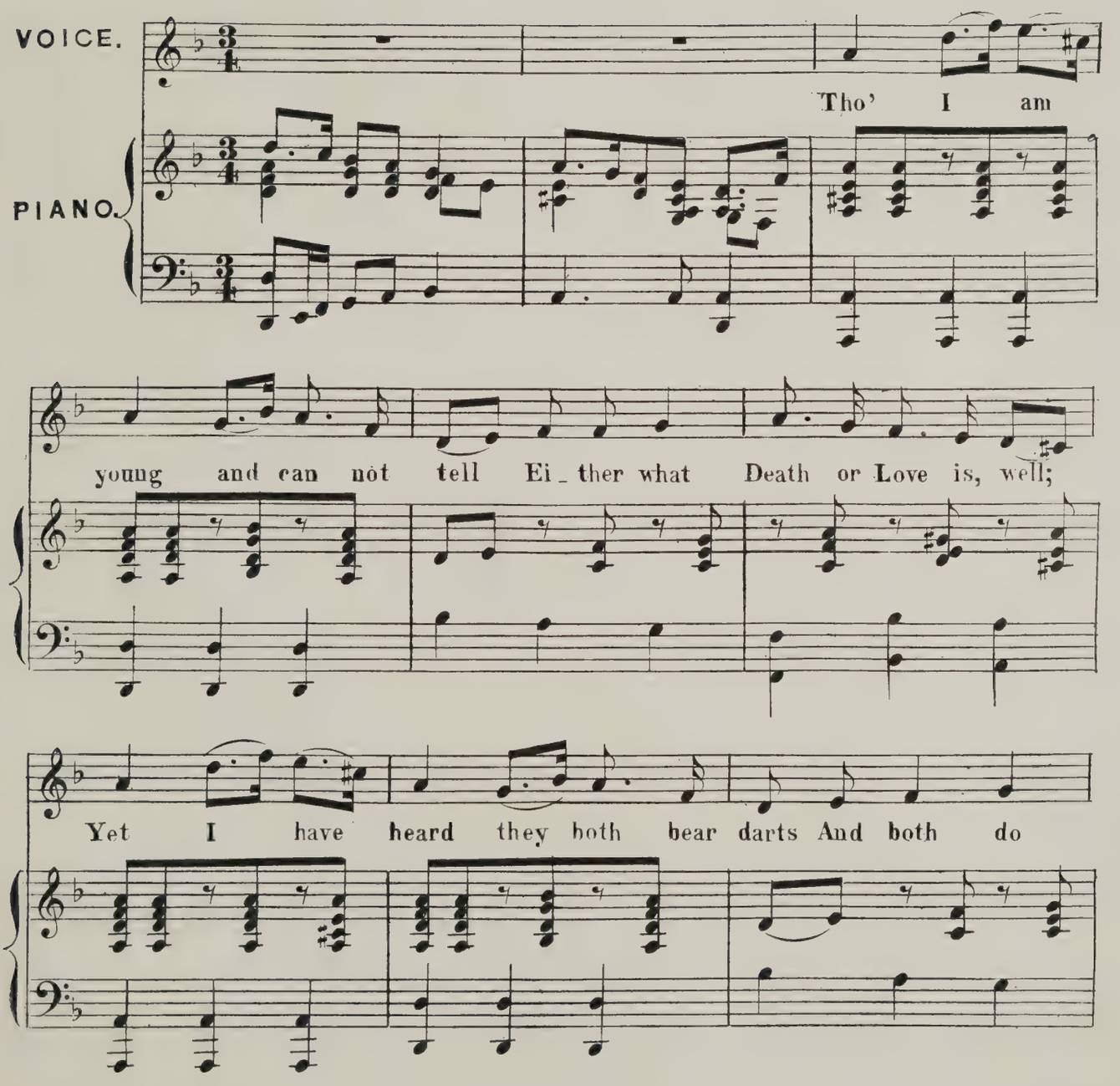

lips to.... mine..... how of_ten hath she join_ed, Be - - -
_ tween each kiss..... her oaths of true love swear_ing!
How ma - - - ny.... tales..... to
please me hath she coin_ed, Dread _ _ ing.... my.... love,..... the

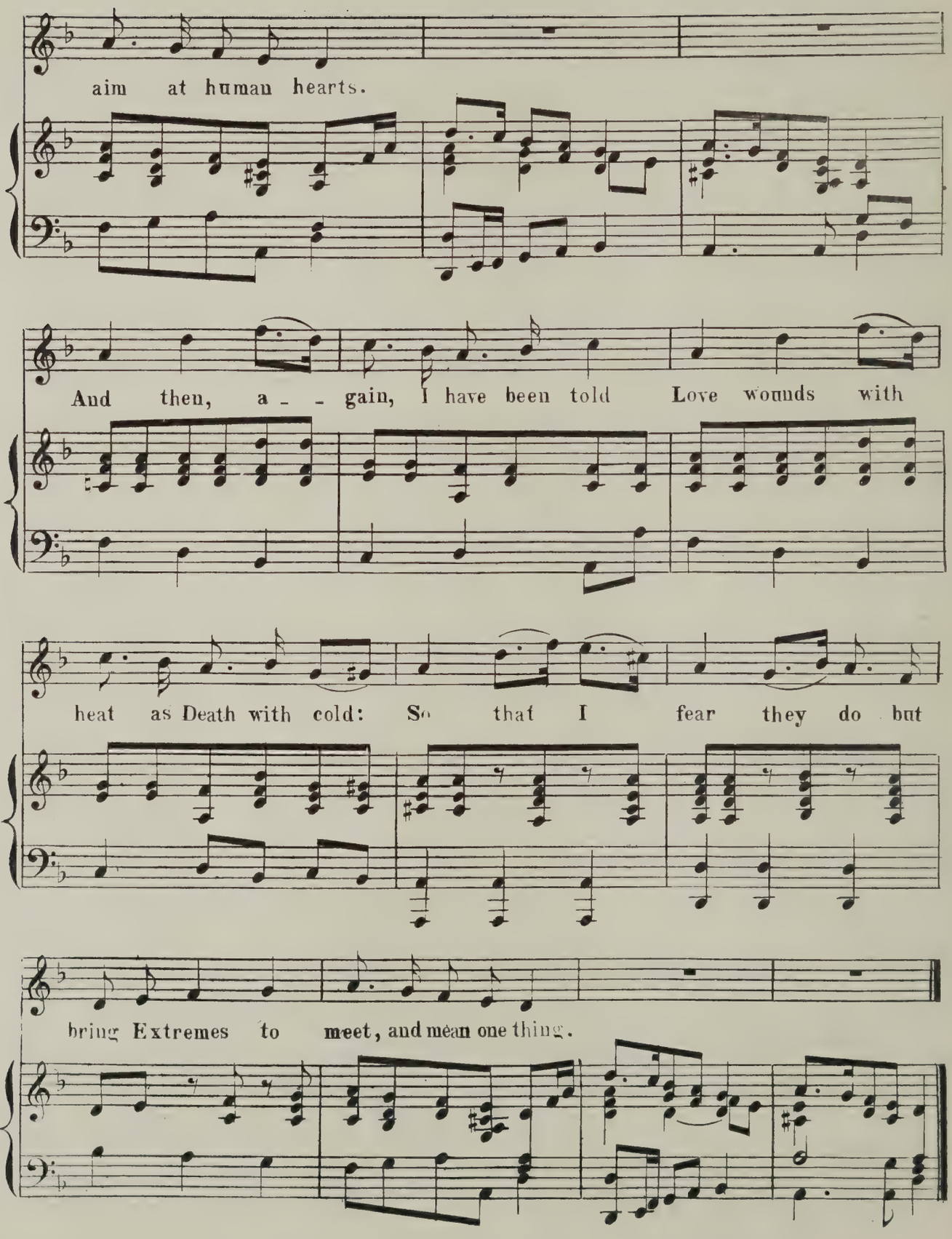

loss thereof still fearing! Yet in the midst of
all her pure pro_tes_tings, Her faith, her.... oaths,..... her
tears, and all were jestings. Her faith, her.... oaths,..... her
tears, and all were jestings.

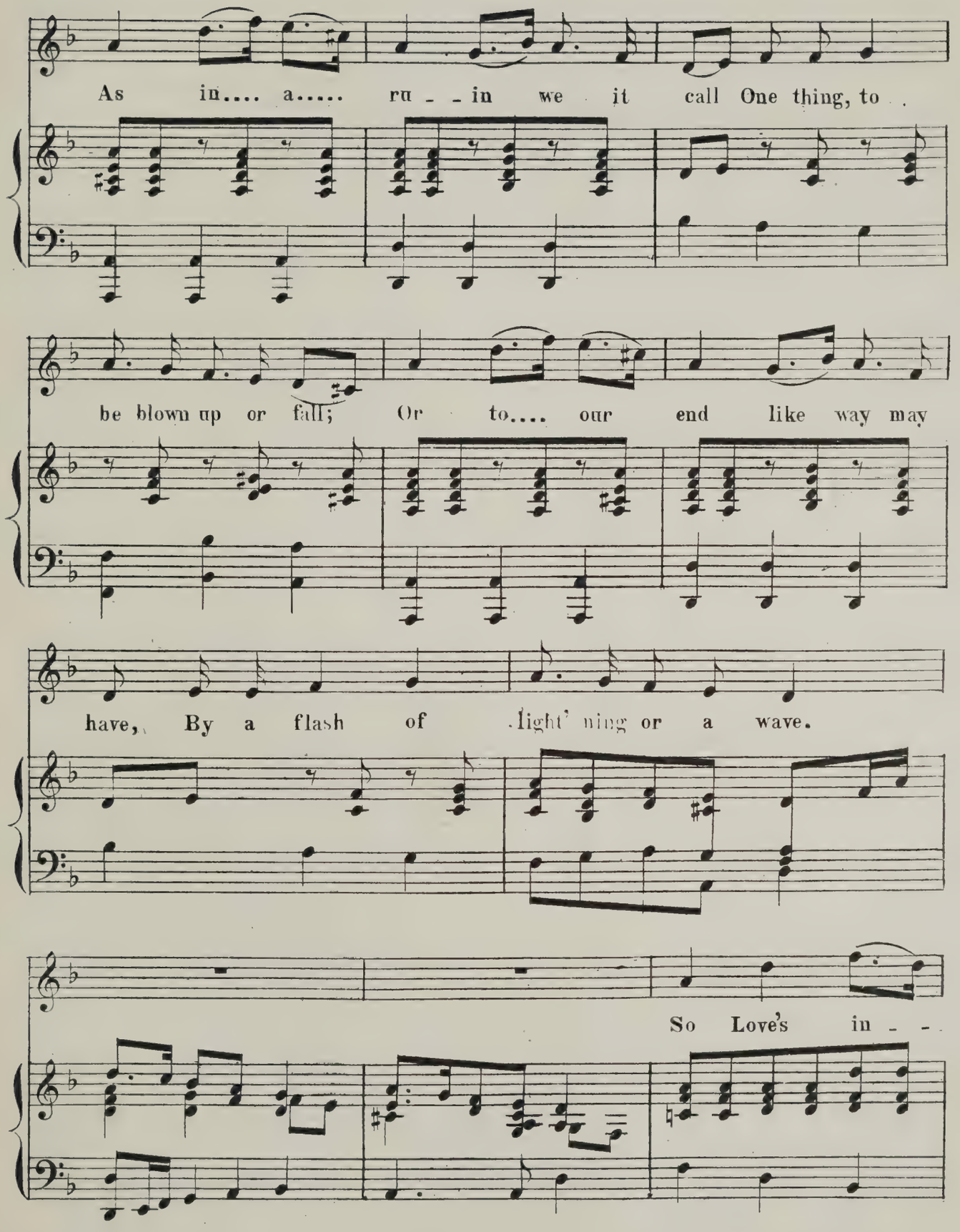
THO' I AM YOUNG.

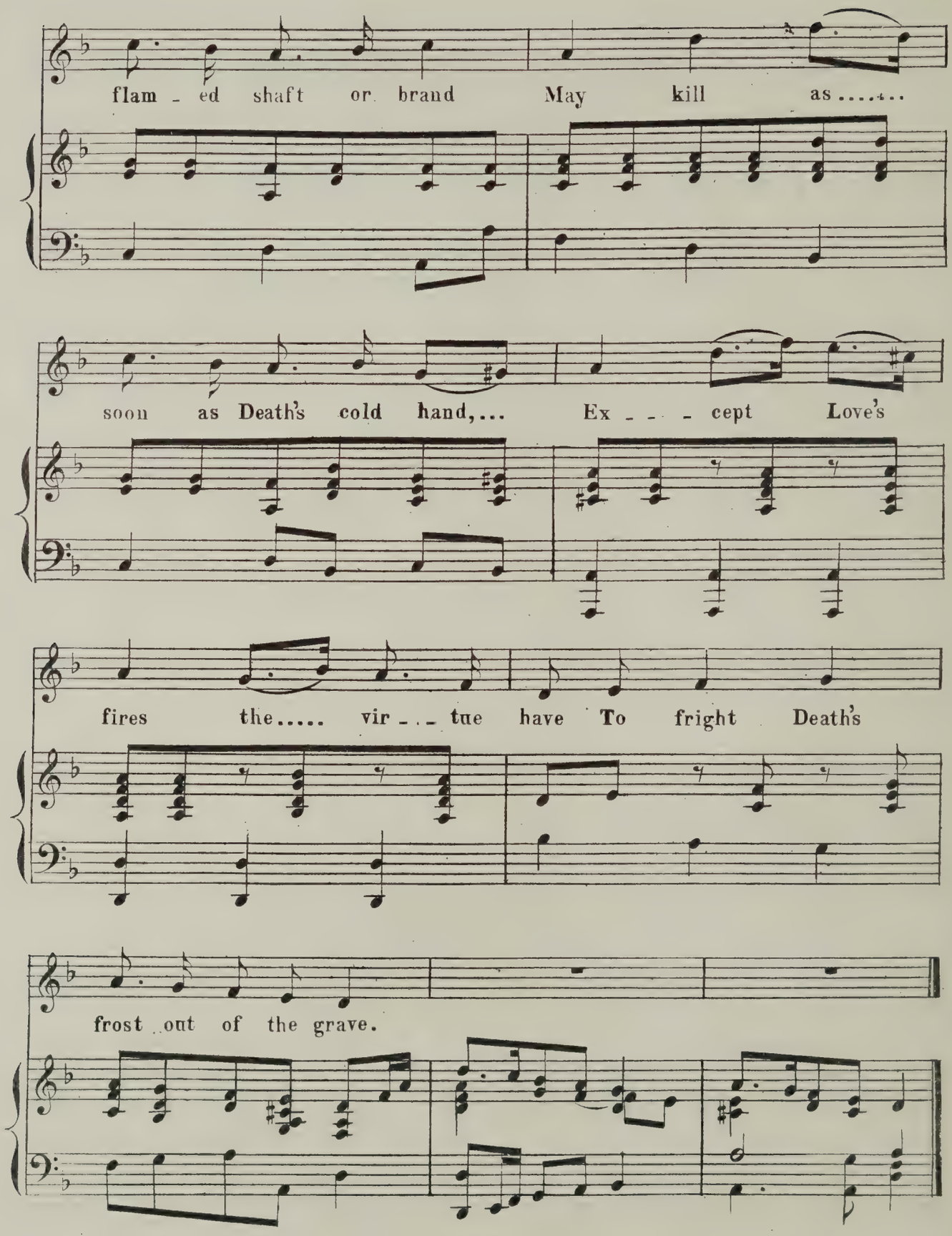
BEN JONSON.

Andante.




aim at human hearts.
And then, a - - gain, I have been told Love wounds with
heat as Death with cold: So that I fear they do but
bring Extremes to meet, and mean one thing.

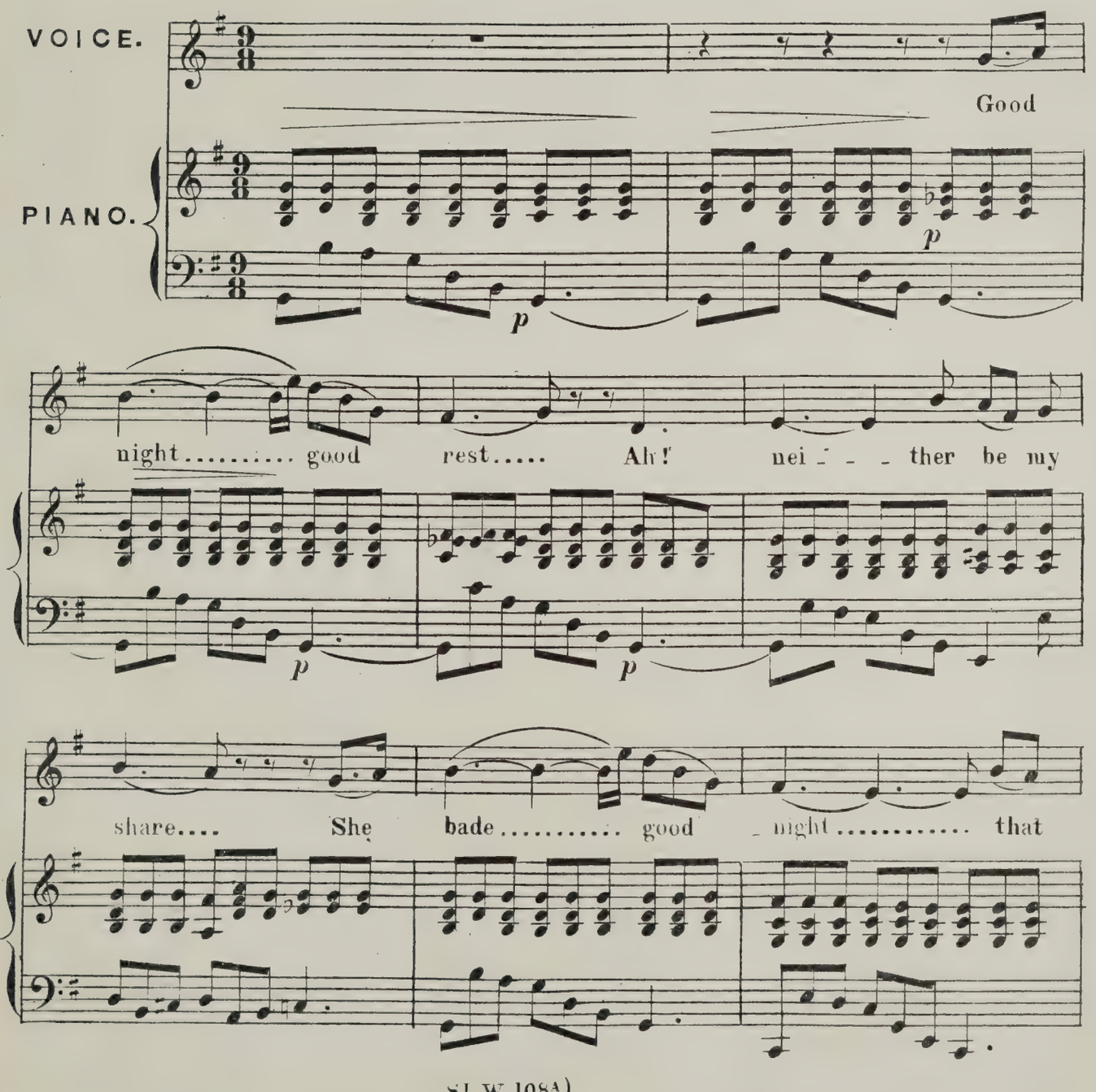

As in.... a..... ru - - in we it call One thing, to
be blown up or fall; Or to.... our end like way may
have, By a flash of light' ning or a wave.
So Love's in - -

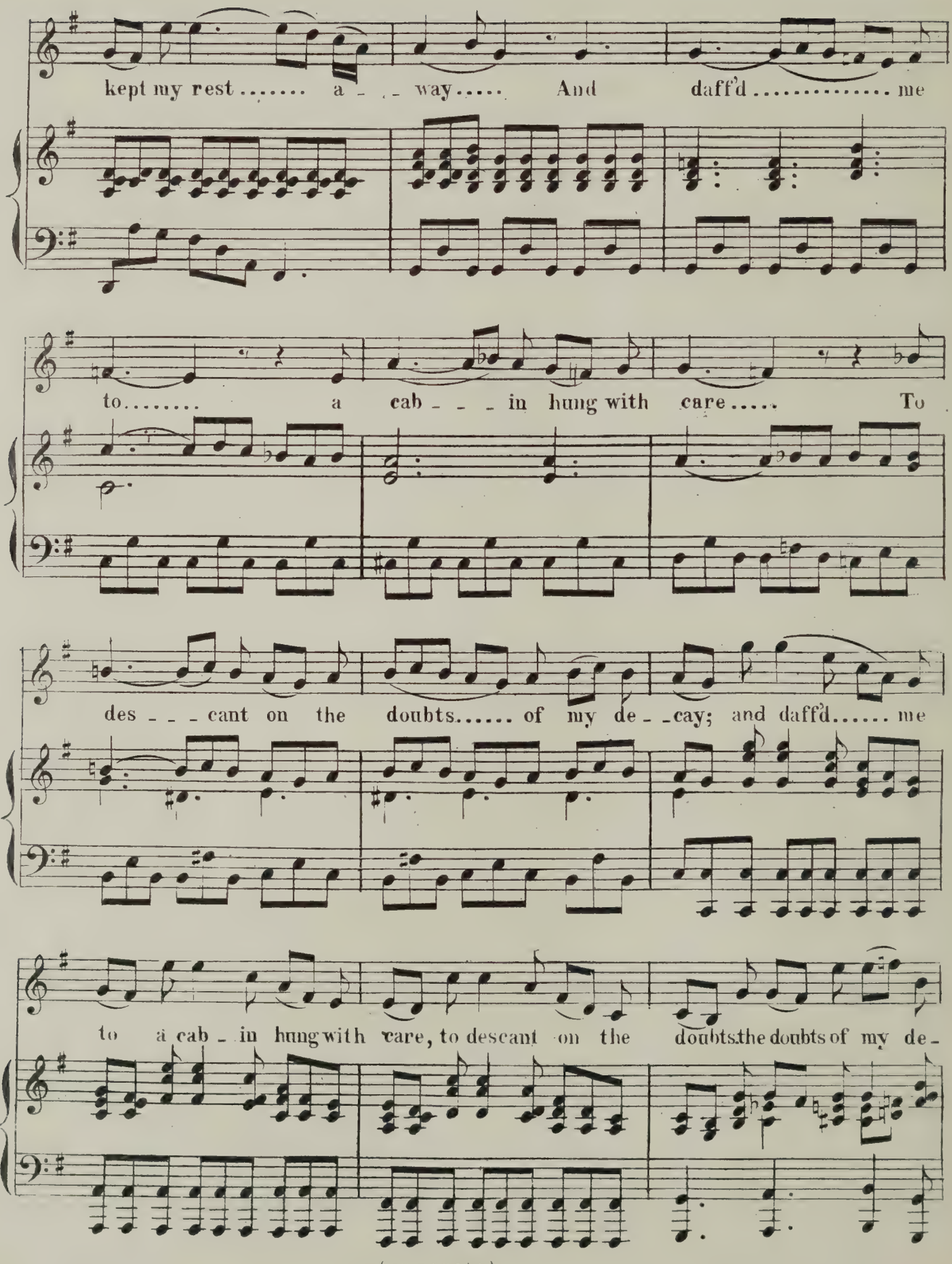

flam - ed shaft or brand May kill as .....
soon as Death's cold hand,... Ex - - - cept Love's
fires the..... vir - - tue have To fright Death's
frost out of the grave.

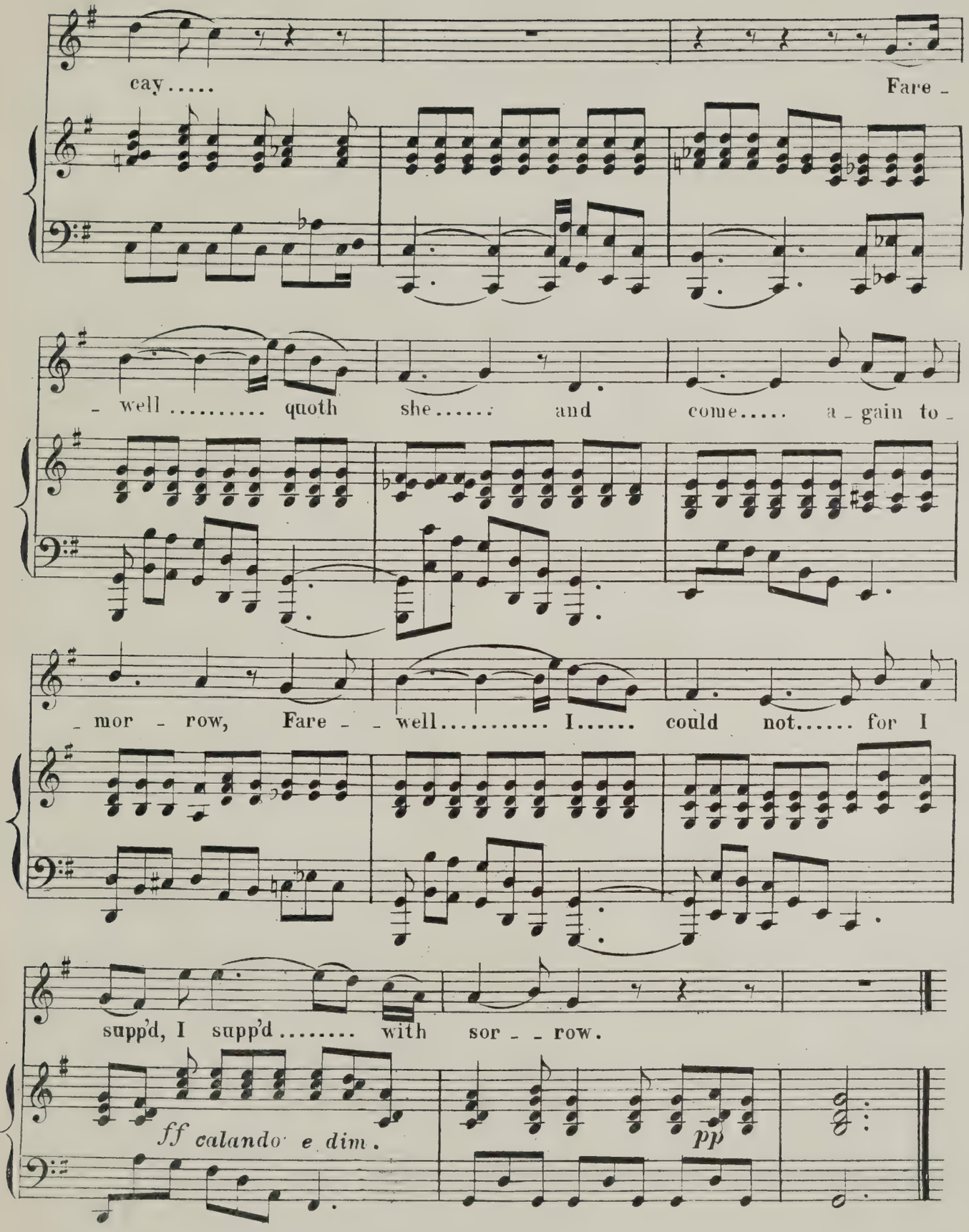
GOOD NIGHT.

SHAKSPERE.
(THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.)

Adagio.



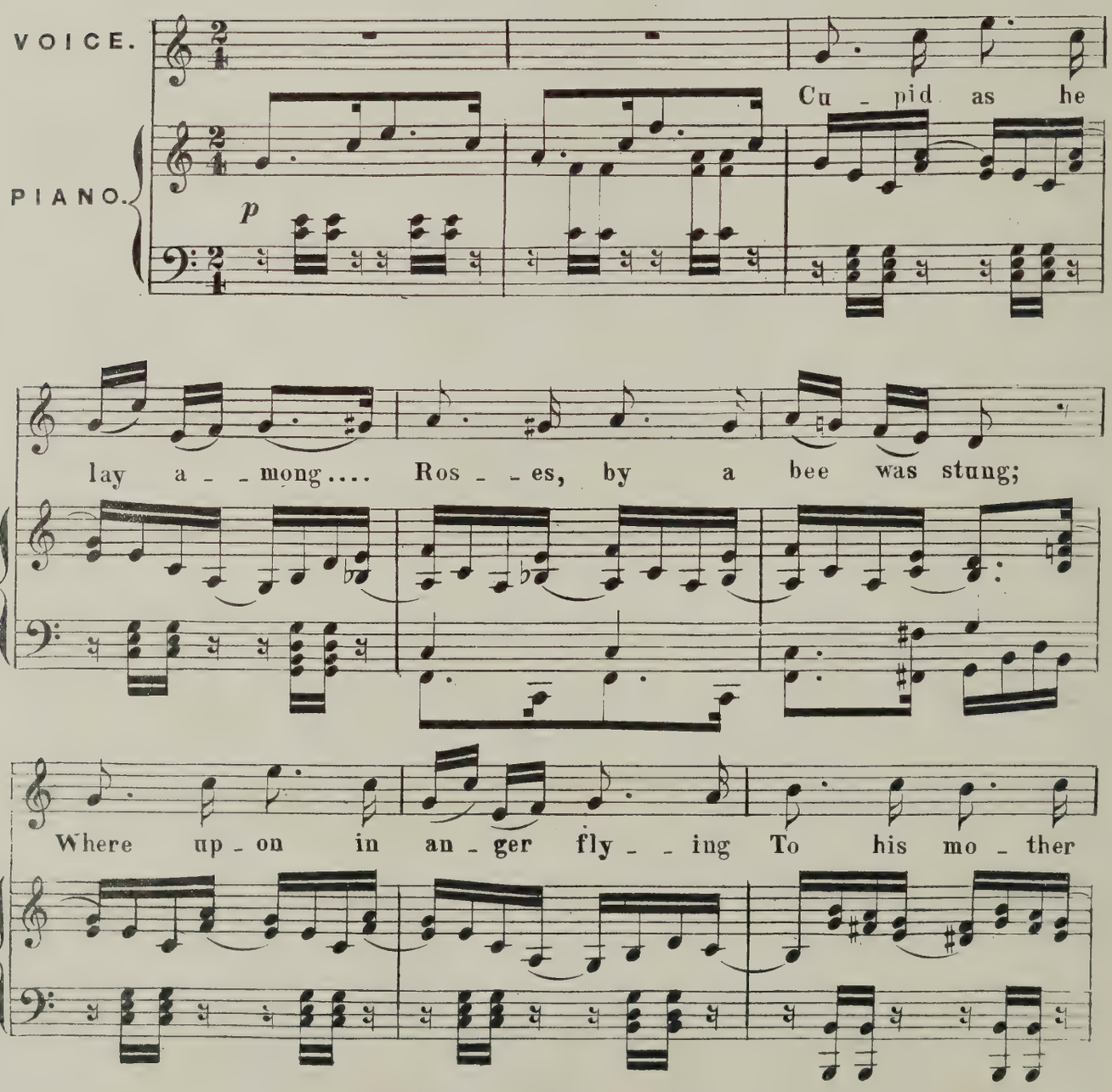

kept my rest ..... a - - way..... And daff'd ..... me
to..... a cab - - - in hung with care..... To
des - - - cant on the doubts..... of my de - - cay; and daff'd..... me
to a cab - in hung with care, to descant on the doubts the doubts of my de -

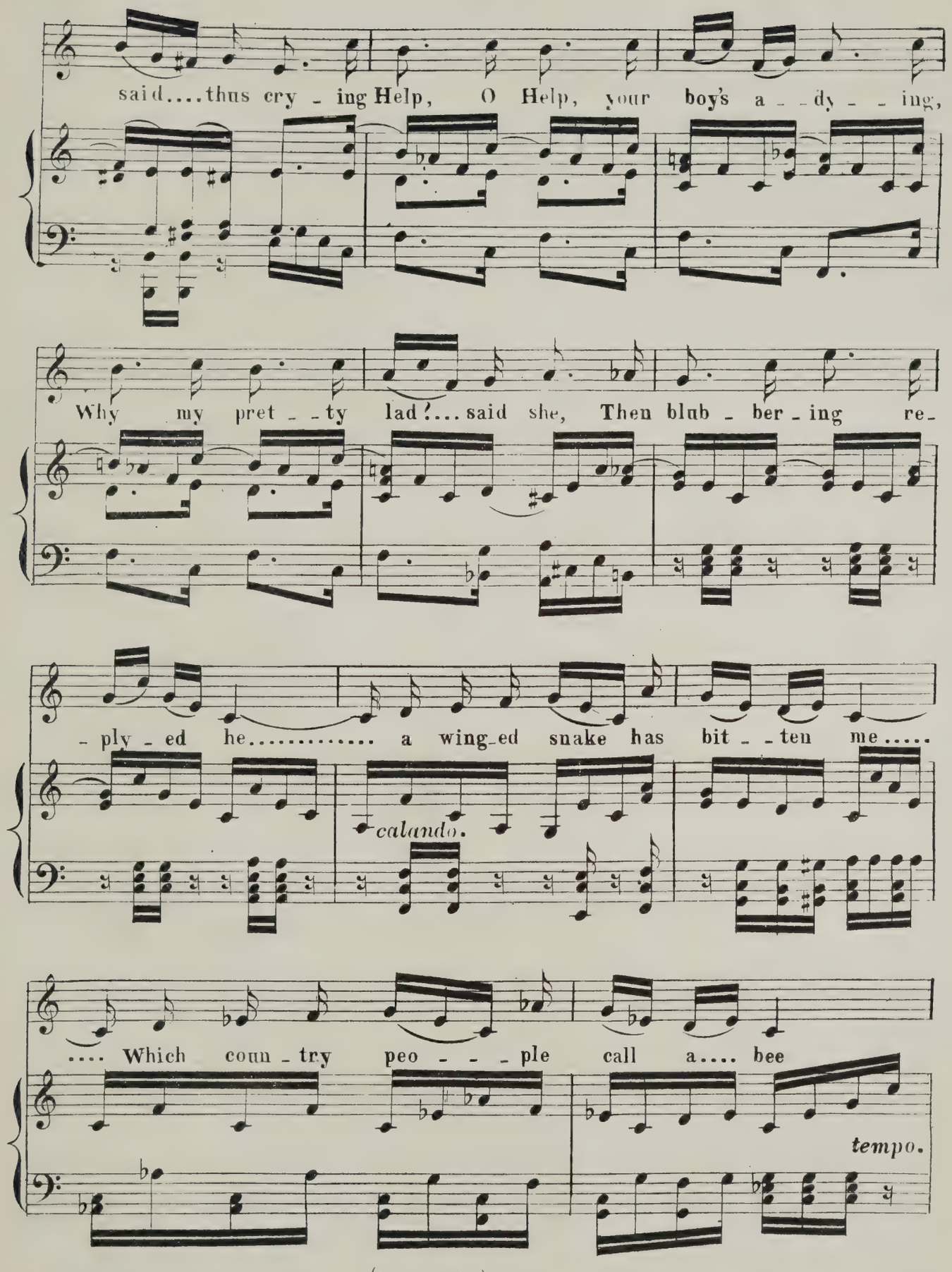

cay.....
Fare -
- well ..... quoth she..... and come..... a - gain to -
- mor - row, Fare - - well..... I..... could not..... for I
supp'd, I supp'd..... with sor - - row.
ff calando e dim.
pp

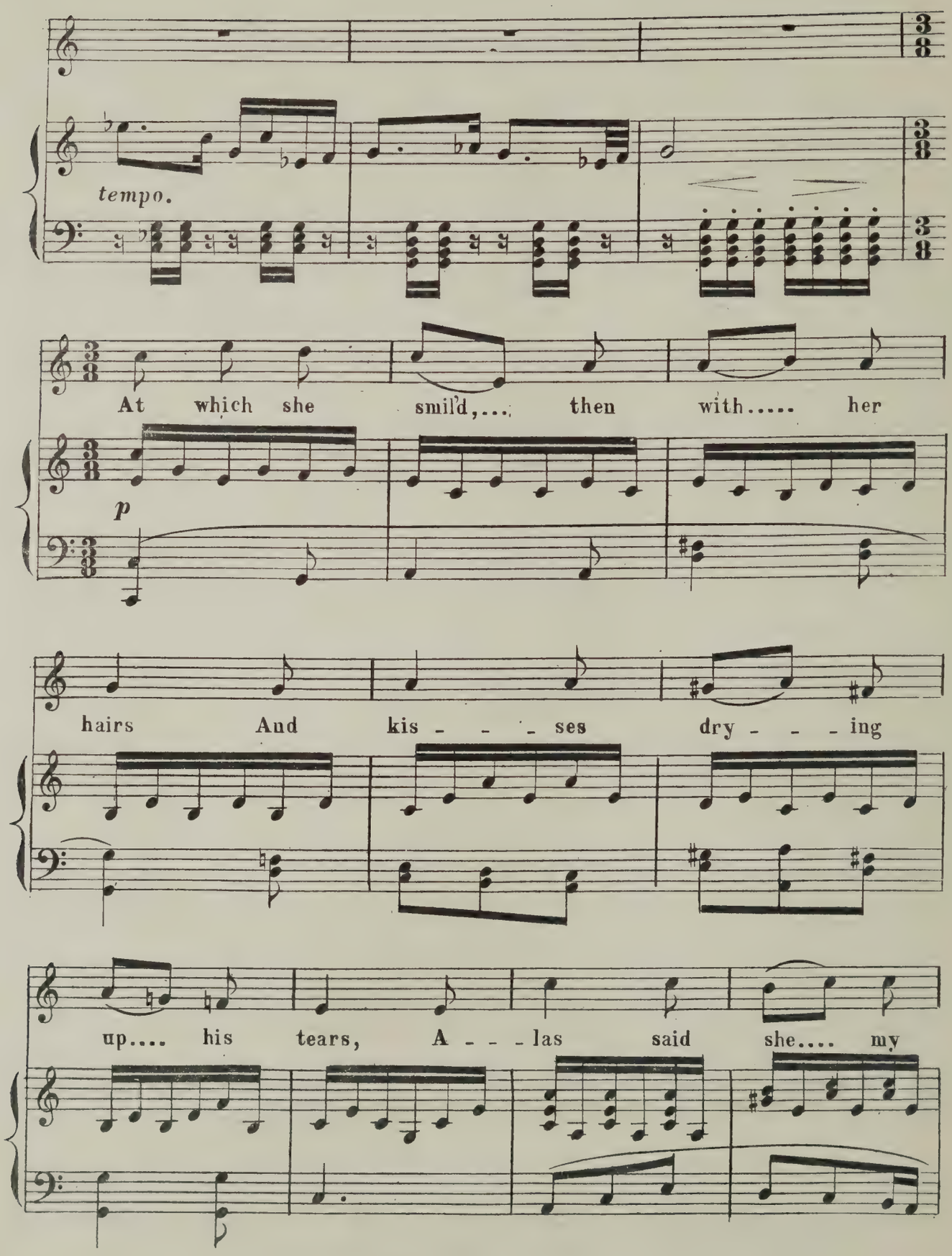
THE WOUNDED CUPID.

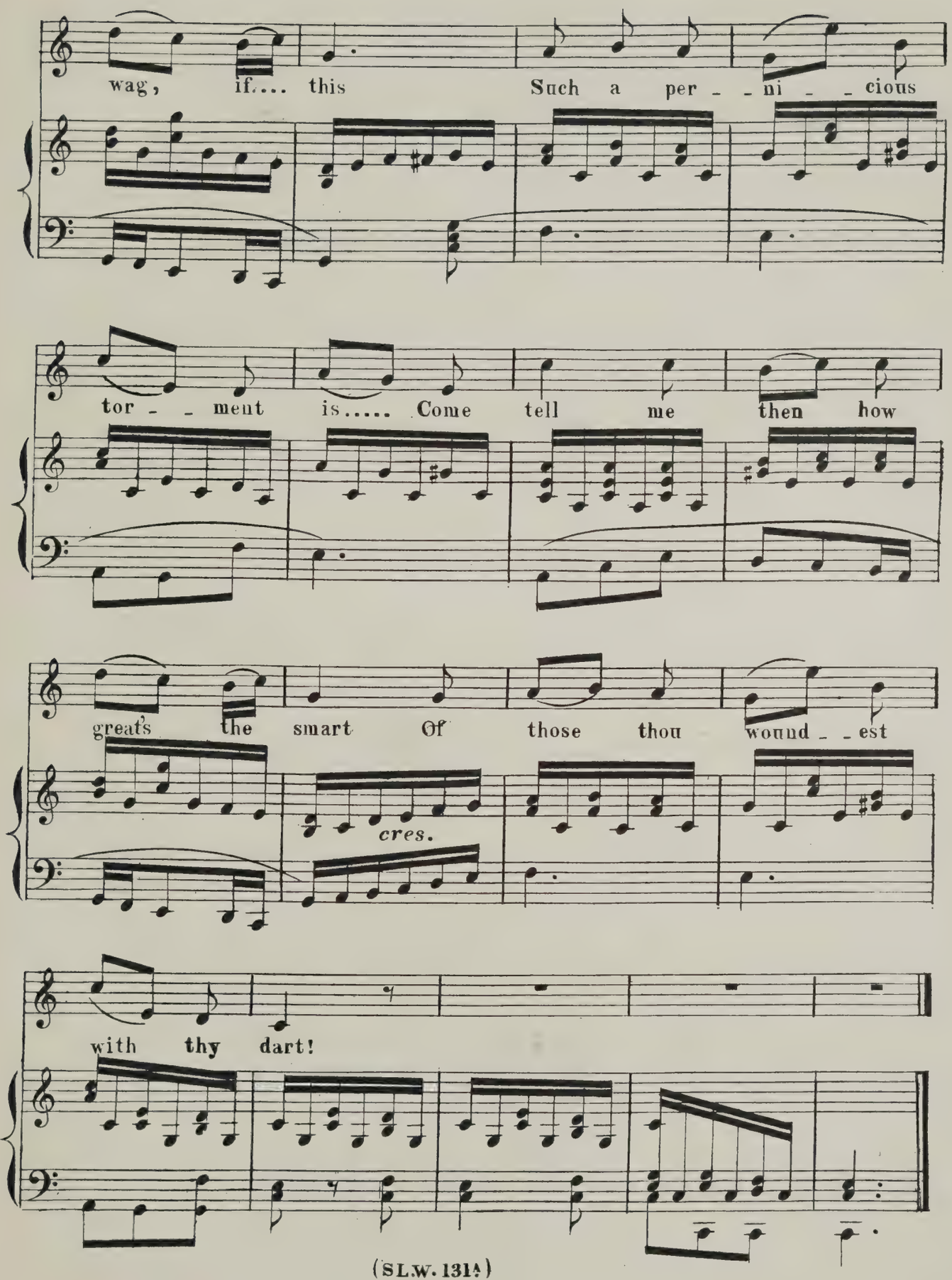
HERRICK (SONG.)

Allegretto.




said....thus cry - ing Help, O Help, your boy's a - - dy - - ing,
Why my pret - - ty lad?... said she, Then blub - ber - ing re-
- ply - ed he..... a wing-ed snake has bit - - ten me.....
calando.
.... Which coun - try peo - - - ple call a.... bee
tempo.


tempo.
At which she smil'd,... then with..... her
p
hairs And kis - - - ses dry - - - ing
up.... his tears, A - - - las said she.... my

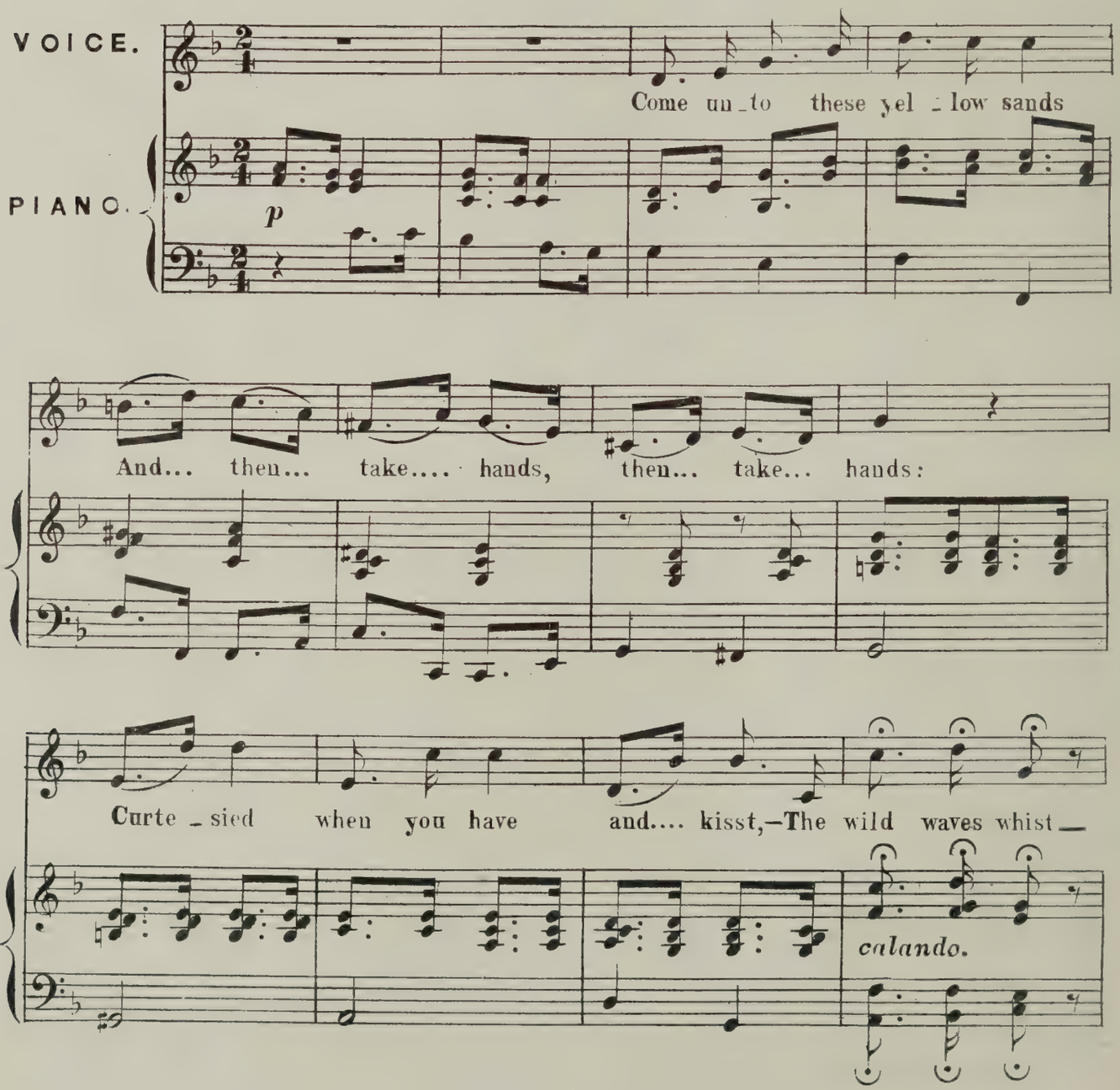

wag, if.... this Such a per - - ni - - cious
tor - - ment is..... Come tell me then how
great's the smart Of those thou wound - - est
cres.
with thy dart!

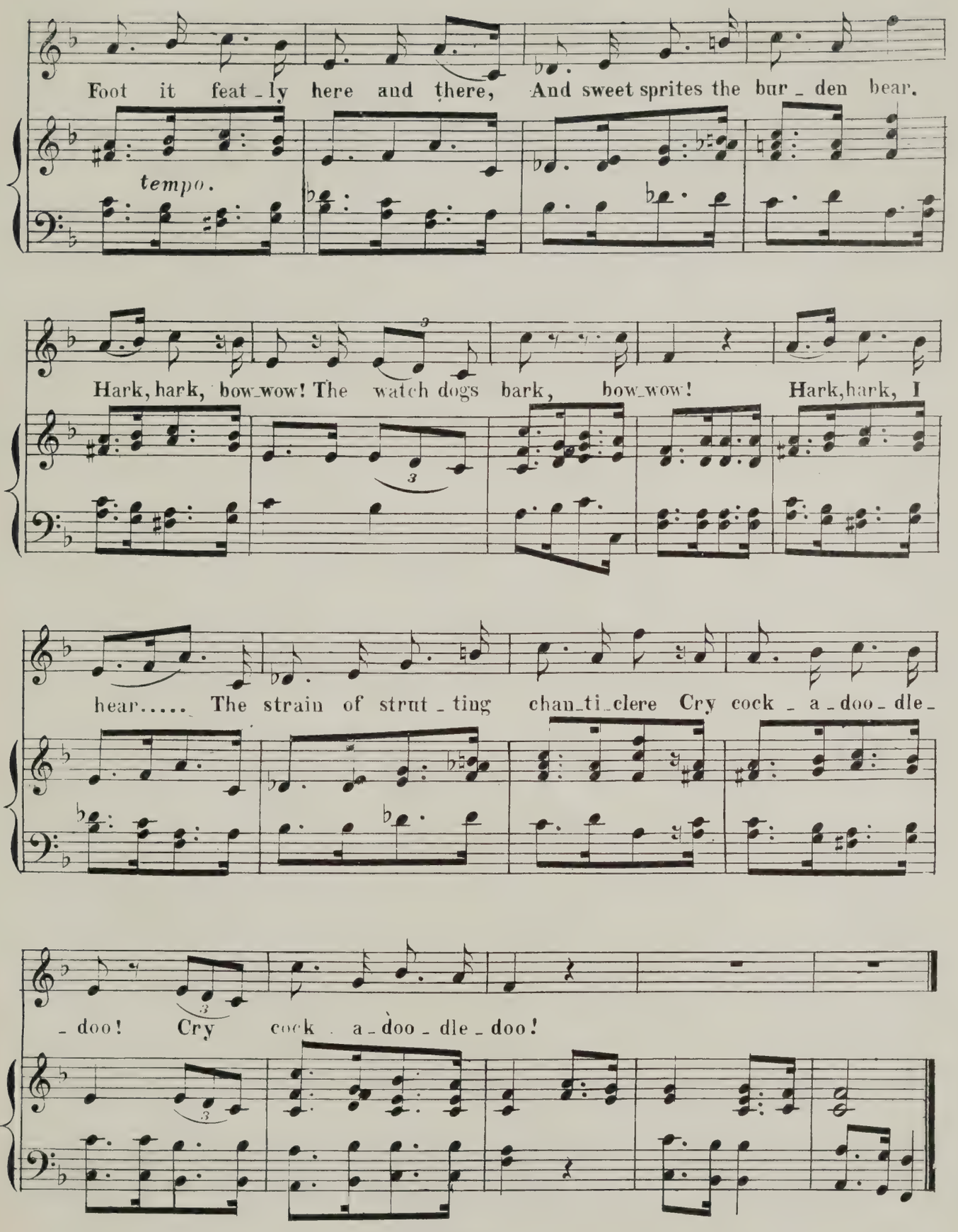
COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

SHAKSPERE.

(TEMPEST.)

Vivace.



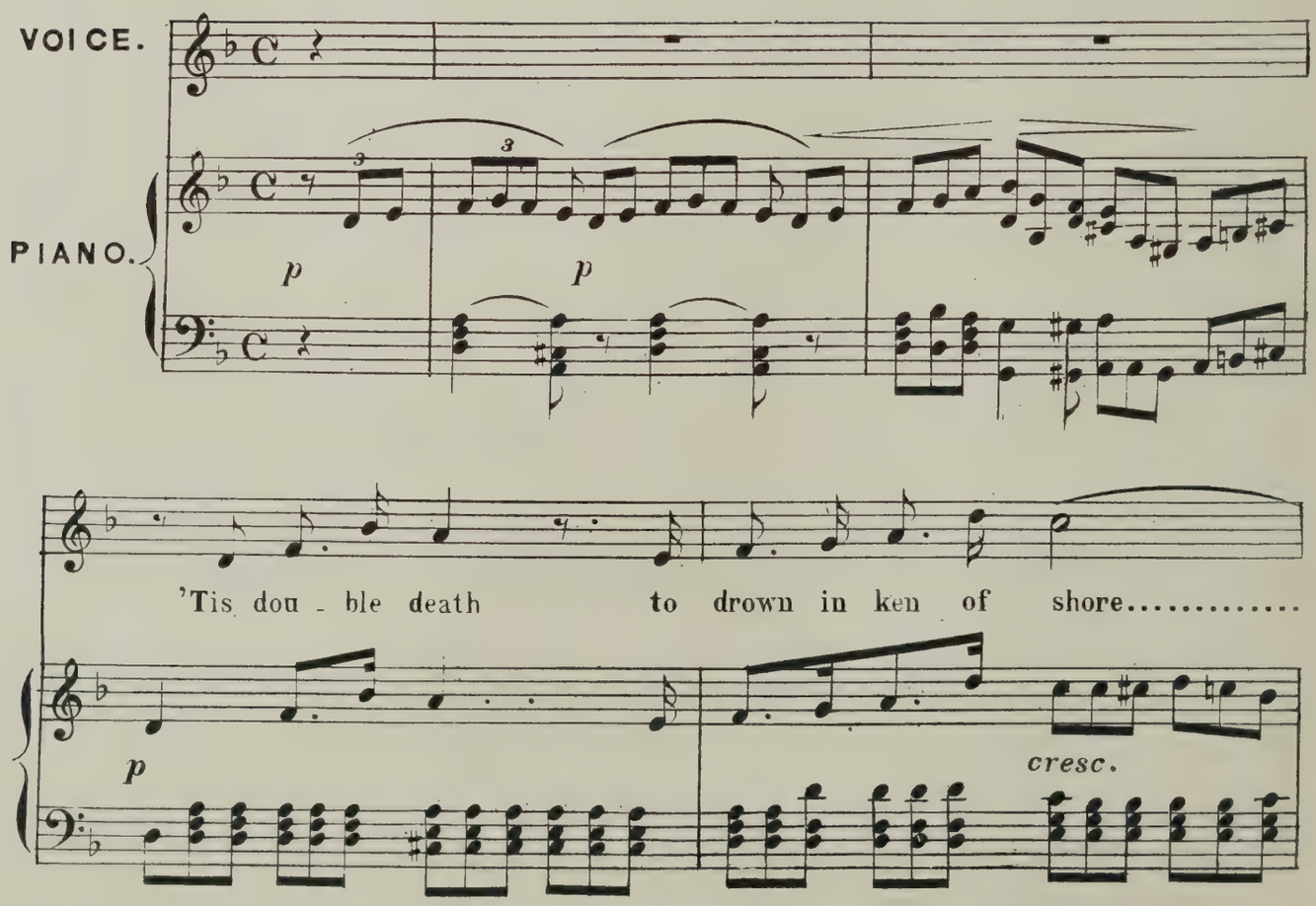

Foot it feat_ly here and there, And sweet sprites the bur_den bear.
tempo.
Hark, hark, bow_wow! The watch dogs bark, bow_wow! Hark, hark, I
hear..... The strain of strut_ting chan_ti_clere Cry cock_a_doo_dle_
_doo! Cry cock a_doo_dle_doo!

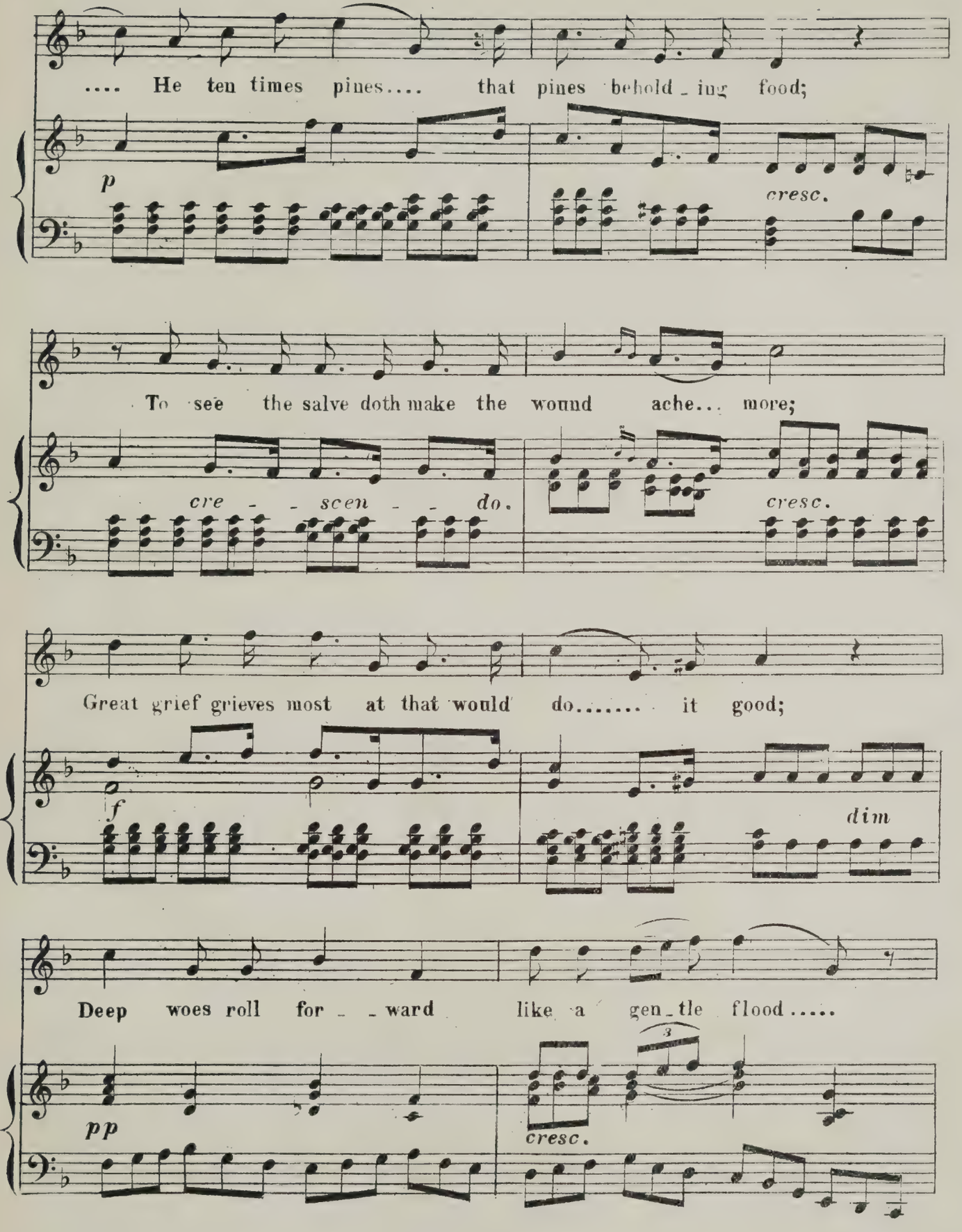
'TIS DOUBLE DEATH.

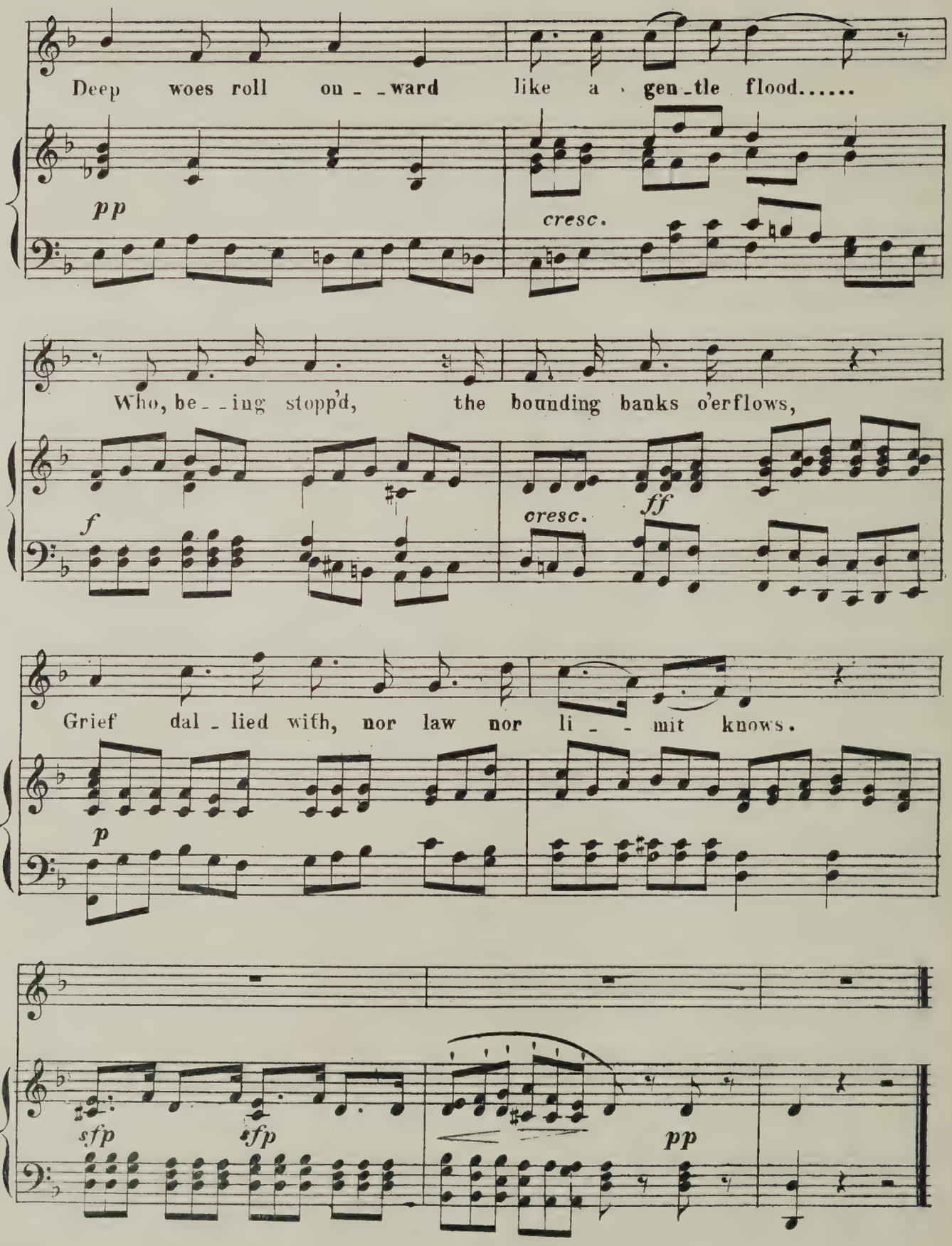
SHAKESPERE.

(STANZA FROM LUCRECE.)

Moderato.



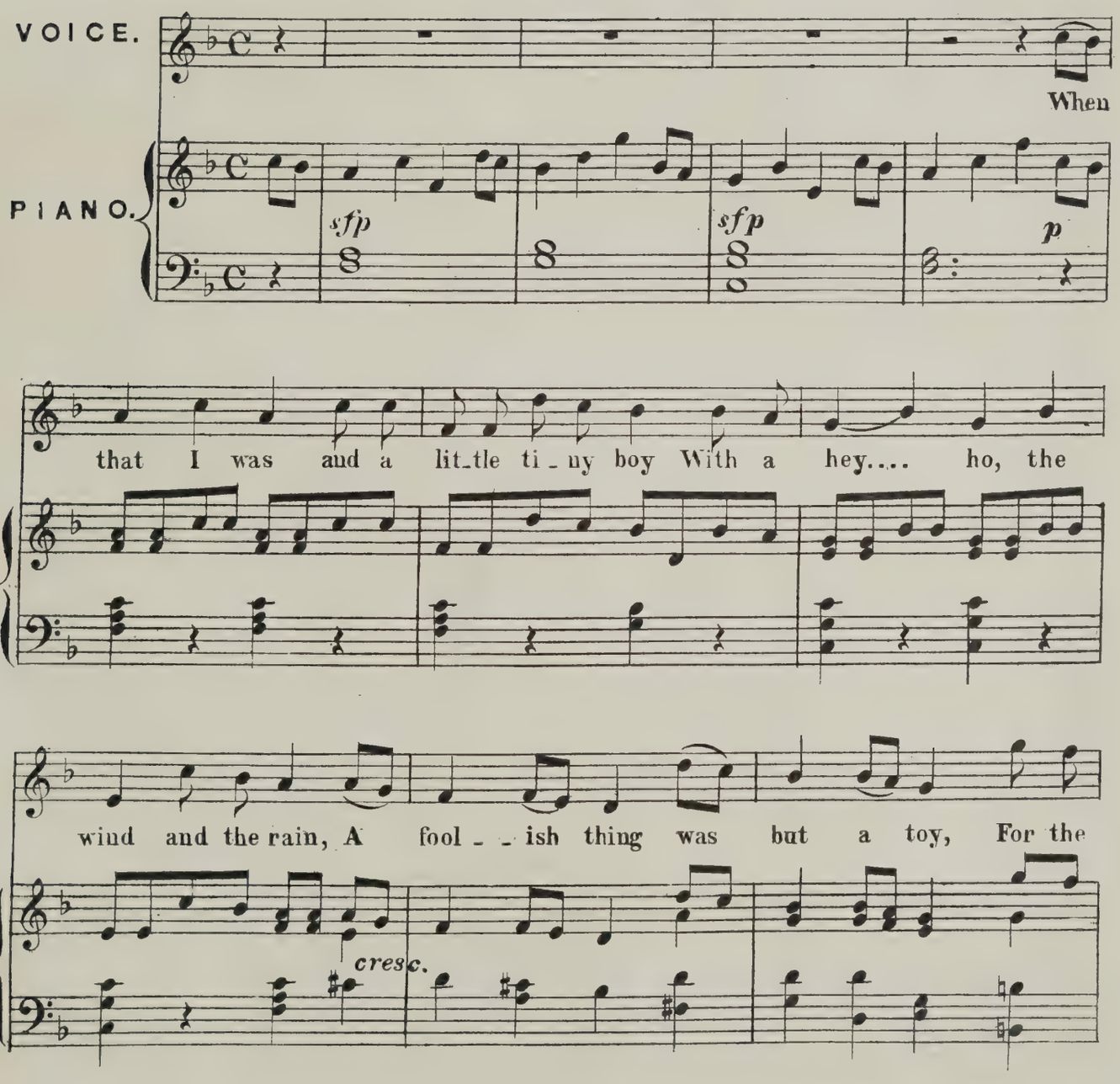

.... He ten times pines.... that pines behold_ing food;
p
cresc.
To see the salve doth make the wound ache... more;
cre - - scen - - do.
cresc.
Great grief grieves most at that would do..... it good;
f
dim
Deep woes roll for - - ward like a gen_tle flood.....
pp
cresc.

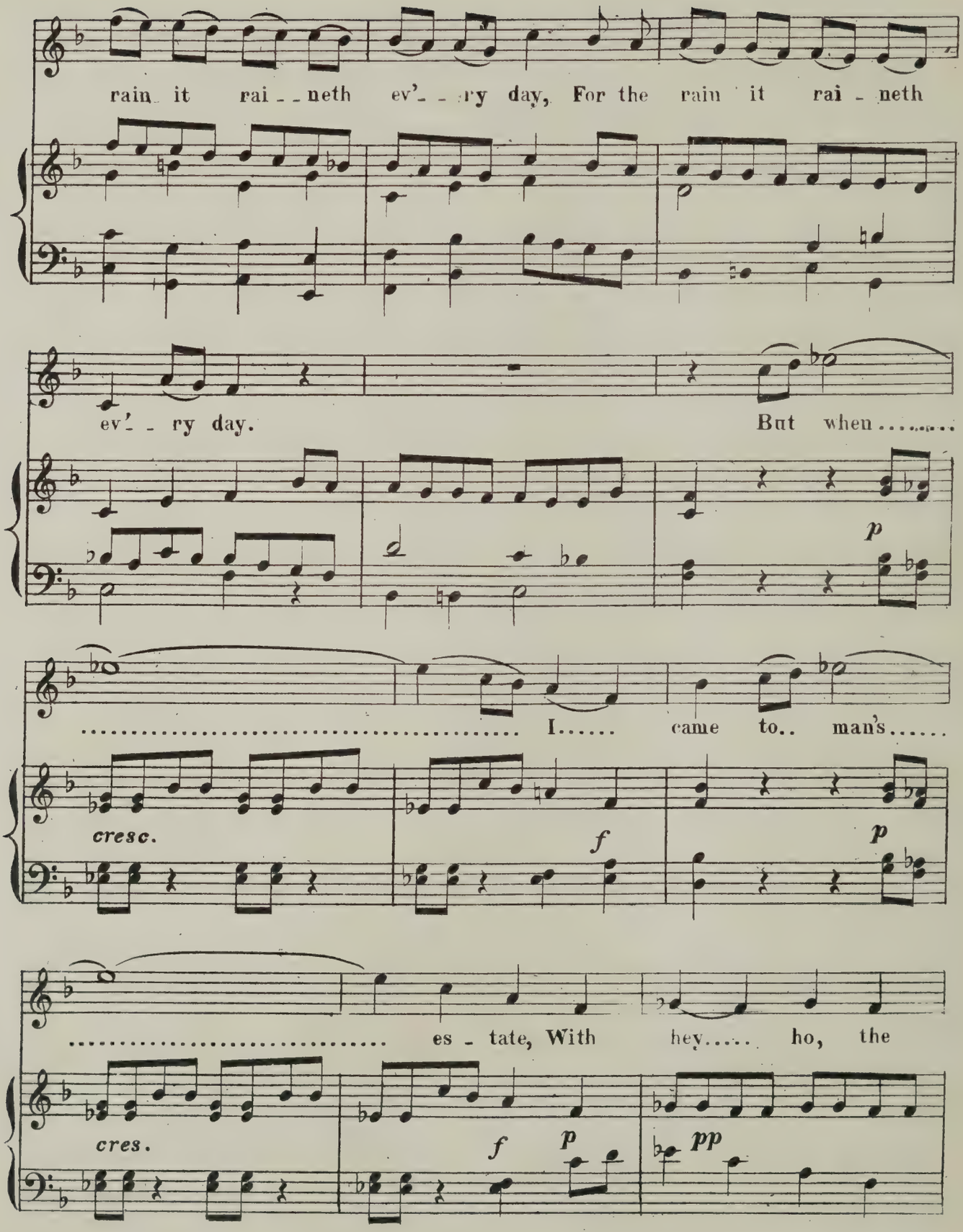

Deep woes roll ou - - ward like a gen - tle flood.....
pp
cresc.
Who, be - - ing stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows,
f
cresc.
ff
Grief dal - lied with, nor law nor li - - mit knows.
p
sfp
sfp
pp

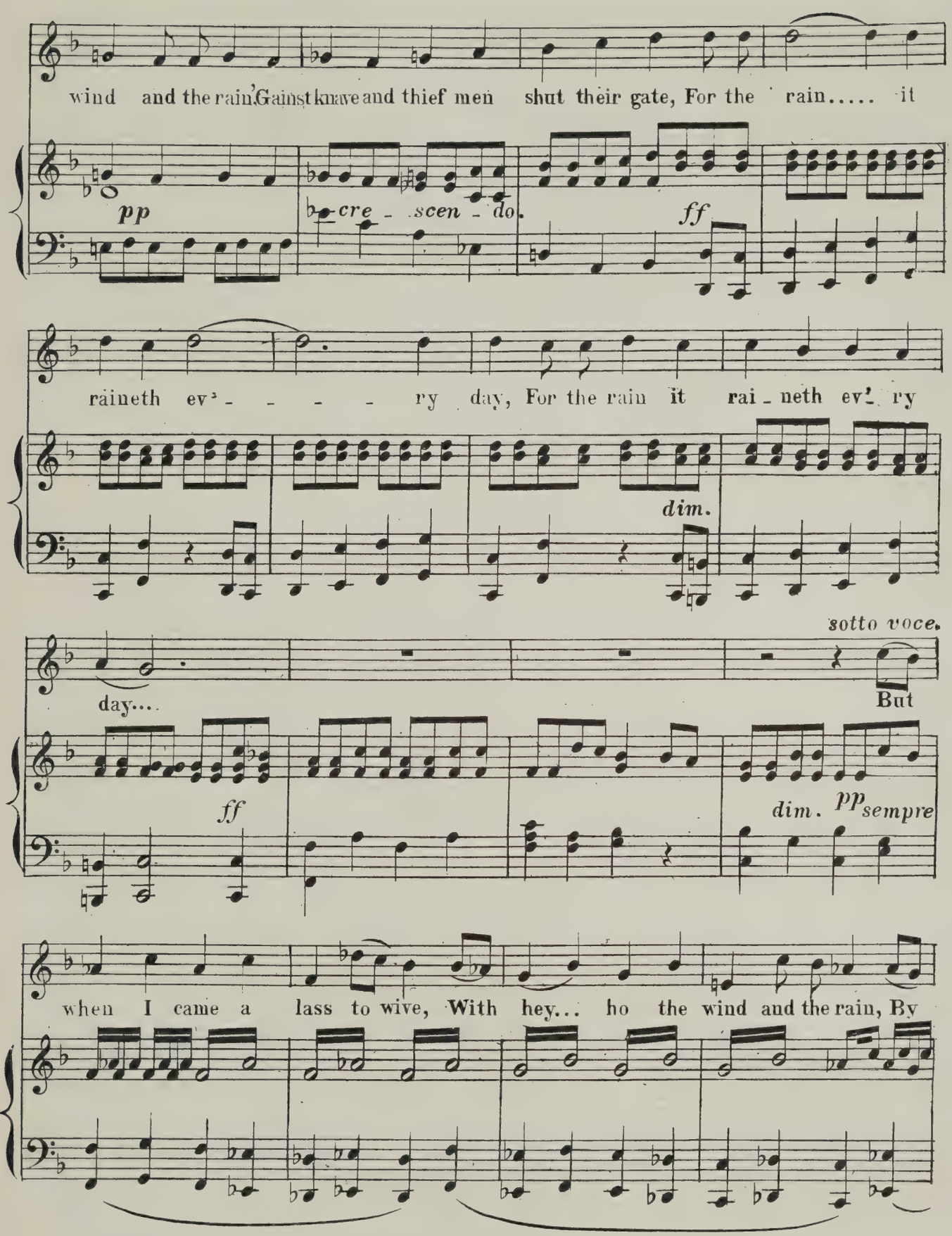
WHEN THAT I WAS AND A LITTLE TINY BOY.

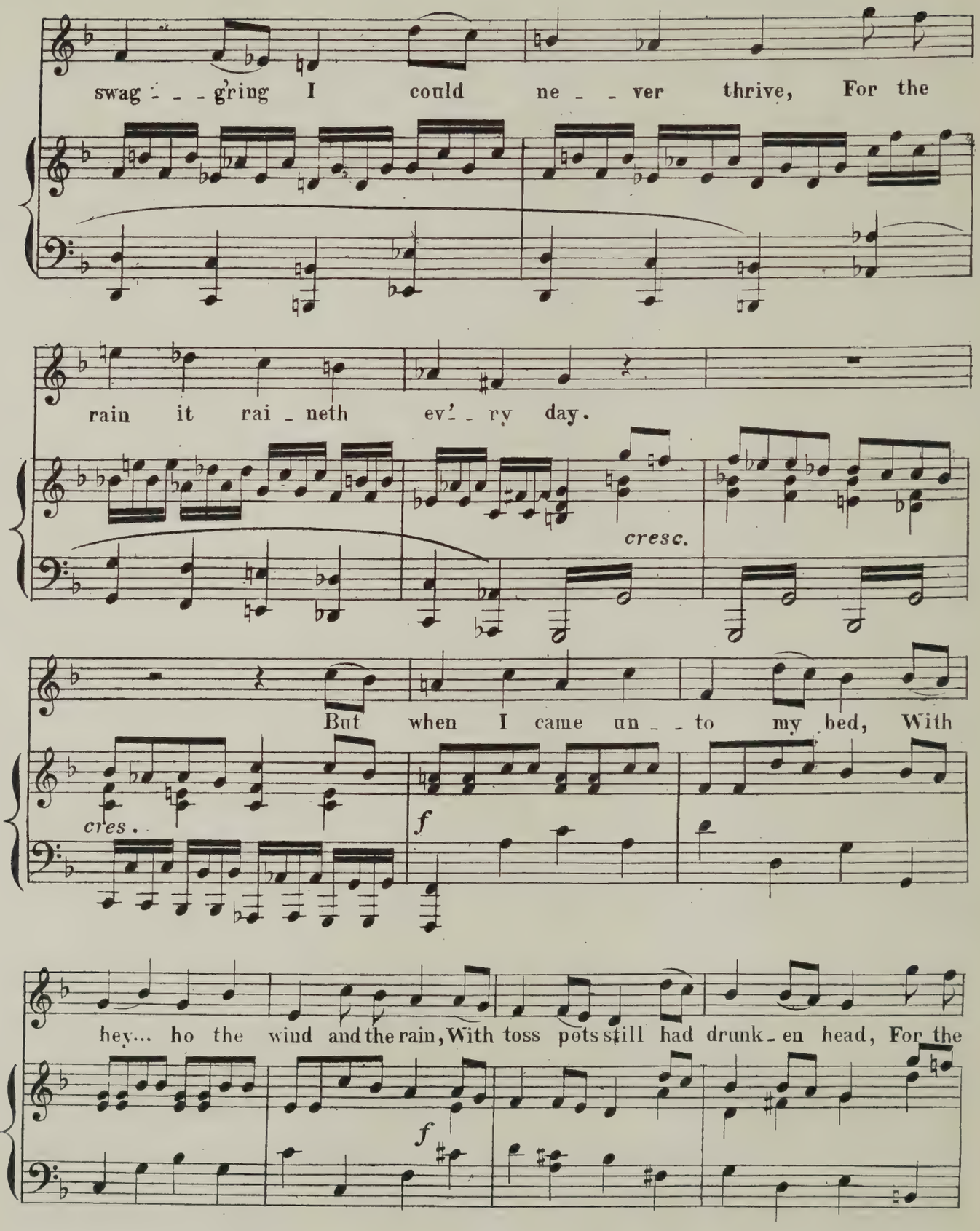
SHAKSPERE.
(TWELFTH NIGHT.)

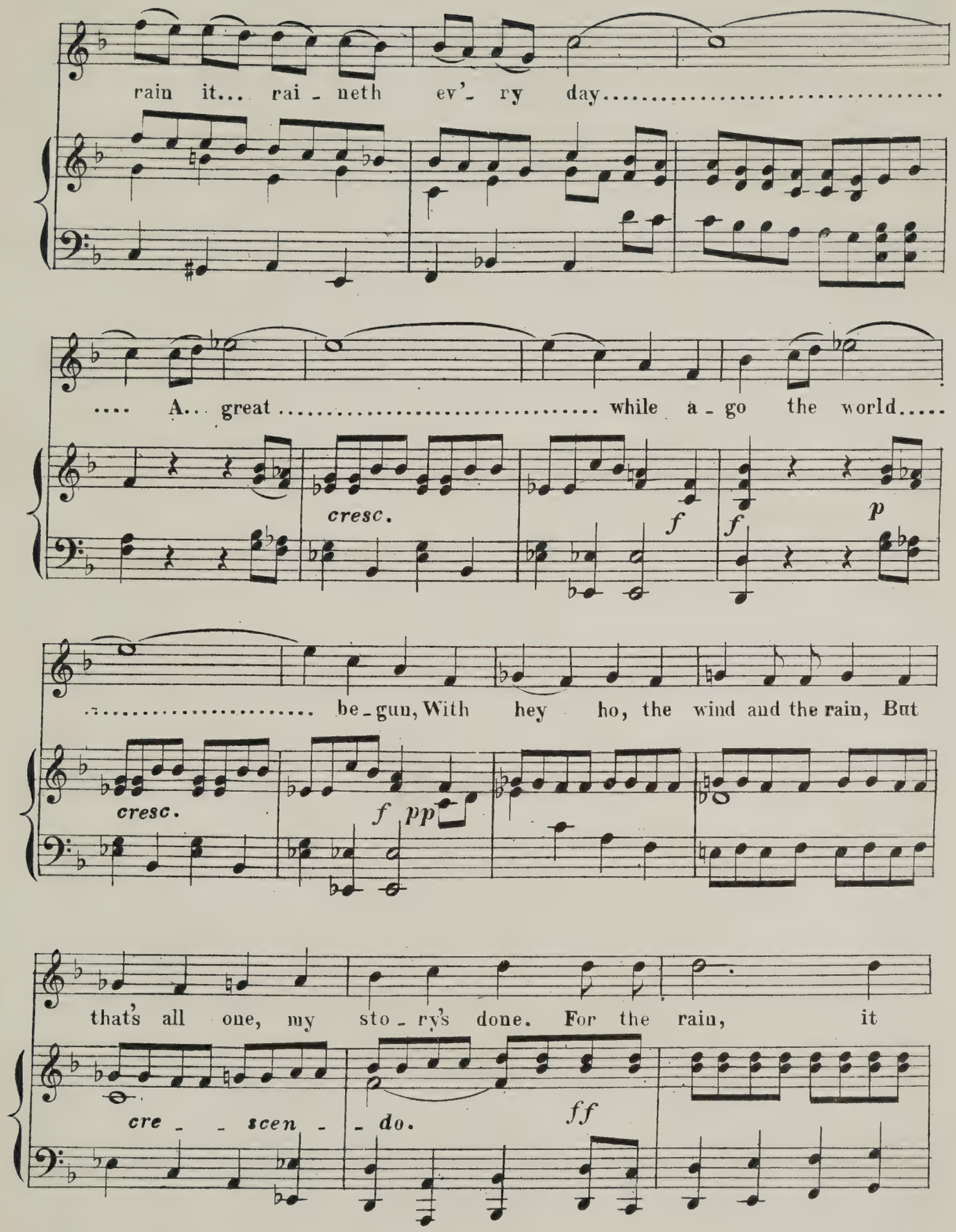
Allegro.

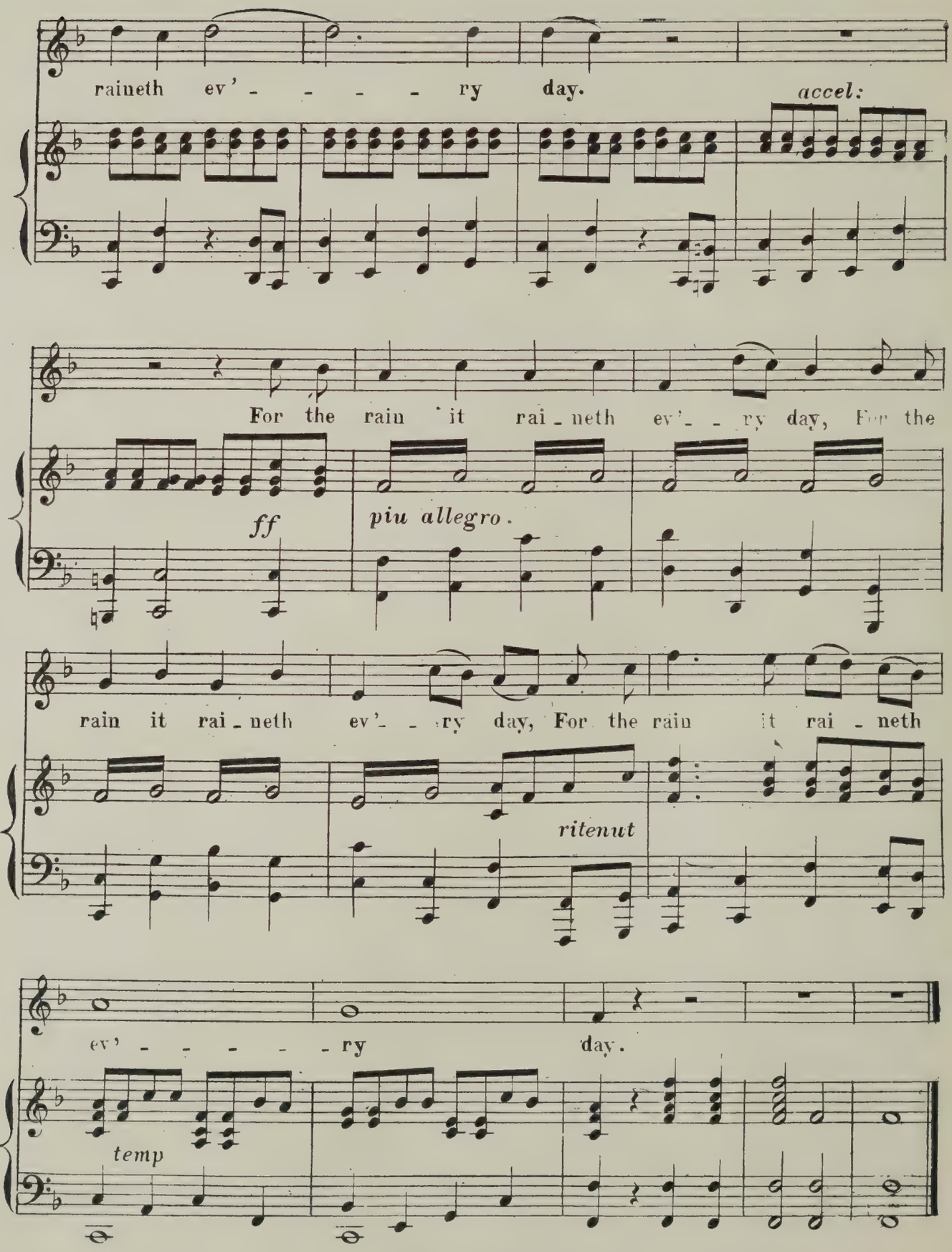



rain it rai - - neth ev'- - ry day, For the rain it rai - neth
ev'- - ry day. But when.....
p
..... I..... came to.. man's.....
cresc.
f
p
..... es - tate, With hey..... ho, the
cres.
f
p
pp


wind and the rain, Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate, For the rain..... it
pp
cre - scen - do.
ff
raineth ev'- - - - ry day, For the rain it rai - neth ev'- ry
dim.
sotto voce.
day....
But
ff
dim.
pp sempre
when I came a lass to wive, With hey... ho the wind and the rain, By


swag - - - gring I could ne - - ver thrive, For the
rain it rai - neth ev'- ry day.
cresc.
But when I came un - - to my bed, With
cres.
f
hey... ho the wind and the rain, With toss pots still had drunk - en head, For the
f


rain it... rai - neth ev'- ry day.....
.... A... great ..... while a - go the world.....
cresc.
f
f
p
..... be - gun, With hey ho, the wind and the rain, But
cresc.
f pp
that's all one, my sto - ry's done. For the rain, it
cre - - scen - - do.
ff

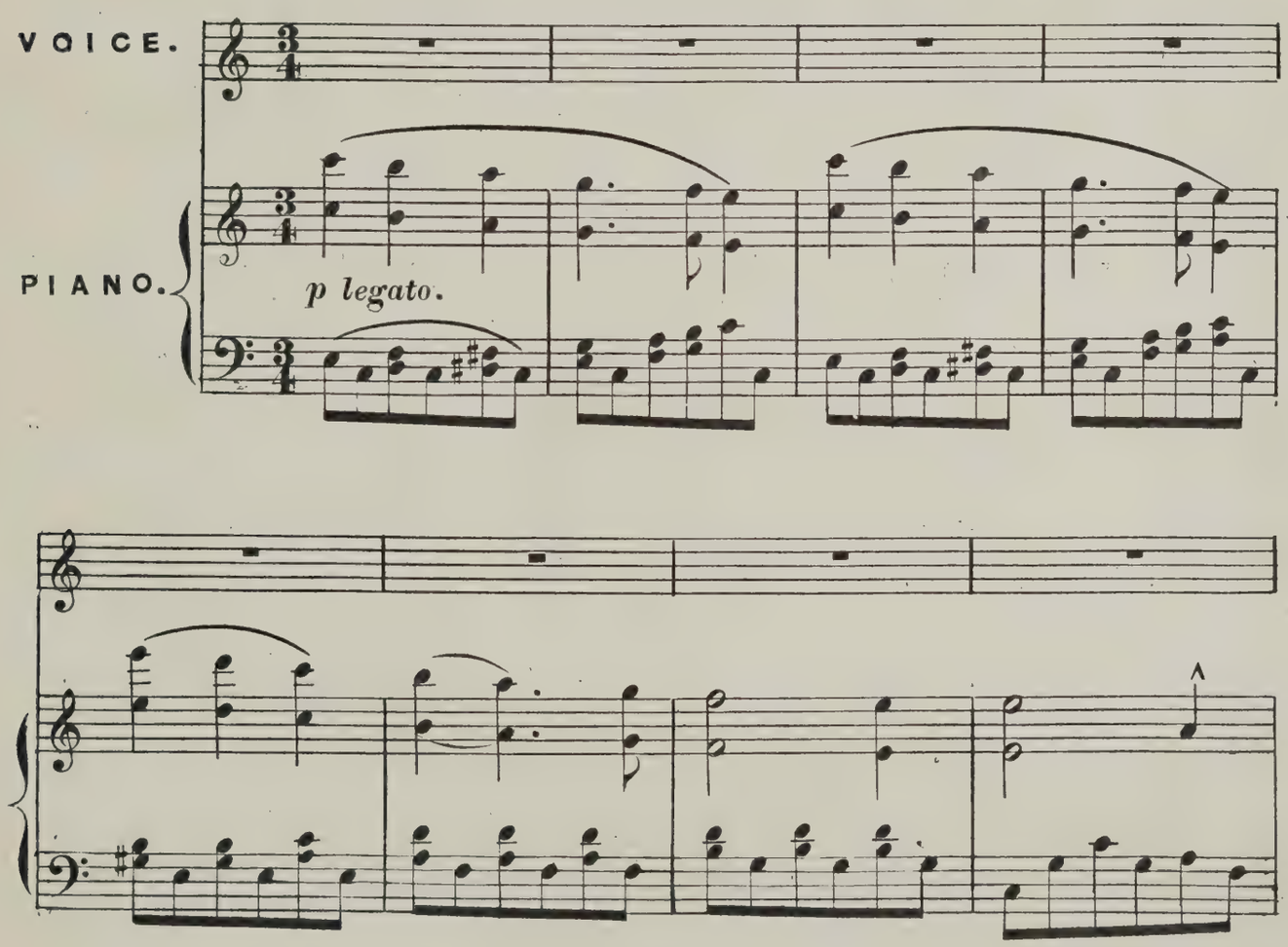

raineth ev' - - - - ry day.
accel:
For the rain it rai - neth ev' - - ry day, For the
ff
piu allegro.
rain it rai - neth ev' - - ry day, For the rain it rai - neth
ritenut
ev' - - - - - ry day.
temp

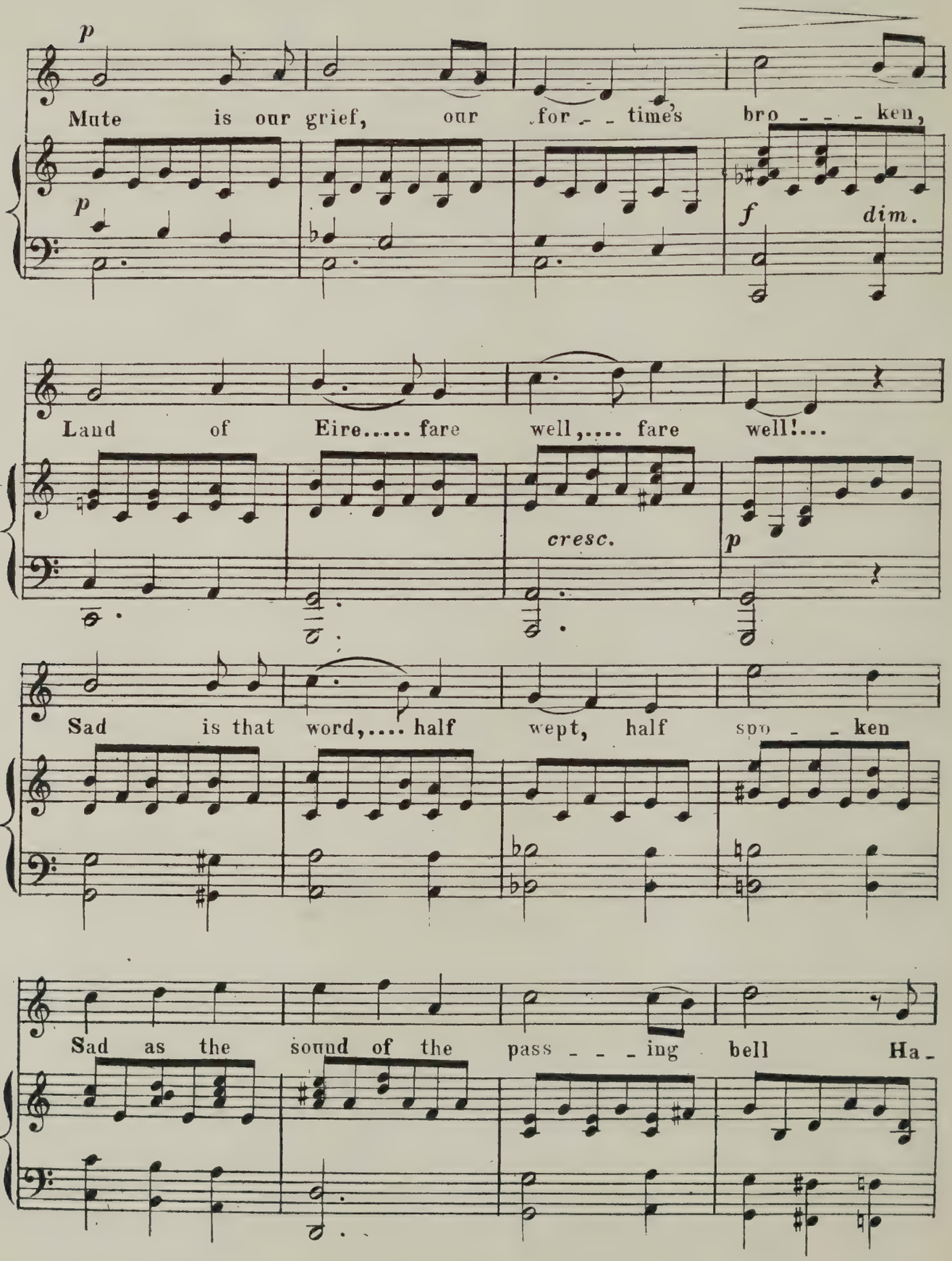
"HATILL!"

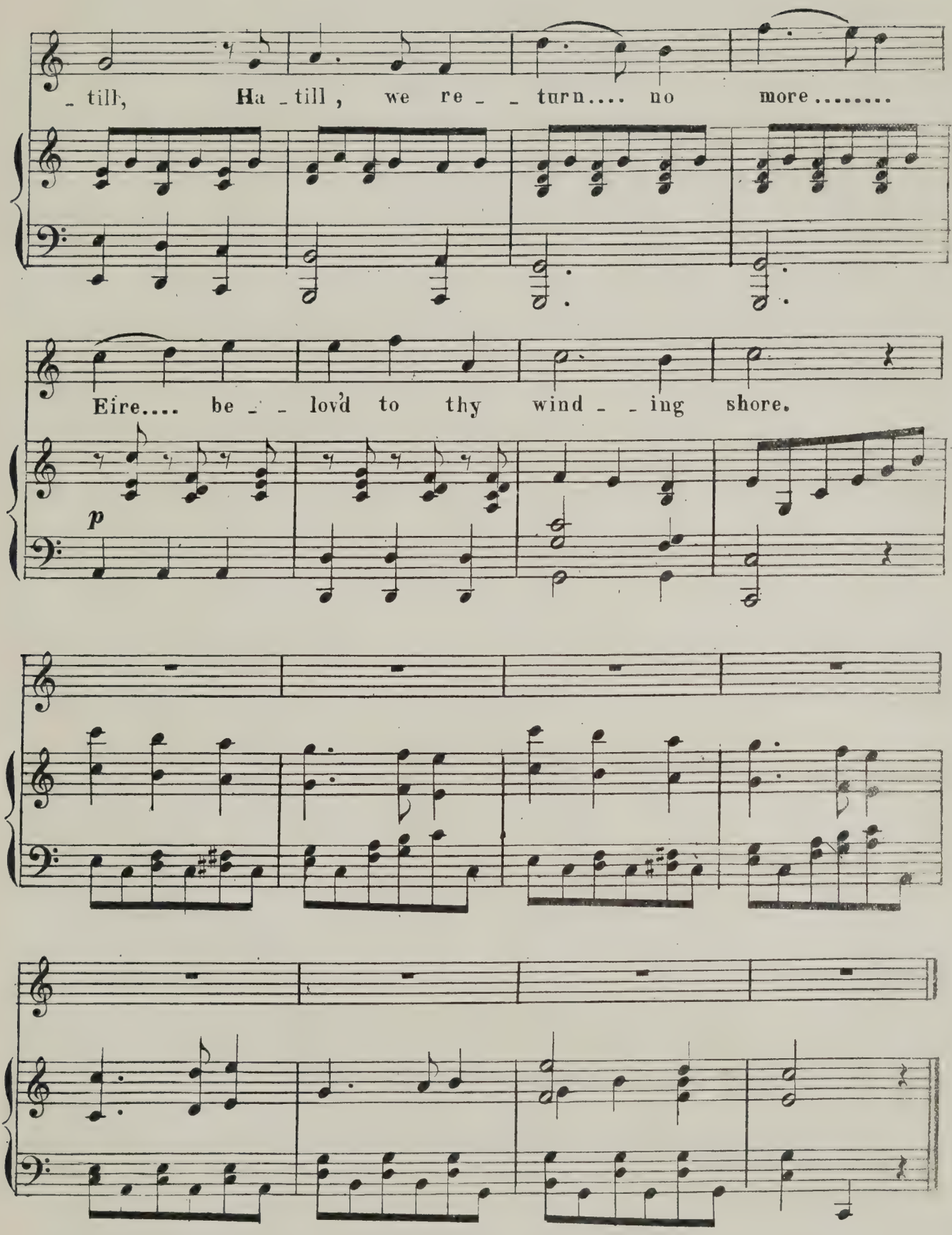
(FAREWELL.)

WORDS BY **MISS C. CADDELL.**

Andante affetuoso.

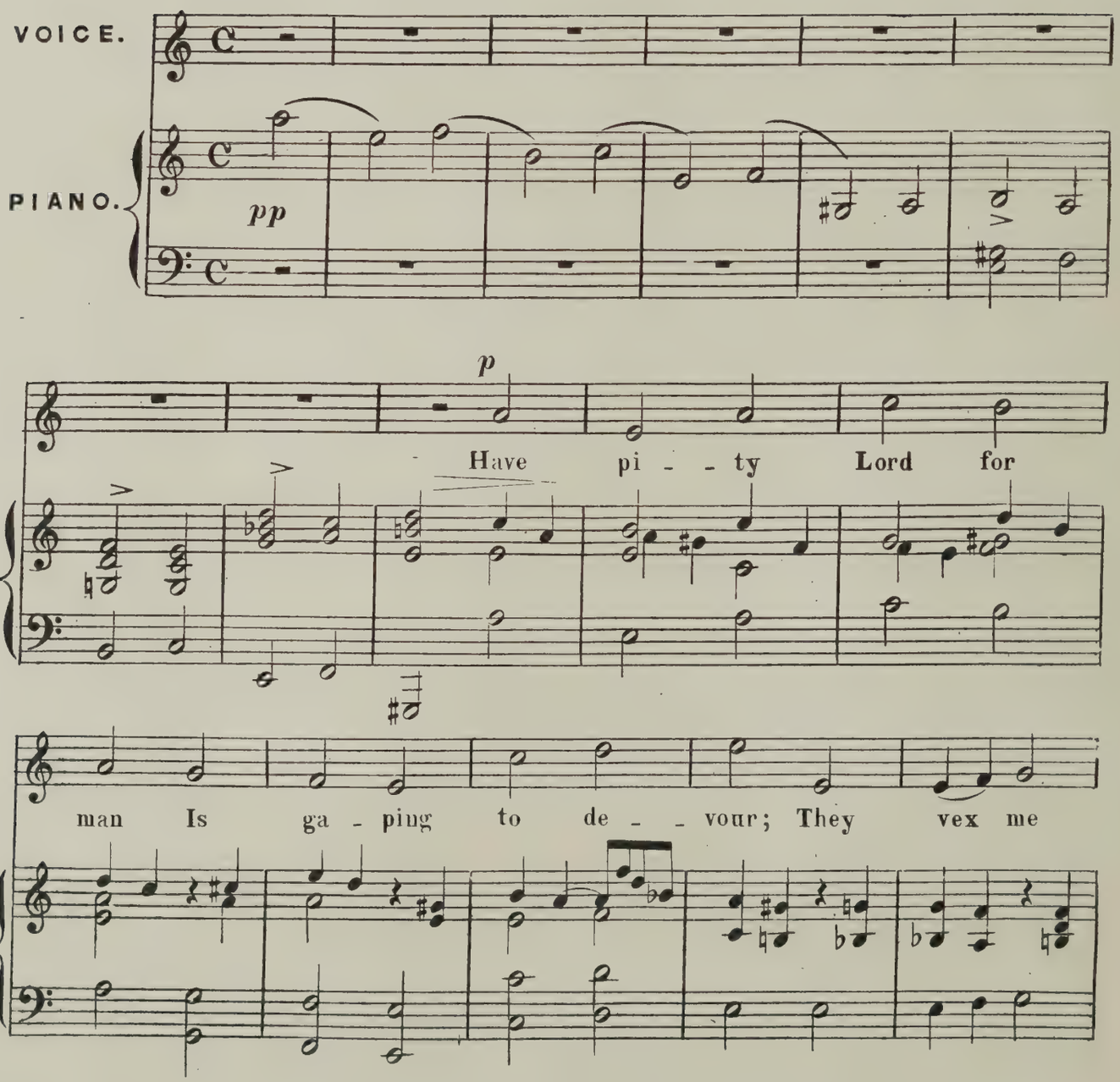


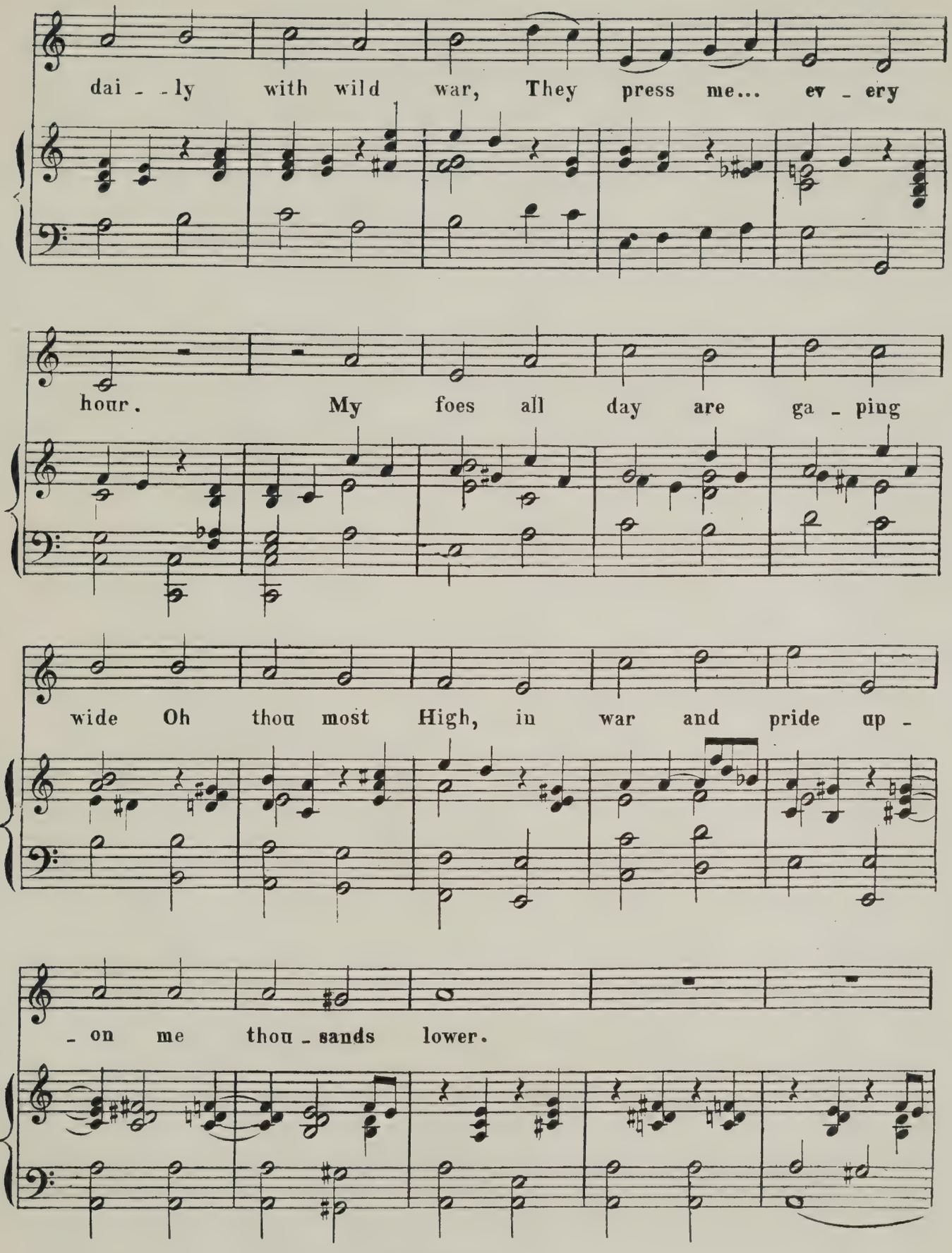

p
Mute is our grief, our for - - time's bro - - - ken,
p
f dim.
Land of Eire..... fare well,..... fare well!...
cresc.
p
Sad is that word,..... half wept, half spo - - ken
Sad as the sound of the pass - - - ing bell Ha -

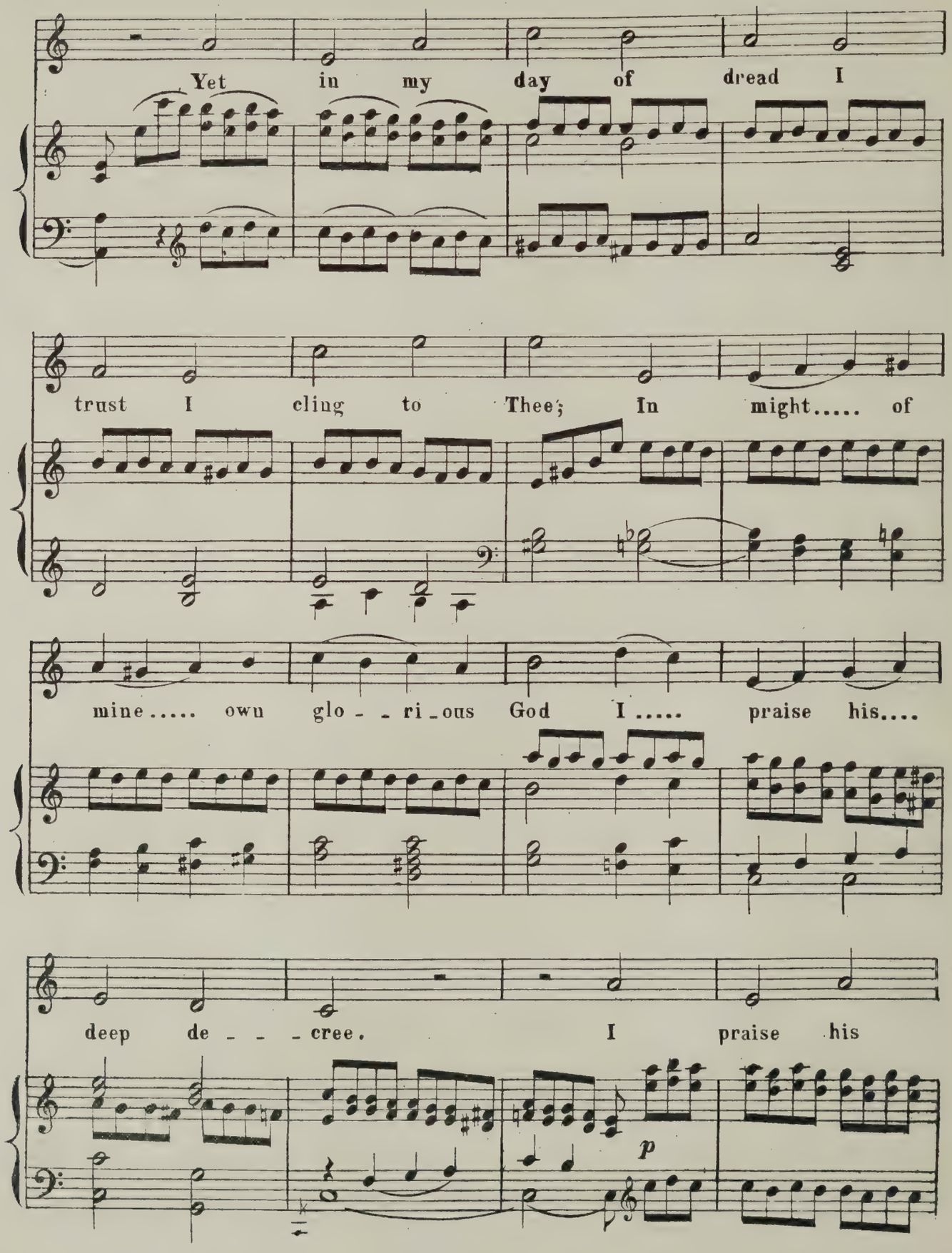

- till, Ha - till, we re - - turn.... no more.....
Eire.... be - - lov'd to thy wind - - ing shore.
p

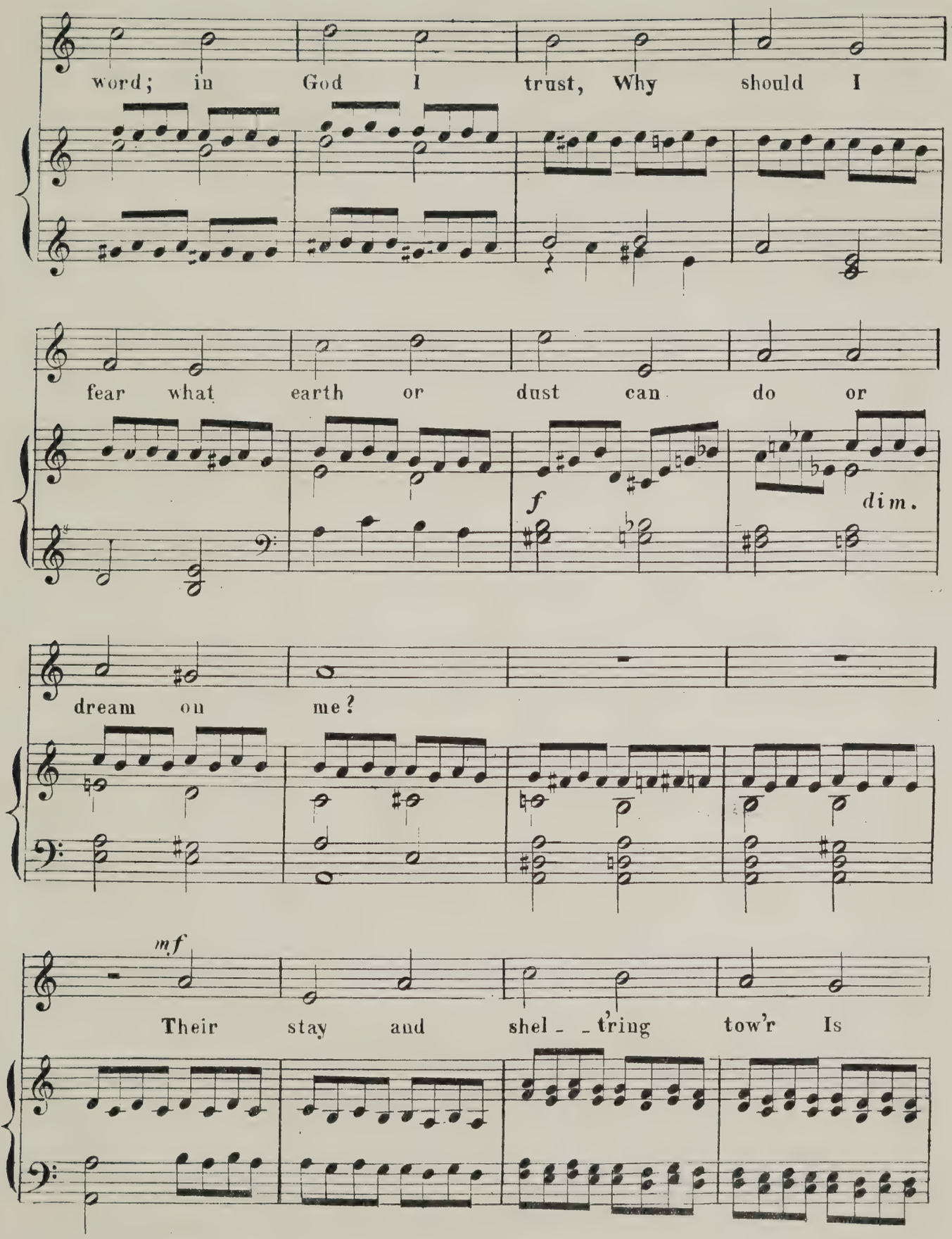
SACRED SONG.

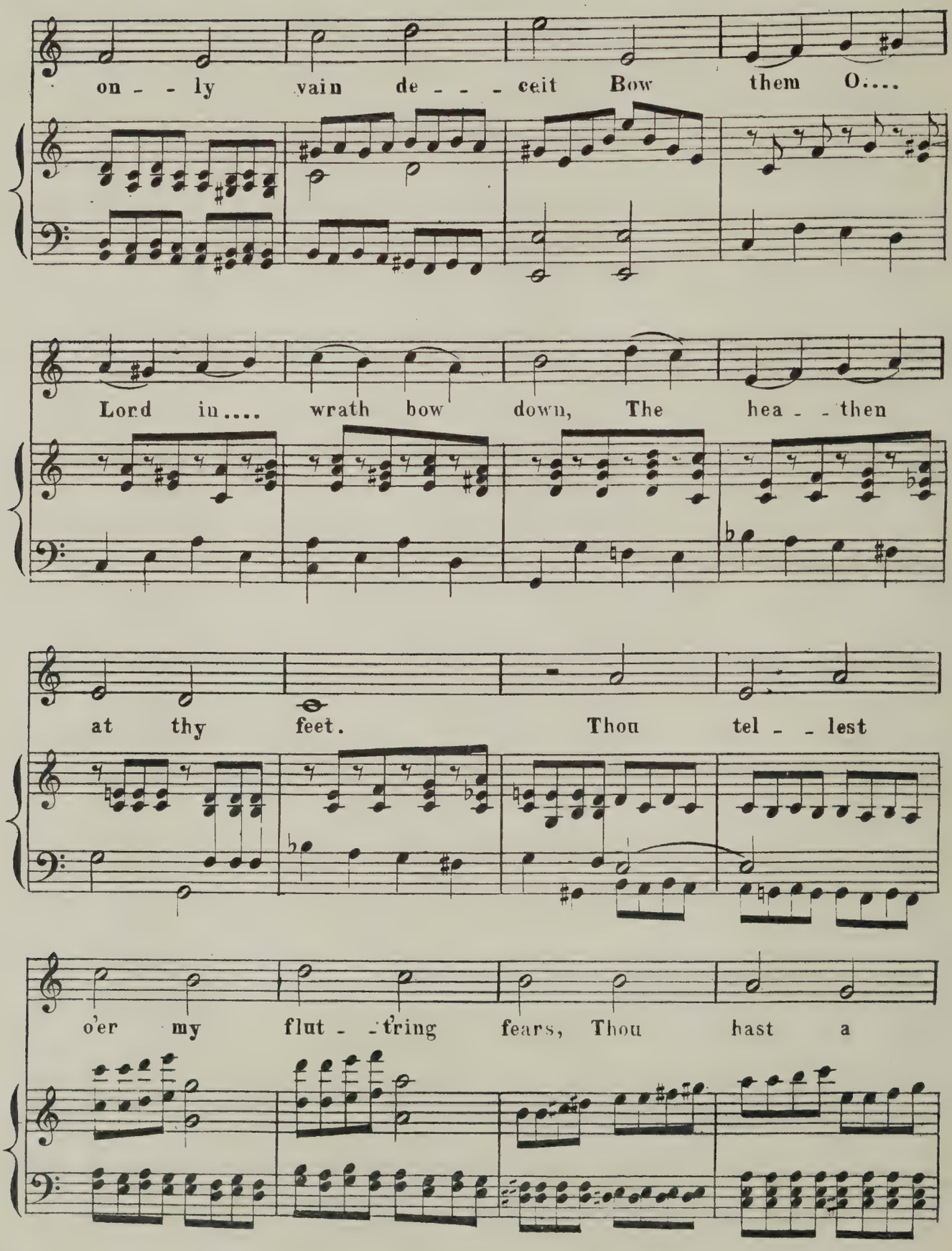
Assai moderato.

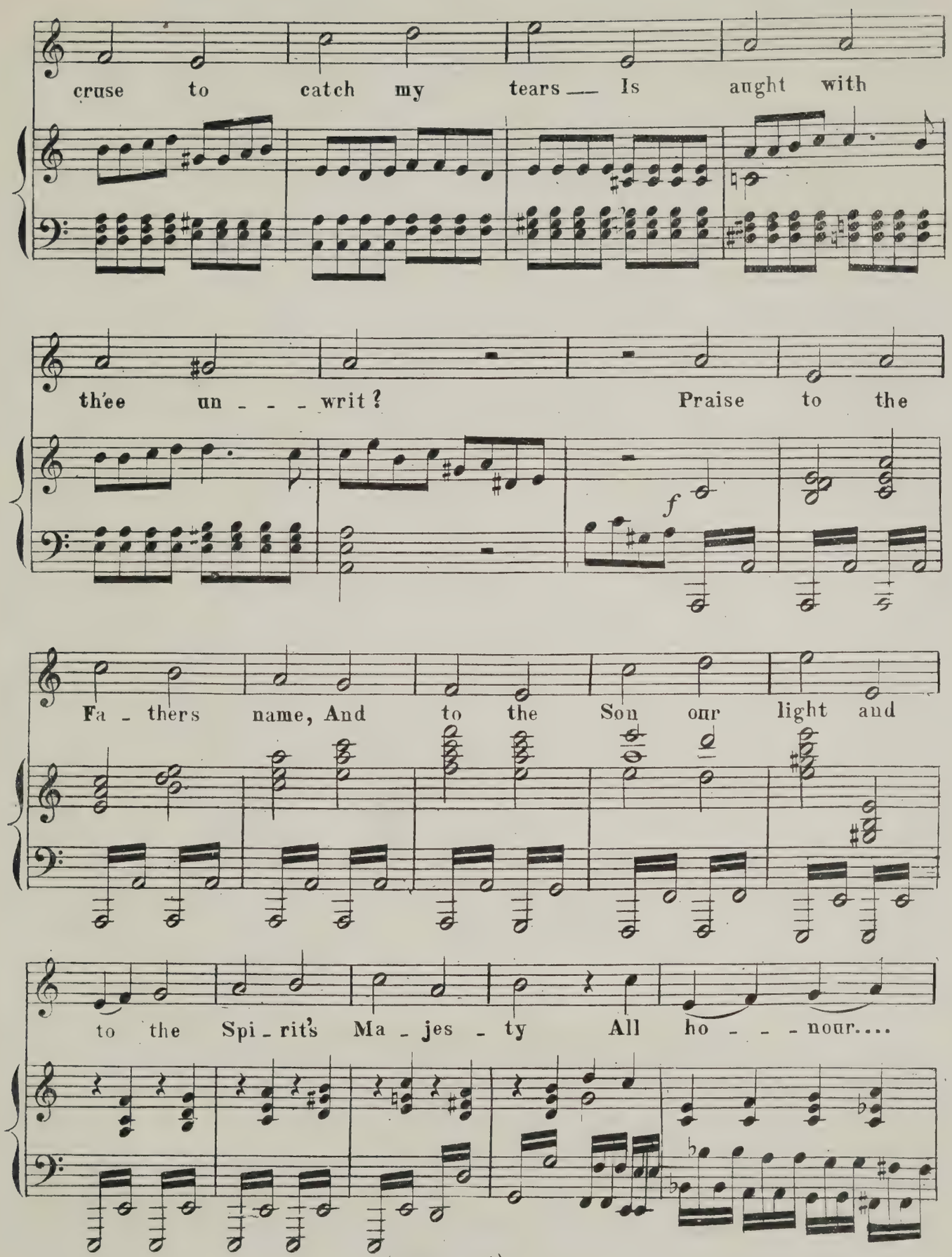


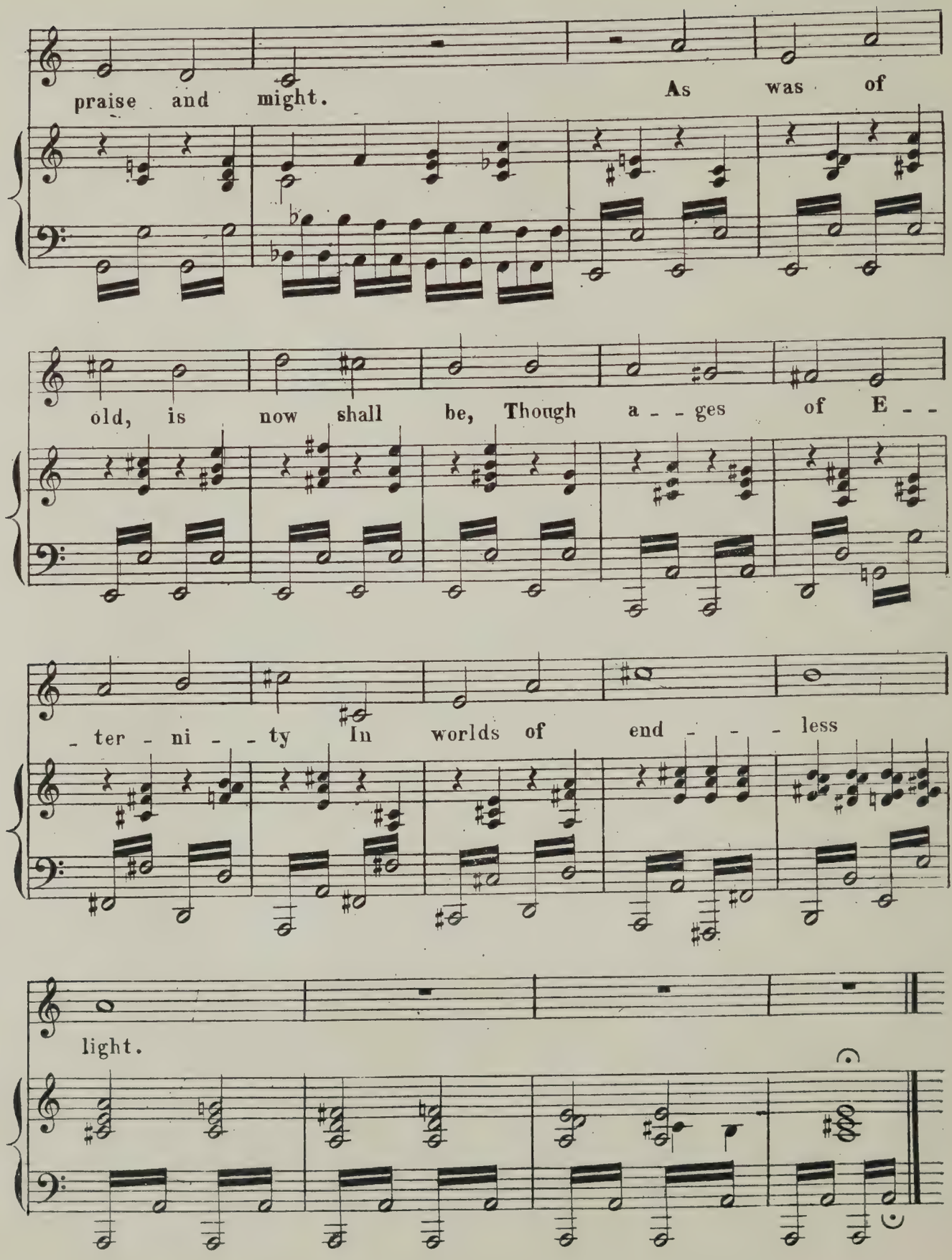

dai - - ly with wild war, They press me... ev - ery
hour. My foes all day are ga - ping
wide Oh thou most High, in war and pride up -
- on me thou - sands lower.


Yet in my day of dread I
trust I cling to Thee; In might..... of
mine..... own glo - - ri - ous God I..... praise his....
deep de - - - cree. I praise his
p


word; in God I trust, Why should I
fear what earth or dust can do or
f
dim.
dream on me?
mf
Their stay and shel - - tring tow'r Is


on - - ly vain de - - - ceit Bow them O....
Lord in.... wrath bow down, The hea - - then
at thy feet. Thou tel - - lest
o'er my flut - - 'tring fears, Thou hast a


cruse to catch my tears — Is aught with
thee un - - - writ? Praise to the
f
Fa - thers name, And to the Son our light and
to the Spi - rit's Ma - jes - ty All ho - - - nour....


praise and might. As was of
old, is now shall be, Though a - - ges of E - -
- ter - ni - - ty In worlds of end - - - less
light.

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